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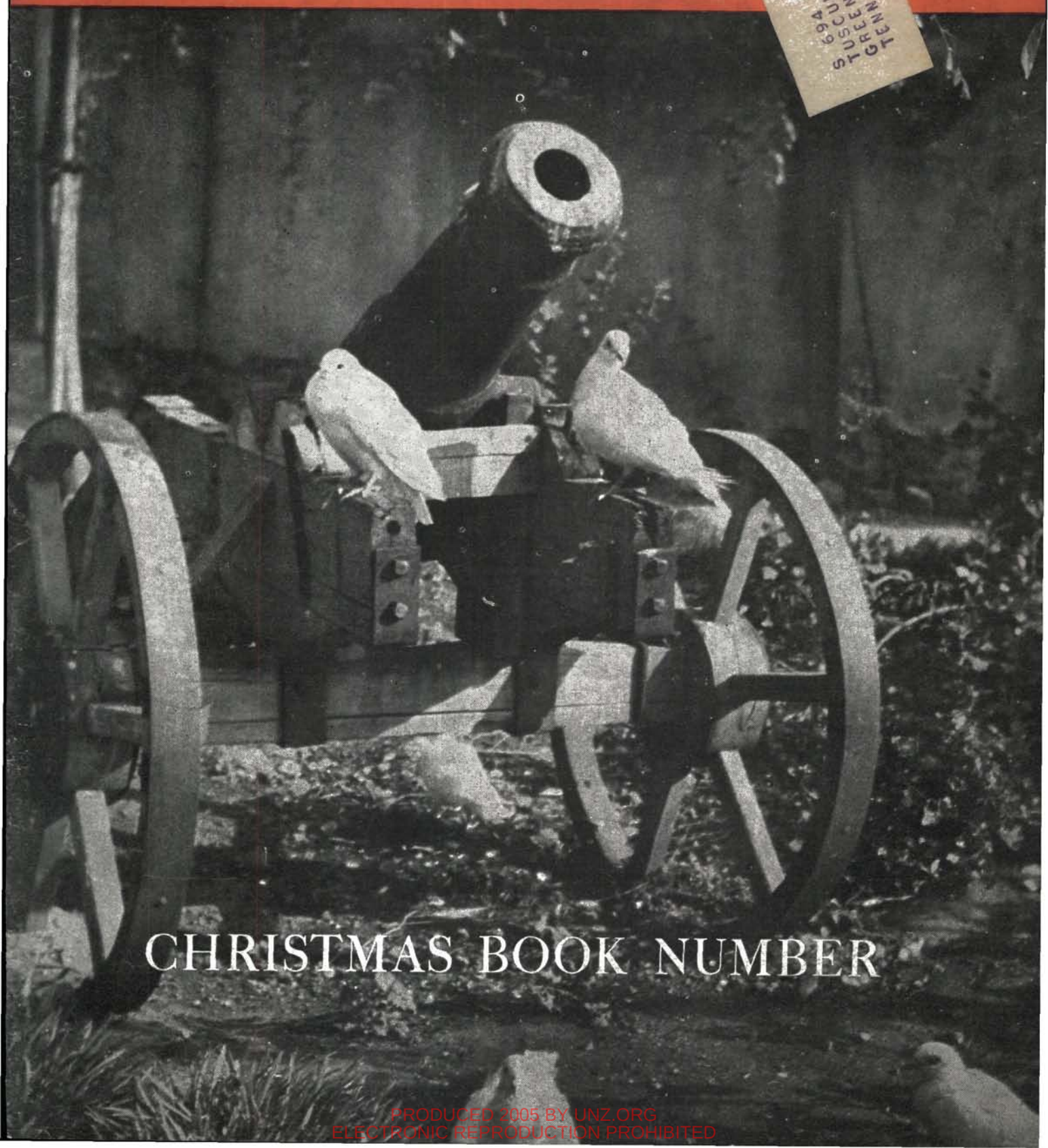

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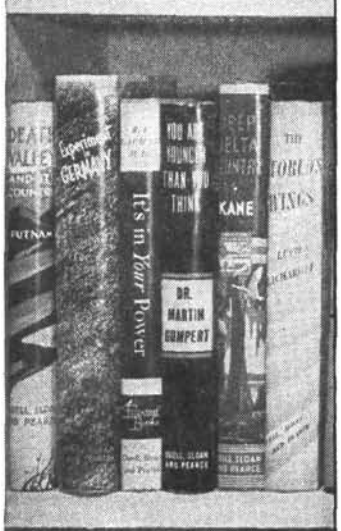

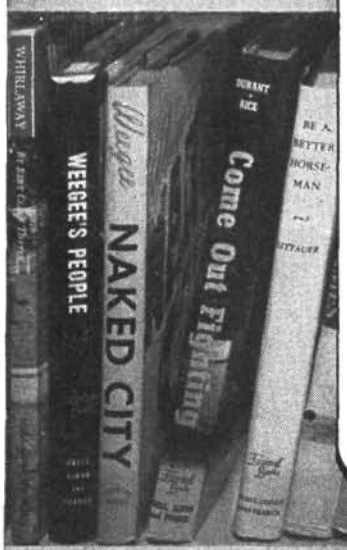

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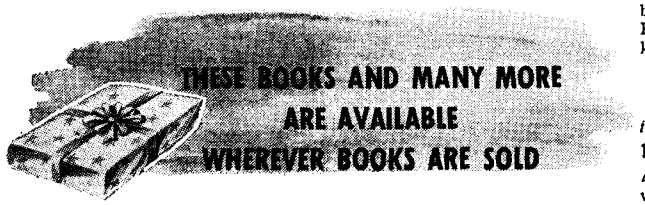

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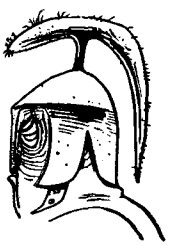

Art in our times has become, thank God, flexible. Flexible enough to include among its exhibitions such men as Steinberg, Steig, Low and OSBORN. These men carry on the torch lit by Goya and later relayed to Hogarth, Daumier, and Rowlandson. What OSBORN does in **War Is No Damn Good!** is art in the most effective sense of the word. How effective his pictures of war will be in the pursuit of peace is up to the apathy of empathy of everyone of you.

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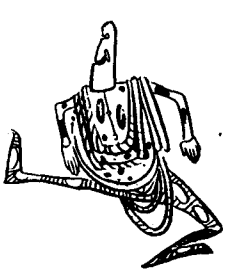

paul

DOUBLEDAY

TRADE Winds

LAWRENCE LANGNER, one of the founders of the Theatre Guild, is compiling his memoirs, and George Bernard Shaw, of course, will be one of the leading characters in the narrative. In reply to Langner's request to publish some of Shaw's characteristic communications, the playwright came through with one of his best:

"I can neither permit nor prevent the publication of books about myself. You must act on your own responsibility without asking my leave or anyone else's. Why should I grudge you that freedom?

"But I implore you not to describe me as a 'lovable human being.' It will bring a million begging letters on me by the next post.

"Rather present me as detestable, avaricious, merciless, contemptuous, and anything else odious enough to discourage people from writing to me. Otherwise you may hasten my already imminent death."

That Mr. Shaw is not really too concerned about the state of his health at the moment is evidenced by his admission that, at the age of ninety, he is seriously playing with the idea of writing his first musical comedy! A London singing-comedian named Raymond Bennett had nerve enough to ask Shaw to provide him with some new material. The unpredictable Shaw was delighted. He replied, "You are the first variety comedian intelligent enough to see that I am rather good at monologue and backchat and to offer me a popular job. I will bear you in mind, though I cannot promise you a date. I cannot help playing with the idea!" . . .

A NEW PUBLISHING house calls itself Schocken Books. Four contributors to date suggest that this obviously is the outfit to do a reprint of "Hecate County." . . . Robert Snajdr (pronounced Snyder) replaces the late Ted Robinson as book editor of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*. . . . Motion-picture producers, having discovered that New York publishers are highly susceptible to feminine allure, are rapidly installing high-powered glamor girls in their Eastern story departments. Pat Wallace is the new story editor of the powerful J. Arthur Rank studios. Irene Lee represents Hal Wallis, Radie Harris represents Curtiz Productions, and Ariane Allen, wife of *The New Yorker's* famed editor Harold Ross, is seeking literary properties for Skirball-Manning. . . . Ross's home town, Aspen, Colorado, incidentally, is undergoing an intensive course of face-lifting by a Chicago syndicate headed by Walter Papke, of the Container Corporation. The idea is to make the town a great holiday resort in the manner of the 1880's. Modern architectural designs are strictly taboo; the houses must look like something in a Burchfield painting, replete with cupolas, gables, and gingerbread. The biggest hotel, the Jerome, makes the old Murray Hill resemble a futuristic Frank Lloyd Wright concoction by comparison. The idea is catching on, and Aspen real estate values are soaring. Ross de-

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clines to comment on this new turn in the fortunes of his birthplace. Associates still tremble at memory of his wrath every time the late O. O. McIntyre referred to him as "the Aspen, Colorado, boy who made good in the big city.". . .

In my haste to sing the praises of "The Best Years of Our Lives" I inadvertently omitted mention of the fact that the scenario is fashioned from MacKinley Kantor's fine novel "Glory for Me." Moral: Never dictate paragraphs over the telephone! . . .

WITH THE SPECTRE of uncontrolled currency inflation once more raging through many lands in Europe and the East, some enterprising soul ought to republish a little story by Stefan Zweig entitled "The Invisible Collection." This was a tale of Berlin in the days when one American dollar was worth thousands, and later millions, of marks, and when the seeds of the Nazi madness were being sown. That history is being allowed to repeat itself so soon thereafter is a sad commentary on man's ability to profit from grim experience.

At any rate, Zweig's story, if memory serves me, opened with the visit of a famous art dealer to a provincial customer who had purchased many prints by Dürer, Rembrandt, and the like before the war, but had not been heard from since 1914. Rich Berliners, and vultures from abroad, were avidly exchanging all-but-worthless German currency for these treasures, acquiring them at a mere fraction of their true value. The dealer hoped he could buy back some of the items he had sold his mail-order customer in happier days.

Surprisingly enough, he found the man he was looking for without difficulty. He turned out to be a veteran of the Franco-German war, crotchety, suspicious—and totally blind. When he discovered the identity of his visitor, he mellowed instantly, and declared, "For the first time since the war, I will permit one other than myself to examine my collection. But mind you, none of my prints are for sale! When I die, they are to go to a museum. . . ."

The dealer glowed with anticipation as the blind man strode unerringly to the cabinet that contained his portfolios. Then he saw the daughter, tears running down her cheeks, beckoning him frantically from the doorway. "He does not realize what has been happening here in Germany," she whispered. "He does not know that we have been forced to sell his beloved prints, one by one, for bread to eat and a roof over our heads. We have substituted blank sheets of

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By JESSIE HAVER BUTLER

An indispensable guide for women whose social and business activities at any time bring them before an audience. Complete details on stage presence, voice, manner, clothes, preparation of material, approach, etc., by an expert in her field. $2.50

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MAPLE LEAF UP—MAPLE LEAF DOWN
The Story of the Canadians in the Second World War
By Peter Simonds

The kind of moral—as well as military—appraisal that is usually revealed when it is years too late. Trained as an engineer in the United States and Canada, Captain Simonds understands both countries clearly. Sheds new light on Allied and German strategy. Illustrated with maps drawn by the author. *Recommended by the Book-of-the-Month Club.* **$3.50**

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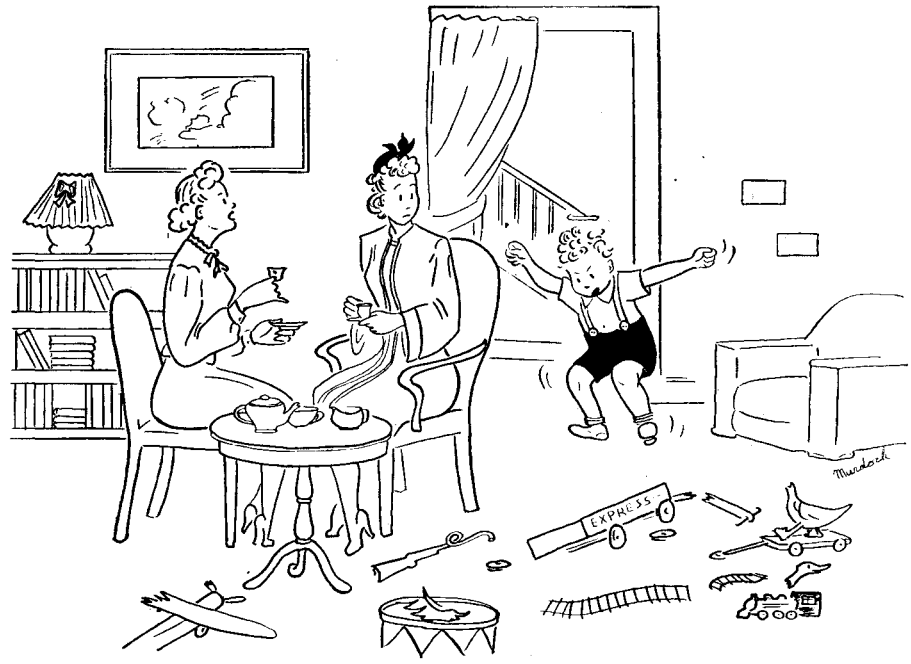

"He's just at the atomic age."

paper. I beg you not to betray us."

And so for hours the famous dealer sat in a stuffy little room while a happy old man showed him, one by one, several hundred sheets of blank paper! When at length the daughter persuaded her father to end his discourse on the finer points of all his treasures, the dealer, heartily ashamed of the motives that had brought him here, exclaimed, "By your unerring judgment and foresight you have amassed here what I believe to be the finest collection of prints in all Europe."

The blind man's gratitude was heartbreaking to behold; the dealer reflected that this was the first pure happiness he had seen in Germany in over five years. And as he left for the railroad station he observed, "There is no greater joy than comes from the collection of beautiful things." . . .

SO FAR AS AT LEAST one aspiring young gentleman in Puerto Rico is concerned, the joy of collecting precious prints and engravings pales into insignificance in comparison with the intoxicating prospect of acquiring some day a shiny new American automobile. I am indebted to R. J. Bucholz, of Cleveland, for this faithful transcription of the young gentleman's rhapsody:

Very Friend:

Good morrow. What passes with you? You find yourself in Ohio similar to that I meet myself in Puerto Rico. Is it not of a trueness? But how do you find yourself? Well of health? If such, I am equal.

Which hour is it in the little now? They are the eleven of the night. The clock of the wrist just terminates to give eleven. It is the hour when the mosquitoes pick me with their little picks and I have a need to sit me in the office holding a kill-fly in one hand and a feather-fountain in the other. This night, however, I do not use the feather-fountain, but I play with the two hands on the machine of writing, and thus it is a need to contain the kill-fly between the teeths.

Before yesterday, I has a desire to buy me a car, but it is a sufficient difficulty to obtain new gums, and without new gums, the air which should remain within the new gums arrives to be outside, the which is sorrowful condition in relation to the car. For this motive I guide a bicycle in the present little moment. I stay me content with this, except that sometimes the fingers of my feets put themselves tired to make move the wheels. I must then remember me to keep hard the little gums for to alleviate the pushing of the pedals. Always there is a station of pumps in the aroundness, where the gums can fill themselves when they arrive to be vacant.

Thus till the sight,
Your most very servant. . . .

ON THE SUBJECT OF LANGUAGE difficulties, Edwin Corle has a story to tell. Collecting material for his fascinating book about the Grand Canyon, he visited a remote settlement of Havasupai Indians, and, being a thorough and systematic worker, he made a detailed study of Havasupai tribal rites and customs before he set out. Thus equipped, he was able to hail the first proud warrior he encountered with a hearty, "Tchew Ko-Mew!"

The proud warrior, unfortunately, turned out to be too engrossed in a crossword puzzle to execute the elaborate Havasupai welcoming ceremony.

What he said, in fact, and very casually too, was "Hi, Butch."

BENNETT CERF.

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A Checklist of Christmas Books for the Family

FOR MOTHER

☐ **UNEASY SPRING** *by Robert Molloy.* This book is guaranteed *not* to solve any world problems, but it *does* solve the problems of one American family in a way that will make you chuckle or grin. It is about a lonely widower, a pretty young singer, a motherly widow, an unhappy little boy, and a pert bobby-soxer. $2.75

☐ **LEARNING HOW TO BEHAVE** *by Arthur M. Schlesinger.* The fascinating story of the evolution of manners in America, as revealed in etiquette books from colonial times to the present, with many quaint and curious sidelights on the manners and morals of American people. $2.00

☐ **AMERICA'S FABRICS** *by Zelma Bendure and Gladys Pfeiffer.* This beautiful book, with more than 800 illustrations, tells the whole story of modern fabrics. It covers well over a thousand different fabrics, from heavy asbestos fire curtains to the most gossamer of synthetics. $10.00

☐ **THE WORLD'S GREAT SCRIPTURES** *by Lewis Browne.* An anthology of the world's holy literature, the scriptures of Buddhism, Confucianism, Taoism, Islam, Judaism, Christianity, and other major faiths. Annotated and illustrated by the author of *The Graphic Bible* and *This Believing World.* This ageless book contains the religious wisdom of all the ages and, as a gift, will be treasured through the years. $5.00

FOR FATHER

☐ **THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE.** The famous editor of the *Emporia Gazette,* one of the best known and best loved figures in our country, tells the story of his eventful years, recalling many outstanding political leaders and events. "One of the best of all American autobiographies," said John Mason Brown on CBS. $3.75

☐ **BY WAY OF WYOMING** *by Curtis Bishop.* Brad Hunter of Texas and his "Tall T" herd arrive in Shadrock, Wyoming, to take up an old feud that has poisoned life in the valley for twenty-five years. By keeping a checkrein on violence all the way till near the end, the author builds this Western to a powerful climax. $2.00

☐ **LAND OF PROMISE** *by Walter Havighurst.* Filled with legends, anecdotes, and colorful episodes, this is the story of the old Northwest Territory, comprising the states of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Wisconsin, Michigan, and Minnesota. Here is its history, from wilderness days to the teeming present, told by the author of *The Long Ships Passing.* $3.00

☐ **COUNTRY JAKE** *by Charles B. Driscoll.* A sensitive autobiographical reminiscence of boyhood and youth on a Kansas farm. It tells of the fulfillment of a typically American dream the dream of an education as an escape from the dreary monotony of farm life. Mr. Driscoll now writes O. O. McIntyre's column, "New York Day by Day." $3.00

☐ **THE WORLD OF NUMBERS** *by Herbert McKay.* Intellectual entertainment of an unusual order for those who enjoy playing with ideas. Here are many odd facts and fancies connected with numbers, measurements, and calculations. Arithmetic will never again be "dry-as-dust" to anyone who reads this fascinating book. $2.50

FOR BROTHER

☐ **PSYCHOLOGY IN ACTION** *by Joseph Clawson.* If he's a young go-getter, he'll appreciate this book on applied psychology, explaining how to understand people and influence their behavior. Mr. Clawson's basic psychological principles apply in such varied fields as diplomacy, entertainment, advertising, business, and personal relationships. $4.00

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FOR SISTER

☐ **TATOOSH** *by Martha Hardy.* If she's an outdoor girl, give her the delightful first-hand story of a Seattle schoolteacher who spent three months as a "lady lookout" for the United States Forest Service on one of the highest peaks in the Cascade Mountains of Washington. $2.75

☐ **MADEMOISELLE'S HOME PLANNING SCRAPBOOK** *by Elinor Hillyer.* A beautiful and practical guidebook for every girl who dreams of having her own home. It is full of inspired suggestions for building, buying, renting, decorating, or remodeling a home. Ten big envelopes to hold samples, clippings, and sketches, bound right in the book. $3.75

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At all

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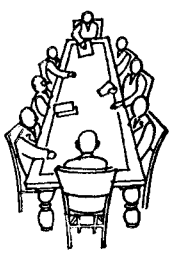
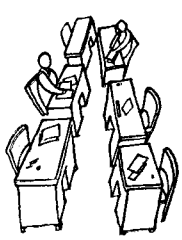
"when in disgrace with fortune..."



june

WE can remember way back when it was June and we held our Fall Sales Conference. Our salesmen from clear across the country came to be briefed on the books we planned to pour into the book shops between July 1 and December 31, 1946. It was the first truly post-war Fall season and we stretched our legs, leaned back as we puffed, and beamed on "the boys".



july

We remember quite sharply those July days which didn't seem too hot in the steaming city this summer. A couple of empty desks, with the emptiness moving around each week or so, like the open square in a child's puzzle box. We remember quite sharply wondering sadly how Fate could be so unkind to us, forcing the postponement of the publication date of the one and only finished book in our stock room. We beat our brains out to have the thing ready (it was sort of topical and war-ish) and then a matter of policy locked it up again.

ITEM: One other August book had to go over to September—jacket couldn't possibly be printed in time.

Then it was August. Four books out of six went out as scheduled. Small flurry when a book club asked for more galleys of a November novel. Small delay in everything till we got *those* off. An October book had to be pushed into late November, because two different typesetters refused to take in more immediate work.

august

ITEM: A second October book to November because index, illustrations and appendices came back so late from the author. Press time at printers is worse than dentists and beauty shops. If you miss your appointment, you wait your turn on the mourner's bench.

More October books looked like November books. A little strike here, a little strike there and paper doesn't get to printers, cloth doesn't get to binders, corrugated board doesn't get to our stock room. Our problem this time was the need for extremely important revisions which an author wished to make in a book he hoped would be out before the end of 1946. The revisions, taking account of happenings during the type-setting period, seemed so all-important that the book is now a 1947 publication.

september

"Plates" held up one book, said the report and we phoned our production man, asking what was *this* new device of the devil. Our production man just laughed. Seems the head of a printing shop, on his supervisory feet all day, had to have special plates in his shoes. Metal and skilled labor problems nagged his bootmaker. No plates, no shoes; no shoes, no foreman; no foreman, no books.

ITEM: We published a September book on the very day it had been scheduled back there in June. Maybe the war *is* over.

ITEM: A magazine bought one of our favorite sources of paper supply last week. Head of production is traveling north, south and west for paper and printing sources. If anyone makes paper from salt water, he'll travel east, too. Says he meets his fellow competitors all over the lot.

october

One of our best children's books, an offset job, came from the presses with a couple of pages in a sad smear. By driving everyone slightly mad, the printer could do it over with a delay of only one week. Billing and mailing to bookstores, and sending review copies, will take another ten days or so. With luck, we'll still just miss Book Week and part of our anticipated Christmas sale. Why is it that everyone wants the book that's out of stock and no one wants what's *in* stock?

ITEM: We did manage to get the plates of our best seller of the season from a printer with no paper to a plant with paper. Second man changed his mind, strike broke, and we lost *only* two weeks by the time the plates got back where they started.

We're prepared to give thanks just the same. Authors are simply wonderful people.

november

ITEM: The one, whose book went way over to March, is a gentleman and a scholar and when his book sells well, we'll rejoice with him. We'll even work harder to *make* it sell well.

We love printers, we love binders, we love paper mills, we love illustrators and indexers and dilatory editors. We love newspapers and magazines who understand when we plead a low I.Q. in the budget. We can't help it if that old cliché sounds good to us—no matter what happens, we love books.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

The Pudderers

BY IVOR BROWN

IT is the paradox of language in our time that it is the illiterate who keep it alive. The characters of Mr. Damon Runyon's short stories are not, with the possible exception of Mr. Ambrose Hammer, citizens of wide reading and deep culture. They occasionally have names good enough for a medieval morality play, *e.g.,* Regret the Horse-player, but, on the whole, their links with the classics are few. Yet they speak a living language and even add to its vitality. And that can rarely be said of *Les Penseurs,* whether their special subject of contemplation be metaphysical, estthetic, or economic. Indeed, the way in which the sages seek to deflect readers rather than to attract them is often astonishing. Nor are the learned commentators on political ideas and practices much more appealing in their choice of vocabulary and framing of a sentence.

Students of Shakespeare's "King Lear," a play once deemed unactable and unbearable but now quite fashionable in the English theatres and, as I write, the latest London offering of the Old Vic with Mr. Olivier in full beard, voice, and hurricane, may remember that the aged king, when beset by tempest and thunder on the heath, speaks of the great gods "Who keep this dreadful pudder o'er our heads." Some editors insist on spelling pudder as pother, which, in my opinion, is weak and dull. Not only is a pudder a fine word for a storm of wind and rain about one's face: it is especially with the addition "o'er our heads," a perfect term for the jargon of the learned or of those pretending to rare wisdom. When I engage myself with modern works of reflection, I continually find myself a victim of the pudderers who, booming away over my head, incline me to abandon them for some writer, not necessarily Mr. Runyon, who can say what he thinks with ease, brevity, and clarity. Of our masters in this kind, the lucid non-pudderers, I would especially mention Mr. Somerset Maugham, who, because he has succeeded in writing salable plays and fiction, is grossly underrated by the pudder-worshippers in their ranking of literary greatness and their estimates of intellect and style.

Puddering has its various forms and its occasional changes of fashion. When I was a young student of literary criticism I noted the delighted use of the word "synthesis" by all the accepted masters of that craft, at least in its higher reaches. Synthesis was once a simple Greek word for "putting together," but syntheses, translated to the world of English esthetics, were soon linked with the adjective "higher" and authors were continually congratulated on achieving some higher spiritual synthesis or on the exquisite synthesis of intellectual and emotional values established in their syntheses of self and universe. Now I notice that synthesis has lost its old appeal. Integrated and integration have knocked it out of the ring. Characters, minds, talents are all presented to me as either "finely integrated" or wretchedly "afflicted with disintegration." The people who use this type of word, synthesis, integration, and so on when they could perfectly use short, clear substitutes such as unity, wholeness, etc.—go on puddering away with, no doubt, some approval from other intending pudderers. The latter are always snappers up of the modish critical jargon and hope to be considerable boomers on their own account. But I fancy I am not alone when I abandon a review in which "the satisfying integration" of Mr. A's personality and style are contrasted with "the schizophrenic or even paranoic diathesis of Mr. B." I feel that the gentleman's ability to write books, which, after all, is the point at issue, might be discussed otherwise: in short, without the pudder.

Sociological and political puddering can be even worse than the esthetic and literary type. The official, the administrator, and the political observer of usage are rivals in prolixity and pomposity of phrase. After some rather melancholy subjection to publicists of this order and after much of the citizen's now inevitable discipline of filling forms to cumber up the files of public offices, I found myself translating some famous English passages into their particular lingo. I took, for example, the Lord's Prayer and tried to visualize the official Pudderese for the tremendous sim-

". . . who keep this dreadful pudder o'er our heads."

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plicities of that implication. Might it not work out in this way?

Our Father, which art in heaven,	Oh Parent, at present deemed to be domiciled in the stratosphere,
Hallowed be Thy Name	May your name (to be entered in triplicate in block letters) be established and maintained on the highest level of sacrosanctity.
Thy Kingdom come	May You be allotted and obtain an area of control with appropriate powers of administration.
Thy Will be done on earth as it is in Heaven,	May Your policy be fully executed on a geopolitical basis as well as in your normal stratospherical sphere of influence.
Give us this day our daily bread	We should be obliged for Your attention in providing that our daily intake of cereal filler is not in short supply.
And forgive us our trespasses	Further we should be grateful if all sentences recorded against us for misdemeanors and malfeasances be kept under constant review with the purpose of subsequent cancellation.
As we forgive them that trespass against us	It would be fair to remember that we are adopting an analogous policy with regard to those who have inflicted injury upon ourselves.
Lead us not into temptation	Avert from us all redundant opportunities for unethical delinquency.
But deliver us from evil	And initiate protective measures to safeguard us against any antisocial activities or tendencies to recidivism.

And that, I think, will do for today. Is it unfair? There is not a single phrase in this rag-bag of jargon that is not either common British officialese or a frequent visitor in the puddering of the up-lifters. "Cereal filler" I derived from a schedule of the British Ministry of Food. The legal and penal reformers continue to be as cruel to the language as any sadist to an innocent child. Dreadful words, vague and pompous, like delinquency and recidivism replace the old simple words for good and bad behavior.

The pudderer is essentially an imitative man. Once a word has found its way into the jargon, it is worked without mercy. A recent example in the English of the publicists has been the word over-all. A simple, Saxon, inoffensive term, you may say, and preferable to some Latinity like supertotal. Agreed. And excellent when it meant some wrapping for children or workers which would protect their ordinary clothes. But sometime during the late war it became an adjective: over-all reviews of strategy were made or discussed in high places. And that started it. As I write, no English Cabinet minister or journalist can talk of anything but "an overall picture" of this problem or that conference. Even situations are now called over-all. Politicians talk about the over-all figures of production, when they mean inclusive figures. The word has become a silly substitute for general or whole. Sometimes it means nothing whatever.

"... a clash of symbols in the air."

Another strange arrival is "bracket." The poor used to be called the poor: then they became, lest accuracy offend them, the underprivileged or lower income groups, Recently they have been called, especially by economists aiming at style, the Lower Income Brackets. I suppose the reference is to types and species bracketed together. But the usage is a stupid one. Somebody employed the term, I suppose, in an impressive article and so all the impressed readers decided to compliment it by imitation.

But puddering is most to be observed and least to be admired in the writings of coterie criticism. Our diplomatic and political correspondents stick loyally to their "authoritative circles" and "well-informed quarters," their "exploration of every avenue," their statesmen who keep problems "continually under review." Such problems, for them, by the way, are never just big: they are always "of considerable magnitude." Muddles, we know, need to be cleared up: nothing so simple for the publicist. For him confusions are always "ripe for clarification." Occasionally, at least in England, a gentleman with space to fill and learning to display will turn brief English into long Latin. A political pudderer in a London paper not long ago meant to say that the Government, if all goes well, will do so and so. What he did write was this — "The Government, *omnibus bene gerentibus* will, etc." This your informed schoolboy would recognize as nine Roman syllables instead of four English ones and, since not even all English gentlemen are Latinists in these days, the writer was indeed offering "pudder o'er our heads."

But, as I said, these lovers of a long word are mere beginners compared with some critics of the arts. None of them would ever write of an author's thoughts or opinions: they always discuss his ideology. (This word ought to mean the Science of Ideas, a very different matter from the ideas themselves.) Such scribes dance to to a clash of symbols in the air. They seek to dissect their subjects with some such pronouncement as this:

> Mr. X's failure to integrate his fundamentally nostalgic symbolism with the imperative and dynamic demands of a personality essentially schizoid has provoked an anxiety neurosis resulting in an ideology irreconcilable with the over-all material conditioning imposed by the substantive disharmonies of the managerial revolution's impact upon a more primitive capitalism. His consequently narcissistic self-identification with all the traumata of his repressed diathesis has produced in his latest writings a series of image-clusters which strikingly reveal a complete disassociation of his incipient Existentialism from his unconscious preoccupation with a purely subjective cognizance of reality.

I have read plenty of stuff as grim as that. But I never read it for long.

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Lawrence: Creator and Dissenter

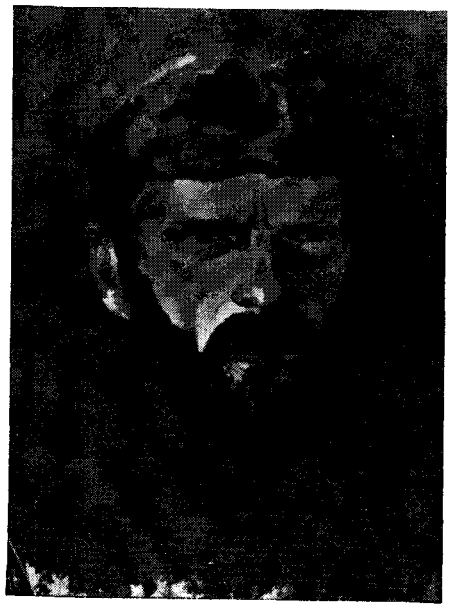
DIANA TRILLING

D. H. LAWRENCE was only forty-five when he died in the south of France of the tuberculosis that had long been threatening him. His life, although relatively short, had been strikingly active and full of dramatic contrasts. Born in a small English mining-town, he had traveled over a large part of the world—on the Continent, in Australia, India, the United States, and Mexico. The son of a coal-miner, he had married Frieda von Richtofen, of an old German feudal family. Brought up in the confines of an inordinately tight family group, he had come to know people of many nationalities and distinctions. Never robust, he had lived with titanic energy and produced an enormous quantity of work. At his death in 1930, Lawrence left behind him close to fifty volumes of novels, long and short stories, plays, poems, essays, and travel journals, not to mention an extensive correspondence and a mass of material that has been published posthumously. It is an unusually large production, among the largest in English letters. It is also an unusually varied and fascinating body of work, the fruit of one of the very great literary talents of our time.

Between the quantity and interest of Lawrence's work and the condition of his present literary reputation, there is a serious disproportion which requires explanation. Of course, even while he lived Lawrence generated a great deal of suspicion and hostility. Since his death, however, his fate has become steadily worse. In the short space of a decade and a half, a writer of the first rank gives evidence of becoming a merely peripheral figure—someone whom the younger readers among us neither know nor feel they need to know and whom the older readers among us remember with a touch of awkward indulgence for their own youth.

After we take into account the part that accident may have played in this history of a reputation—the fact that Lawrence is a very uneven writer and therefore peculiarly at the mercy of where we chance to make his acquaintance—probably the first and most justified reason for the suspicion his work has generated is its intemperate tone. Lawrence's emotional excess and the nature of his fantasy are bound to disturb the unoriented reader; even the experienced reader often finds his intensity and his extravagance of conception uncongenial. There is no question but that by offering his ideas in such a startling manner, Lawrence gives an easy handle to disapprobation. Yet, though this intemperateness is the first cause of our hostility, I think it is the most superficial cause and that his extravagances could be edited out of Lawrence's work but the work would still excite a quick antagonism. We could no doubt forgive Lawrence his surface of eccentricity if we could forgive what lies beneath it—the ideas and feelings which so disquietingly challenge all our accepted ways of thinking and feeling.

From the very start of his career, already in "The White Peacock" published when he was only twenty-six, Lawrence announced the revolutionary note in his art which was to be emphasized until, by the end of his career, one would be hard put to it to name another writer unless among the extreme *avant-garde* of this century, who so thoroughly rejects the moral and emotional premises of modern life—not so much the traditional literary forms, as the whole modern Christian view of life. The assault that Lawrence makes upon the imperative of the modern individual will, of the modern social will, of the modern Christian will, is wide and relentless; indeed, even to speak of him as a revolutionary is misleading, because in the present-day political world the revolutionary is the guardian and proselytizer of hope, whereas Lawrence's work is unalleviated by any hope of change, improvement, or reform. But this does not mean that Lawrence was a reactionary, or any other common order of political man. Intensely concerned with various aspects of political doctrine, he canvassed the modern social-political organization because he wished to search out as many as possible of the origins and manifestations of the modern spirit; he never deceived himself that the new form of *being* which he demanded could be legislated into existence. There is a terrible error in our modern institutions but Lawrence is certain that our institutions only reflect our erroneous conception of man's nature; what he seeks is not a new form of organization, but an entirely new form of consciousness. Because all of modern civilization is founded on ideal values, on mental-consciousness and the denial of the body, on a denial of the blood-consciousness, he is sure it must be destroyed if man is ever to realize his human possibilities. And his instrument, both for this act of destruction and the act of re-creation is the sexual mystery. It is in man's sexual impulse, taken out of the mind and returned to the body where it belongs, that Lawrence finds the clue to salvation.



—*Jan Juta.*

D. H. Lawrence "seeks not a new form of organization, but an entirely new form of consciousness."

"I am a profoundly religious man," Lawrence wrote in a letter. But his religion is as little connected with religion as we commonly know it as his revolution is connected with our ordinary concept of revolution. Just as the revolution to which all of his work is dedicated is a revolution of our inner values, so his only god is the god in man's own blood—the "dark god" of the pre-Christian, pre-Judaic primitive civilizations, the god of the sexual mystery.

That is, like the thinking of all mystics, Lawrence's thinking is intended less to offer us a set of new ideas than a totally new experience, the experiences of a wholly new way of feeling. His ideas are essentially poetic ideas, suggesting more than they state or even suggesting something quite different from what they seem to state. To read them literally is therefore to read them mistakenly or inadequately. And yet Lawrence is always being taken as literally as if he were a systematic thinker—a philosopher, a theologian, a political theorist, or a theoretical psychologist. Nor is the responsibility for this mistaken approach entirely ours: he himself constantly confuses us as to whether he is talking poetry or hard polemical prose. There are few controversial issues of his and our day—the relation of capital and labor, the ideologies of communism and social-

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ism, Freudianism, sexual problems, feminism, education — to which Lawrence fails to address himself. Surrounding and supporting his poetic insights are highly provocative opinions in our immediate world of reality.

In other words, himself far too passionate to be very elastic, Lawrence requires a great elasticity in his reader. He demands that, in order to benefit by his perceptions, we make a separation which he never finally makes—between his poetic vision and its application. It is a demand which surely accounts for much of our suspicion of him, since the current of modern feeling is peculiarly absolutist and against making double judgments.

But there is also the fact that Lawrence's poetic insights touch the very quick of the modern sensibility, penetrating so many of the layers of disguise and self-deception with which we cover our personal and social fears. Especially in the sexual sphere, where Lawrence speaks to us most often and most pointedly and where we are naturally most self-protective, it is because he hits so directly at our weaknesses that we rush to attack him. No aspect of Lawrence's thought has been more over-responded to or more misrepresented than his sexual ideas. On the one hand, he is accused of an absurd, almost obscene, emphasis upon the physical act of sex—an advocacy of "more and better copulation," as one critic has recently put it; on the other, he is denounced for rarefying sex out of any possibility of ordinary normal enjoyment; and between these two extremes he is made the victim of the whole gamut of our modern sexual uneasinesses.

The element of personal determination in all of Lawrence's work—in his sexual thinking as in his social-political insights—is uncommonly large. Among his books it is his novel, "Sons and Lovers" that tells us most about the subjective source of his ideas, especially of his sexual ideas. A developmental novel, "Sons and Lovers" is the story of the efforts of its hero, Paul Morel, to come to terms with himself within the love-bond to his mother: it represents Lawrence's own effort to master the strongest of the emotions (he himself called it a "sickness") of which he was aware. The famous Lawrence theme of the struggle for sexual power—and he is sure that all the struggles of civilized life have their root in this primary contest—is the constantly elaborated statement of the fierce battle which tore the Lawrence-Model family. Just as Mrs. Morel, with her tough realism, her high energy, and her bitter anger at being married to a man who dominates her without equalling or mastering her is the prefiguration of the long line of desperate women who people Lawrence's fiction, so Morel, the coal-miner whose manliness is so mute and embattled, is the prefiguration of all the darkly self-protective men of Lawrence's novels and stories. Lawrence's heroes and heroines, however, are not variants only of his mother and father; they are also variants of himself. Identifying himself now with the one parent, now with the other, Lawrence tried throughout his life to understand and to reconstitute in his own person their unhappy marriage.

—*Twentieth Century-Fox.*

The above scene from the motion picture "How Green Was My Valley" evokes the theme that pulses through so much of Lawrence's work: the constant struggle of the Welsh coal-miners against danger and poverty.

TO speak of Lawrence as a writer of triangle stories is patently absurd. Nevertheless, almost all his fiction either directly concerns, or works around the edges of, a triangular love situation. It is the triangle of Mr. and Mrs. Morel and Paul Morel, the triangle of Lawrence's own formative years; to this original family situation we also trace Lawrence's preoccupation with manliness and his bitterness against the assertions of the will. But of course it is not alone the maternal will, but all the manifestations of mental consciousness, that Lawrence combats. Even before "Sons and Lovers," as far back as "The White Peacock," he had discovered what it is that people substitute for the life of the body which is the life of our deepest needs and satisfactions—the ambitions of the ego, and the urge to power and pride. This is what Lawrence means by the mental-consciousness, and he is certain that when it is allowed to replace the blood-consciousness, the outcome is always tragedy and waste, in our social as well as in our personal lives.

Politics, commerce, the flummery, the enslavement, the rapacity of our civilization: to Lawrence these are all extensions of man's private disposition which has been hopelessly warped by Christian idealism. He sees the whole functioning of society as a fool's game, a giant conspiracy to put first things last and to exalt principles of conduct which are the very opposite of any true principle of being and becoming. And sometimes it is the wilfulness of men that he blames for the defeat of women; other times, it is the wilfulness of women he holds responsible for the fate of men. Since both sexes have been equally educated out of their animal natures, neither can be spared his anger.

But it must not be concluded that because Lawrence makes such a persistent attack upon the mental-consciousness he was an anti-intellectual in, say, the fascist sense. Himself the most thoughtful of men and a continuously self-educating one, he was not at all against the intellect as such, but only against its perverted uses; our trouble, in his opinion, is not that we know too much, but that

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Balancing the Books for 1946

A Brief Retrospect of Literary Output

AMY LOVEMAN

IN literature at least it might well be said that gentlemen cry peace but there is no peace, for the warfare of ideologies, of conflicting theories as to policies and possibilities, animated discussion as to past achievements and future needs keeps steadily on. It is a healthy condition, this ferment of ideas, even though the travail of war and the confusion of the post-bellum period have not nurtured striking contributions to letters. We are repeating the pattern of the First World War in that the years immediately following upon conflict have not produced in the creative field that pregnant work for which society hopefully waits. Probably we won't get it until enough time has elapsed for emotion to be remembered in tranquillity; until the men who fought can look back upon their experience with some measure of detachment, and those who observed can sort out and make order of turbulent impressions. What we are getting, however, and have been getting during all of the past year, is a great deal of analysis of causes, conditions, and prospects, much retrospect of recent events, and many portraits of their participants.

One thing perhaps more than any other stands out in the constant discussion of political and social conditions and that is that America has permanently discarded its long-cherished confidence in the security which a fortunate geographical isolation from the problems of Europe and the Orient gave it. We are part and parcel of the greater world now and we know it. Such books as Sumner Welles's "Where Are We Heading?" (Harper's) Edwin Borchard's "American Foreign Policy" (National Foundation), "American Foreign Policy in the Making, 1932-1940" (Yale University Press) by Charles A. Beard, and William Ziff's "Two Worlds" (Harper's), no matter what the differences in their orientation or in the policy they advocate all view the United States in its relations to the congeries of nations. It is not mere curiosity either as to the problems and direction of Russia and Palestine, for instance, which has called forth so many books upon them but a lively realization of the immediacy of the impact of events in those lands on our own welfare. Books like Frank Gervasi's excellent "To Whom Palestine?", "Palestine's Problem and Promise" (Public Affairs Press), by Robert R. Nathan and

others, Alexander Baykov's "Soviet Foreign Trade" (Princeton University Press), and Victor A. Kravchenko's "I Chose Freedom," (Scribner's), an autobiographical chronicle which has all the excitement of a spy story and the interest of amazing spiritual as well as physical adventure, indicate more than a superficial interest in what is happening in those countries. The Orient as well as Europe elicits attention and books like Carlos P. Romulo's "I See the Philippines Rise" (Doubleday), with its glowing tribute to America and its optimistic estimate of the writer's own country, Hernanda J. Abaya's "Betrayal in the Philippines" (Current Books), a sad contrast to Mr. Romulo's book in the black picture it paints of the Japanese influence which persists under the MacArthur regime, Henry A. Wallace's "Soviet Asia Mission" (Reynal & Hitchcock), and H. Ian Hogbin's "Peoples of the Southwest Pacific" (Day) have all found a public. One of the most brilliant and informative books on the Far East which the year has produced is "Thunder Out of China" (Sloane), by Theodore W. White and Annalee Jacoby, a work which presents an analysis at once probing and dispassionate of the Chinese people and an exceedingly enlightening survey of the political movements which have kept China so long in tragic turmoil.

The war correspondents, though no longer at the front, still remain under the pressure of anxiety that gave to their writing so monitory and earnest a tone while the conflict was in progress. Now more than ever they are convinced that if society is not to be destroyed it must avoid another war. Such books as Vincent Sheean's "This House Against This House" (Random House), Herbert Matthews's "The Education of a Correspondent" (Harcourt, Brace), like Eric Sevareid's "Not So Wild a Dream" (Knopf) part autobiography, part war chronicle, Louis Fischer's "The Great Challenge" (Duell, Sloan & Pearce), Margaret Bourke-White's "Dear Fatherland: Rest Quietly" (Simon & Schuster), though this last is actually a war book in that it is a vivid portrayal of the entrance of our conquering armies into Germany, are all instinct with the belief that society has come to the parting of the ways; either it must oust war or war will oust it. Nothing that was written of the war was by implication more heavily freighted in this direction than John Hersey's brilliant piece of reporting, "Hiroshima," a horrifying account of the effects wrought on six widely differing persons by the dropping of the atomic bomb. The bomb, of course, called forth a spate of books, from scientific ones to popular. Exceedingly interesting in that it described not merely the attack on Japan itself but the manner of work that led up to the construction of the bomb was the volume by William Lawrence, science editor of *The New York Times* "Dawn Over Zero," for it not only depicted in eloquent language the actual release of the bomb but recounted the amazing care in preserving the secret and the work that was done by the scientists in developing it. Among books of more general nature or more such scientific works may be noted as "Atomic Energy in Cosmic and Human Life," by George Gamow (Macmillan), "The Absolute Weapon," edited by Bernard Brodie (Harcourt, Brace), Virgil Jordan's "Manifesto for the Atomic Age" (Rutgers University Press). There was even a long poem devoted to the subject, Hermann Hagedorn's "The Bomb That Fell on America" (Pacific Coast Publishing Co.).

The war, despite the fact that the belief is general in publishing circles that for the time being the public's appetite has been satisfied, nevertheless still gets constant treatment. The battle narratives have of course declined sharply in number, but there is still wide interest for such a book as Ralph Ingersoll's "Top Secret" (Harcourt, Brace) which created a mild sensation at the time of its appearing; for chronicles reporting the part of leaders in the struggle such as Captain Harry C. Butcher's "My Three Years with Eisenhower" (Simon & Schuster); for narratives of the leaders themselves such as the "War Reports" of Generals Arnold and Marshall and Admiral King (Lippincott), conveniently issued in one volume; for accounts rendered such as "Arsenal of Democracy" (Harcourt, Brace), by Donald M. Nelson, and inside information like "Secret Missions" (Appleton-Century), by Cap-

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A Utopian Bookshelf

UPTON SINCLAIR

THE American people find themselves in a peculiar situation at the present time. Most of us consider that we have the best economic and social system on earth, and we expect it to last, as Hitler expected his system to last, for a thousand years. But, meantime, the rest of the world is changing its economic and social systems with startling rapidity. All Eastern Europe may be on the way to having a communist system, and most of Western Europe may be on the way to having a socialist system—and most of us Americans don't even know that there is any difference between a communist and a socialist system, and don't think it matters much anyhow. When we discover that our economic and social system involves colossal strikes, imperiling the very existence of our people, we are astonished and indignant. What are we going to do if we discover four or five years from now that our system involves a complete collapse of our production and distribution and an unemployment crisis the like of which has never been seen in the world before?

I have been predicting these events, both wars and crises, over a period of almost forty-five years. We have only a very short time left us in which to understand what is happening to us and to our world. I am going to tell you about a few great books which will help you in dealing with these problems.

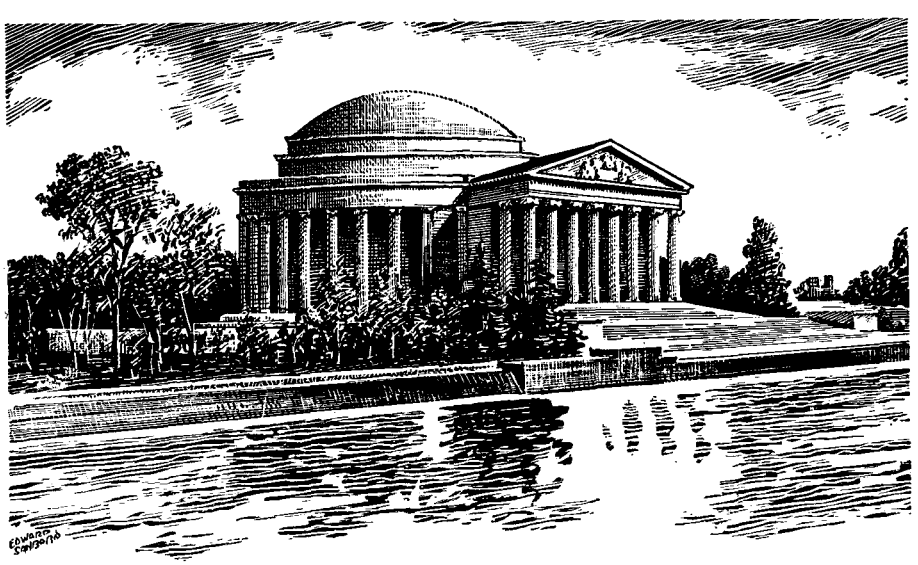
Americans are accustomed to think of collectivist ideas as being foreign in origin and being inconsistent with our American ideals. But, as it happens, America has made a great contribution to progressive economic thought, and we ought to know about it and pay it the tribute which it deserves. Albert Brisbane (not Arthur), Horace Greeley, Wendell Phillips, Edward Bellamy, Henry George, Thomas Wentworth Higginson—all these are names known in our history as well as in our literature. Most Americans have heard of "Looking Backward," but few of the new generation have read it, I fear. How many know that Bellamy followed up this Utopian best seller with one of the wisest and most comprehensive economic studies ever produced? "Equality" is its title, and it contains more meat for this time than it did for fifty years ago. "Looking Backward" is a story which will hold your interest and at the same time will start trains of living ideas in your mind. If you follow it up by reading "Equality" you will understand how a collectivist society can be democratic, humane, and free, and that is precisely the most important thing in the world for Americans to understand today.

How many Americans know that William Dean Howells, the favorite novelist of our grandmothers, wrote a Utopian story full of humor and charm, and of shrewd criticism of the plutocratic society which our grandfathers were so happily constructing? "A Traveler from Altruria" is its title, and it contains that combination of wit and wisdom which is difficult to achieve in any discussion of economics and social adjustments. This book, also, is for today.

Fairly early in my lifetime, I came on two works of social criticism, "The Theory of the Leisure Class" and "The Theory of Business Enterprise," by Thorstein Veblen, then a professor at the University of Chicago. They moved him around several times because he was an uncomfortable colleague for the orthodox social thinkers. These two books are loaded with a fierce and bitter irony which was Veblen's own invention. Through his academic lifetime, he observed how our social world and our business world actually operate, as contrasted with how they pretend they operate and want us to believe they operate. His books will make you break into laughter, and will loosen your prejudices thereby. He was one of our greatest thinkers on social questions. When I met him, a few years later, I found him a strangely silent man. Perhaps he was interested in what I had to tell him. I had recently published a novel called "The Jungle," which had been a best seller in England and America for six months and had been translated into seventeen languages during that period. It dealt with Chicago, and Chicago had dealt with Veblen, and shipped him out to California.

One of the books which helped to shape my thinking on economic and social problems was "The Fabian Essays." I have read books by all kinds of thinkers and founders of social movements — Socialists, Communists, Anarchists, Syndicalists, Capitalists, and combinations among these—but as the years have passed and I have watched men and events, I have come to the conclusion that the Fabians had the most to teach us Americans. The Fabian Society was founded in London by a group of intellectuals including Shaw, Wells, and the Webbs. They symbolically took the name from a Roman general, Fabius, who was called "The Delayer," and who beat the armies of Hannibal by wearing them down little by little, without risking a great battle which he might not have been able to win. The Italians of the twentieth century tried the opposite course, the "great battle," and they got Mussolini instead. The German Communists tried the "great battle" and they got Hitler. The Fabians cooperated with, and guided the thinking of, the British Labor Party, and now they have the British Government for five years with an overwhelming majority, and they have socialized the Bank of England, the coal industry, the iron and steel industry, and many others.

WHEN H. G. Wells first came to America, just after "The Jungle" was published, he brought me a letter of introduction from Lady Warwick, "the Socialist Countess." I went to see him, I remember, at the old Murray Hill Hotel in New York. I had to admit I had never read any of his books. He presented me with a copy of "A Modern Utopia," inscribed "To the



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most hopeful of Socialists, Upton Sinclair, from the next most hopeful, H. G. Wells." So it came about that I read one of the most charming and easy-to-read products of the social mind. I don't endorse everything in it; I don't endorse everything in any of the books I am naming, except to the extent of saying that they will clarify your thinking and suggest ideas which are necessary at this very hour and vital to your future happiness and safety.

Bernard Shaw I first read when "Candida" was published in this country, about 1902. I said then, and repeat it forty-four years later, that he will rank as the Voltaire of our time. His writings are a mine of brilliant thoughts on almost all the questions of this time—political, economic, scientific, and religious If this last word surprises you, read "Back to Methuselah" and learn what physical scientists are thinking today on the great questions of the origin and significance of human life. If you want Shaw's ideas on the social problems of our time, read the preface to "Major Barbara," which I am inclined to think is the best essay on this subject that I have ever read anywhere.

All these books are fundamental. You cannot think intelligently about the events recorded in your daily newspaper unless you know them and the social changes which they have helped to originate and guide. After you have read them, you will be better able to pick your way through the labyrinth of literature now being published on the subject of poverty and war and how to end these twin curses that are threatening to end our civilization.

In conclusion, I mention one book which bears my name but is not really mine. It is a book written by three or four hundred writers in twenty-five languages and covering a period of five thousand years. It is called "The Cry for Justice: An Anthology of the Literature of Social Protest." All that I did was to select this material and arrange it. It was published more than thirty years ago, but it will never be dated so long as social injustice exists and men cry out and struggle against it. Jack London wrote an introduction in which he called it "this humanist Holy Book." In it you will find the greatest literature on the subject, and only the greatest. From the samples you will be able to judge which among the three or four hundred writers most appeal to your taste, and when you have read the book attentively you will have the reason for the problems which confront all portions of our whole world today: man's eternal cry for justice and freedom on this earth.

More Musings on Mom

PHILIP WYLIE

ONE evening in the summer of 1942, at a dinner party in Coconut Grove, Hervey Allen expressed a fine and funny fury over a shot he had recently seen in a newsreel which showed an infantry division spelling out a tremendous MOM in celebration of Mother's Day. "There is," Mr. Allen summarized, "too much Mom in America." At that time I was midway in the writing of "Generation of Vipers" and had plans for a treatise on the Matriarchy. "Mom" was the word I needed and "Mom" spelled out by ten or fifteen thousand soldiers

was the proper scale; "Momism" was a natural derivative to describe the unconscious and abnormal piety of the popular mind. The essay I wrote—not in wrath but high glee—has become somewhat notorious; indeed, *Look* magazine (which advertises that it reaches 11.3 per cent of Americans more than ten years old) printed a digest of it.

A year or so ago, I noticed in the daily papers that a psychiatrist named Edward A. Strecker was making pronunciamentos on Mom and Momism and I was glad to see this quasi-official sanctioning of the terms. The war had proved that Momism is the deadliest disease of the nation—that neither Mr. Allen's luminous irritation nor my ribald outrage represented a fraction of the criticism, ridicule, and national action which has become the due of Mom. Dr. Strecker has now written a book on the subject and in the first chapter he tots up Mom's casualty list. Just a few thousand less than three million American men of military age flunked as soldiers fit even for home front guard duty because they were psychoneurotic—and the agent of their psychoneurosis in nearly every case, according to Dr. Strecker, was a Mother—a Mom, that is.

About two million of these victims of Momism were simply rejected for service by examining psychiatrists. Some half million tried to dodge the draft—and another six hundred thousand became emotional casualties who were discharged in the midst of their military careers. Dr. Strecker interviewed all sorts; he was a psychiatrical consultant to various service branches for three years. They were "immature," he says, each one the son of a woman who had "failed in the elementary mother function of weaning her offspring emotionally as well as physically." This is, to my mind, a very mild and inadequate way of describing the Oedipus complex and its relationships, but Dr. Strecker is, I feel, a very mild and inadequate psychologist. For, since Mom has wrecked the capacity of three million men to fight in the cause of their freedom, it follows that she has wrecked three or four million younger and older males, together with an enormous number of females. This suggests a total of twelve to fifteen million neurotic adolescents and infantile adults at large in the land—which explains many things, none of them mild.

It explains, to some extent, at least, the break-up of one-third of all our marriages. It indicates one reason for our restless promiscuity and the high incidence of our infidelity. It expresses the rise of juvenile delinquency and crime. In "Stone Walls and Men," Robert Lindner demonstrates brilliantly that the criminal is merely an infantile adult—a Mom-victim or, sometimes, the victim of a mom-like Pop; and at the root of nine case of insanity in ten lies this same mother-father sex-complex. Here, then, is also the sickness which fills our asylums and provides half our hospital beds with their neurotic incumbents.

BUT Dr. Strecker's book, "Their Mother's Sons,"* does not concern itself with the sexual roots of this national catastrophe. His method is the light touch. He divides Moms into six types, using for each type a name which indicates the technique em-

*Their Mothers' Sons. By Edward A. Strecker. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1946. 220 pgs. $2.

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ployed by its variety of Mom to inhibit the emotional growth of her offspring.

There is, says the good doctor, the "self-sacrificing" Mom, the "ailing," the "pollyanna," the "protective," the "pretty-addlepate," and the "pseudo-intellectual." With each of these he deals lengthily, offering anecdote from his consulting room and case history from his military experience. But there is nothing to "offend" a Mom —or rouse or instruct a Mom—in his pages.

When the clinical record approaches a physical fact of sex, the worthy psychiatrist censors it, "in the interests of good taste." And he reassures his readers (mothers, presumably) about all things. Modern education is foolish, he says. There should be no embarrassing group discussions of sex among children. Childhood sex curiosity should be met by mother with mother's smiling, healthy, normal but decently vague rejoinder. Our soldier lads, he says, for all their occasional "lusty young talk," had "high sex ideals" even though they "did not wear them on their sleeves."

One wonders if the eminent physician has read of the incidence of cohabitation with enemy women among the idealists of our occupying forces. Indeed, the farther one gets into "Their Mothers' Sons," the more clearly one perceives that Dr. Strecker is trying to analyze Moms and Momism without saying a word that would violate the ruinous tabus of a single Mom. Her inhibitions—which have spoiled three million young sons—are his. The impression grows that Dr. Strecker needs to snip apron strings which bind his own awareness—that he is, himself, somewhat pollyanna, protective, addlepated, pseudo-intellectual, and ailing. His questionnaire at the end of the book (by which a woman may presumably determine if she is a Mom) is such delicate blather as would be used by every woman to exonerate herself. He has engaged the tanks and heavy guns of matriarchy in a pillow-fight; he but obscures the battle with feathers.

IT happens that the scientific information anent possessiveness and maternal jealousy and hidden lust which pollutes human life everywhere—and nowhere more than in America—is not available to the average citizen. There is a law against its general dissemination. And as long as motherhood is commonly deemed "sacred" the act of fatherhood must subconsciously be considered violation, wherefore obscene, so the law will stand. We are completely unaware of the majestic injury we are doing ourselves—so unaware that, like Dr. Strecker, most of us can examine the statistics of our private defeat and public ignominy and yet maintain a coy attitude toward the agency of all this wretchedness.

"He seems hardly more than a boy."

I suspect that for any broader exposition I would be called "vindictive" — the word Dr. Strecker uses in mentioning what he renames "Generation of Gripers." That, incidentally, is a fair sample of the eminent medico's wit and humor. Or it would be said of me, as James Hilton said recently in the *Tribune*, that I was having an "indulged tantrum." To all such gentlemen, evidently, the real nature of Mom's guilt is unmentionable—whether used for mockery or to spread knowledge. They regret the devastation caused by the idolatry of Mother—but they keep the pedestal standing by interpreting a slam of Mom as aggression against themselves.

Dr. Strecker is, alas, no worthy adversary of any foe to be found amidst our modern folklore. He is one of the illiterate cognoscenti I discussed some while back in these pages. His book is a quagmire of bad rhetoric and such clichés as were corny in the original edition of "What a Young Girl Ought to Know." This I deplore in a man who holds a doctorate not only in medicine, but science and law, and who is a Master of Arts, to boot. Shame on all his professors.

Adult infantilism is the mark of our behavior, these days. We are a people who alternately sulk and go on sprees. Our statesmen behave like third graders and our generals and admirals like babies. We feel ourselves "leaderless"—when it is Principle we need, not Parents. We drown our sorrows in alcoholic mothers' milk—or the rabid pursuit of schoolyard ball games—and our chief lament is not that we are immature, but that we are so short of adult baby-carriages. Automobiles, that is. Whenever, in a society, Mom goes luxury-mad—and makes toys, not men, of her sons—the hand that rocks the cradle wrecks its world. We have reached the point of extreme hazard. Public vindictiveness and national tantrums will be the shape of a wrath to come if boys and girls—and neurotic ones, at that—take over. They are trying to.

MATURITY is not like a virtue that begins at home: it is the whole purpose of the home and the reason for the home. The parental function is to produce men and women of independence and self-confidence, pioneers, nonconformists, responsible thinkers, progressive individuals. Arrogance—so common in the American —is a counterfeit of this, a symptom of repressed fears. Our press, radio, and motion pictures operate within Mom's tabus and are confined to sub-adolescent levels. In books, alone, the opportunity somewhat remains to diagnose Momism correctly and set grown men and women to the most important task of this era—maturation of a species still brutal and barbaric, conceited, crazed with sex-delusions, instinctual, adult in years but infantile in mind and outlook.

Mom is America's Golden Calf. Calf-love is an insecure religion for a democracy at the threshold of the Atomic Age. The winds of destiny are blowing hard now and we must decide to grow up or to perish, for in one fashion or the other, inevitably, down will come baby, cradle and all.

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GEO-METRIC VERSE

Poetry Forms in Mathematics

Written Mostly for Fanatics

by

Gerald Lynton Kaufman, A.I.A.

CONCAVERSE

MT. HELICON WAS WHERE THE MUSES,
DEEP IN A CAVE, DWELT WITH APOLLO.
THE CLASSIC MORAL CODE CONFUSES
THIS LEGEND, DIFFICULT TO SWALLOW.
IF ANCIENT GRECIAN LORE REFUSES
TO DRAW THE PICTURE, LET US FOLLOW
THESE GEO-METRIC FORMS AND USES
TO OUTLINE "HELICONCAVE HOLLOW".

CONVEXSTASY

IF THAT'S THE INSIDE, HERE'S THE OUTSIDE;
ABOUT A SIN-SIDE, THERE'S A DOUBT-SIDE.
THE MUSES' SEX-LIVES' HIDDEN HISTORY
WITHIN THAT CAVE REMAINS A MYSTERY.
NEITHER CONVEXITY NOR CONCAVITY
IMPLIES COMPLEXITY OR DEPRAVITY,
NOR SHOULD WE BE PERPLEXED TO SEE
A-MUSE-MENT IN CON-VEX-STA-SY.

THE BELLODE

AS A PRELUDE OR A PROEM
FOR AN EDGAR ALLAN POEM
HERE'S A DIAGRAM THAT SPELLS
OUT THE FORM THAT MOST EXCELS
FOR THE MUSICAL SENSATION
KNOWN AS TINTINNABULATION
KEEPING TIME, TIME, TIME
IN A SORT OF RUNIC RHYME
THAT BELLODIOUSLY SWELLS
FORTISSIMO, PIANO, PALO-ALTO OR ADAGIO
FROM THE BELLS, BELLS, BELLS, BELLS, BELLS, BELLS
BELLS

CLUBODE

A LEGEND LIES BEHIND THE CLUB, RECOUNTED
BOTH BY SAGE AND DUB
IN PLAYING BRIDGE OR POKER. THEY SAY HISTORIANS
AGREE ABOUT ITS LOFTY PEDIGREE
AND TRACE WITH GLEE ITS SYMBOLS THREE
TO BOTH THE DOCTOR AND THE BROKER
BOTH PILLS AND PAWNSHOP BALLS THEY SEE
AND QUOTE FROM THIS QUEER DESIGN
BOOKS ON HERALDRY RECALLS THE SIGN
OF
COSIMO
DE MEDICI

HEARTODE

WHEN LOVE SEEMS TO START AT THE TOP OF YOUR HEART
ITS COUPLETS ARE SOMEWHAT DIVIDED,
BUT AS YOU PROCEED, THEY GET EASY TO READ
IF YOU FEEL THEY'RE NO LONGER TWO-SIDED.
THE DEEPER YOU GO, THE BETTER YOU KNOW
THAT THE SAME CAN APPLY TO YOUR LIFE,
LET EMOTION RUN DEEP, ERE TAKING THE LEAP
THAT LANDS YOU A HUSBAND OR WIFE.
IN EVERY GAME, IT'S EXACTLY THE SAME
THERE'S NEVER A NEED TO CHEAT
WITH HEARTS IN YOUR HAND
YOU WELL UNDERSTAND
AS HEARTS MUST CERTAINLY BEAT.

SPIRALAY

THE SPIRAL AND THE VIRELAY
COMBINED IN VERSES LIGHT OR GAY
PRODUCE A SHAPE UPON A TAPE
THAT MIGHT BE CALLED
THE SPIRALAY
THOUGH SAD TO SAY
THEIR INTERPLAY
CANNOT BE READ
THE PROPER WAY
WHEN SHOWN
IN SINUOUS
DISPLAY

SPADE-ODE

A SPADE WAS BORNE IN OLDEN DAYS
BY MEN UPON PARADE
AND PLAYING-CARDS CAME INTO BEING DURING A CRUSADE
A SIMPLE-MINDED KNIGHT ONE DAY
HAD TRUMPED HIS PARTNER'S ACE,
THE PARTNER MADE THE FINAL PLAY
WITH A SPADE HE CALLED A MACE.
SO EVER SINCE THE SAYING GOES,
IN EVERY GAME THAT'S PLAYED
THE PROPER WAY TO LIVE YOUR DAY
IS TO CALL A SPADE A SPADE.

DIAMODE

A DIAMOND SPARKLING ON THE NECK
MAY REPRESENT A HANDSOME CHECK,
BUT SOME PREFER TO FIND
THE SIMPLE PASTEBOARD KIND
WITH JUST THIRTEEN PER DECK.
FOR WITH A PACK OF CARDS IN HAND
IT ISN'T HARD, YOU UNDERSTAND,
IF FINGERING IS LIGHT
TO EXECUTE A SLEIGHT
OR MAKE A PLAY
TO TAKE AWAY
THE KITTY
EVERY
NIGHT

SONG EN CHEMISE

STITCH, MEND, STITCH! MEND, STITCH, MEND!
SUCH IS THE THEME OF A POEM IN WHICH
METRICAL PHRASES IN DOLOROUS PITCH
HAVE ACCENTS THAT FALL AT THE END:
PITYING WOMEN WHO SEW FOR THE RICH.

TOM, TOM, TOM! HOOD, HOOD, HOOD!
DID YOU WRITE THE SONG OF THE SHIRT
ON PURPOSE, OUR FEELINGS TO HURT
AS MUCH AS YOU POSSIBLY COULD?

IF SO, I'M PERHAPS VERY WRONG
IN ATTEMPTING TO KID YOU ALONG
SO PARDON ME, TOM, IF YOU PLEASE
FOR CREATING A VERSE EN CHEMISE
TO PICTURE THE SHIRT OF THE SONG

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Last of "Men of Good Will"

THE SEVENTH OF OCTOBER. By Jules Romains. Translated from the French by Gerard Hopkins. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1946. 295 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by JUSTIN O'BRIEN

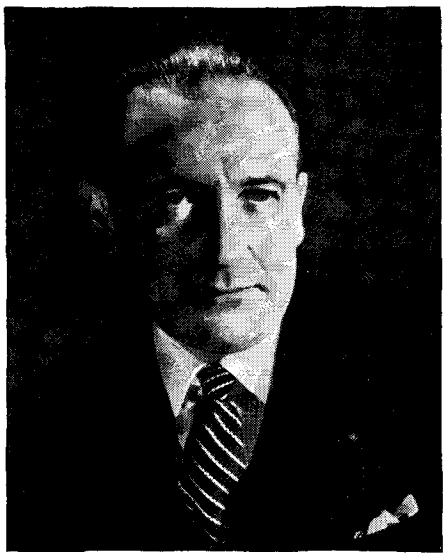
FOR seven years, as Daudet relates in his famous story, the Pope's mule stored up a kick for the deceitful youth who rose to power by currying favor with the Holy Father at the expense of the favorite mule. And when that man finally returned to court laden with honors, the mule let him have it. Without establishing a comparison between a resentful mule and the reading public or between a kick and a critical estimate, it can be said that the time has come to judge Jules Romains.

Finally after fourteen years, he has issued the last volume of the cyclic novel, "Men of Good Will," thus concluding the most ambitious work of fiction undertaken within our time. With a self-confidence typical of the man who at nineteen took a pseudonym translatable as Julius Romans, he deliberately risked comparison with Balzac and Zola when he started publication of the cycle in 1932 and announced that it would run to nearly thirty volumes. At that time the reader's good will (there were many jokes about the title) was understandably great. Romains already had to his credit eleven collections of poetry, nine novels, fourteen plays, and seven books of essays. Within that voluminous production were certain works worthy to rank high in the annals of contemporary literature. His "Death of a Nobody" in 1911 struck a new note in fiction by its vivid account of the posthumous life of a nameless nonentity; in 1923 his comedy "Knock or the Triumph of Medicine" deserved its unheard-of success as the best farce of the modern theatre. After twenty years of apprenticeship, during which he had distinguished himself in every form he had tried, his series of eight major comedies had conquered the Paris stage and enriched their author. One would have had to be pusillanimous indeed not to embark with him on his *roman-fleuve* in 1932. Had Romains thought of using subscription blanks, most readers would have gladly bound themselves to reading two novels by him each year for fourteen years, since this is what it comes to in French.

But our indulgence, as for someone who takes too long in getting to the point of a story, diminished in geometric proportion as the work progressed. Certain sections of the monumental novel were frankly disappointing. Little by little, moreover, the artifice became apparent and the rather obvious composition of this novel which, like life, is not supposed to have formal composition at all. The stiffness of the oddly-named characters, added to their multiplicity, soon palled. The mechanical dosage of political reflections, literary essays, exciting intrigue, passionate love scenes, and picturesque resurrection of the recent past often made the work appear less a novel than an issue of a well-edited popular magazine in which all tastes must be satisfied.

"Verdun," which was volume eight in the American edition, momentarily revived most of us, for it formed a masterful and enthralling evocation of the First World War in all its horror. The succeeding volumes strove hard to rise to another height but were, in effect, a dismal anticlimax. Then came a new world war, not in the pages of fiction this time, and we learned that the relentless French author had come to America where he could carry on business as usual. For economic or for less understandable reasons, he then made the great error of his career by writing a series of topical articles entitled "Seven Mysteries of Europe." In them he presented himself as one of a small group of foresighted Europeans who did everything possible to prevent a second world war. This international chivalric order which he calls "men of good will" was composed of the author himself, Henri de Man, who later became head of the Belgian government of capitulation, Otto Abetz, eventually Nazi military governor of occupied Paris, and Von Ribbentrop. This book, which did incalculable harm to his reputation as thinker and writer, reveals a puerile confusion between fiction and life since it shows Romains attempting to live some of the exciting episodes of his own novels. It also shows him to have been an arrogant and officious dupe, swollen with a mistaken sense of his own importance. He overestimated the gullibility of the American public and momentarily forgot that some day his own country would be liberated, at which time his little book would be severely judged by his own intelligent countrymen.

Yet Jules Romains has lately returned to Paris from his wartime refuge in New York and Mexico City and there he has received the greatest honor his nation can bestow upon a writer, election to the French Academy. Deep within he must feel like something of a foreigner in this new France whose mortal suffering he witnessed from afar; but this has not prevented him from making pompous pronouncements in the press. The Pope's mule is probably awaiting the appearance of the last volume of "Men of Good Will," mysteriously held up in Paris while we are favored here.



"Jules Romains suffers from the fact that he tells us nothing new about either man or the world."

It behooves us to consider the last instalment as part of a very large whole. Just as the first book, entitled "The Sixth of October," describes twenty-four hours in the life of Paris in 1908, so this twenty-seventh book deals with the same period of time in 1933. Precisely twenty-five years have elapsed and again a world war is just six years ahead. Again Romains takes a broad view, but the choice and fitting together of details seem more obvious. Again Parisians read their newspapers on the way to work and reflect on the political and economic situation, while glancing at the weather forecast and the sports pages. But there is something a little artificial here, as if the author were parodying himself; in the first book he would never have written "And now just for a little light relief, let us rummage in the calendar of crime."

The parallel is so close as to suggest at once all of the artifice and convention that Jules Romains originally ruled out. The first two chapters reproduce those of book one with a few differences: instead of a group of sign-painters it is an exhibit of false teeth that draws the crowd to a shop window; instead of watching an actress get up and bathe, we now watch a movie star of the next generation go through the same motions. Clanricard, the headmaster, talks earnestly to the schoolboys of the

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danger threatening Europe just as he had addressed his own class on the same subject in 1908, and on his way to lunch (in 1908 he was meeting his master Sampeyre) he walks down the rue Sampeyre and communes with the spirit of the socialist leader. As in book one Jerphanion is rushing toward Paris, but a quarter of a century later the young rustic reading his paper in the train has become a cabinet member and molder of opinion traveling in the prime minister's private plane. One of the highlights of book one, indeed of the whole series, is the chapter describing little Louis Bastide rolling his hoop up the slope of Montmartre. In book twenty-seven one chapter gives us Bastide; now grown to manhood and with a considerably enlarged *faubourg* as his playground, driving a Chevrolet along the new road from Rabat to Marrakech in Morocco. The familiar and colorful streets of old Paris have yielded characteristically to what the author calls "an artery of empire."

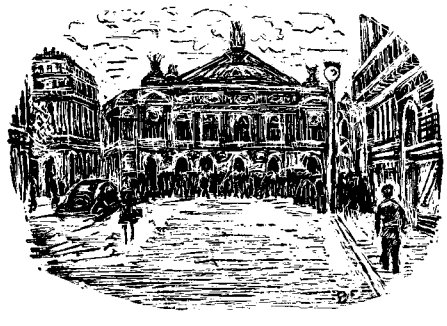
Never before has Jules Romains's technique been so apparent. The constant passage from narration to discussion of general ideas is very French, and like so many French writers of fiction (Balzac, Hugo, Malraux, Saint Exupéry, for instance) Romains is constantly tempted by the essay form. Certain conversations, though the participants often seem frightfully loquacious, hold our interest through the value of the ideas expressed, and whole chapters, such as "A Picture of Europe in October 1933," could be lifted right out of the novel and published separately without changing a word. In this last volume which contains hardly any action but walking, eating, and drinking, the highly articulate conversations *must* hold our interest. When there is danger of losing our attention, the talk can be turned to homosexual practices at Sidi-Bou-Saïd, which ought to provide the same fillip as the love scenes of earlier volumes.

An incredible number of characters come back on the stage for a final bow in this last book. Oh, not every one of the thousand or so dramatis personae, but still some unexpected ones reappear, such as Bernard de Saint-Papoul whom we lost in book thirteen, Dr. Viaur whom we forgot after book twenty-one, and Allory whom we knew chiefly in book eleven and who was briefly mentioned in twenty-four. Even the few who have died since 1908 mysteriously answer the roll call.

In the long and stimulating preface to "Men of Good Will" Jules Romains ridicules the novel which results from a "vision of society that is centered on the individual" and in which the novelist has to use to the utmost the little group of characters with which he began until they end up by having the whole world on their shoulders. The fact that the members of this little group, constantly meeting in the most outlandish places, inevitably occupy the foreground of any picture prevents us, he says, from seeing Paris or New York as enormous cities in which the individual can lose himself, and instead gives them the comfy appearance of Landernau or Peoria. The reader of "Men of Good Will" must not expect to see this vast composition center itself "around a single hero miraculously picked out from the crowd." He must not expect either any normal development of the action or a balanced symmetry which would become mere convention. Romains also says in the preface that he sees no objection to the reader's wondering at times where this is all heading, and he speaks most eloquently of the many elements in life that lead nowhere, of the people and undertakings we never hear of again.

At the end of the series one cannot but register disappointment at the manner in which these promises are fulfilled. Fundamentally this novel is not so different from others. Like the writers whose system he repudiates, Romains ends his cycle with his myriad characters (the mere listing of them in the index occupies ninety-six pages) intact, after they have encountered each other all over his vast world. And did not the author forget his original laudable intention when he made Mionnet become the leading prelate in France, Gurau President of the Republic, Jerphanion Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Jallez one of France's chief writers?

As in the normal novel of familiar proportions, the last instalment picks up many threads and knots them neatly. Among those threads the author singles out one for special consideration and then, appropriately, leaves it trailing in space. This is the principal theme of the work. The brilliant archbishop of Tours proposes "a message of good will." Jerphanion talks of the man of good will who, in the unhappy Europe of 1933, can do nothing constructive but partake of "a mystic feast, with a few beloved brethren, in the depths of the catacombs." The entire work ends with that intimate celebration; and as Jallez and Jerphanion—whom Romains some time ago recognized to be "the two central characters, not to say heroes" of the novel—walk into the dawn, somewhat inspired by all they have drunk, Jallez says: "At a moment like this I feel again that perhaps we can save the world." This, alas, is the idealistic philosophy which inspired the unorthodox attempts to save the world recorded in "Seven Mysteries of Europe," and if Romains's own experience from 1933 to 1939 had not been so ill-advised and so lamentably unsuccessful, the novel might have ended otherwise.



In France criticism of the vast novel has been somewhat less indulgent than in America, for the obvious reason that the level of fiction in France during the past fourteen years has been higher than in America. During that period Roger Martin du Gard completed his great cycle of "The Thibaults," Georges Duhamel finished his picture of middle-class French life in "The Pasquier Chronicles," and André Malraux brought out four individual novels of great power which, when taken together, form a devastating and masterful epic of our time. Within the same years François Mauriac was pursuing his relentless study of sin and redemption, Saint Exupéry was forging a new modern hero, Jean Giono was writing a poetic exaltation of peasant life, and Montherlant was creating lasting human types. In the French mind, moreover, Romains had to compete with the immense reputations of Proust and Gide (at which he makes a rather malicious jibe in this last volume).

In a comparison with his French contemporaries Jules Romains suffers from the fact that he tells us nothing new about either man or the world. His characters have neither that convincing consistency nor that stamp of originality that we find in the creations of Proust, Gide, and Martin du Gard, to name only three. Nor do their actions have that authenticity and necessity which would place their author in the line of great creators.

Perhaps Jules Romains had originally no more plan than just to write a successful novel, longer than anyone had ever attempted before, which would please all classes of readers at once and for very different reasons. In this he has succeeded—if we except the readers who, misled by the elaborate warnings of the preface, looked for something more than an excellent popular novel of unaccustomed dimensions.

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Corrupting, Deadly "Goodness"

WOMAN OF THE PHARISEES. By François Mauriac. Translated by Gerald Hopkins. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1946. 241 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by BEN RAY REDMAN

ALTHOUGH several of François Mauriac's novels have been put into English, he is less well known than he should be to the English-reading public. So it is good to see this version of "La Pharisienne"—the first Mauriac novel to cross our language barrier since 1933—and to learn that Mr. Hopkins will translate other books by the author of "La Chair et le Sang," "Genitrix," "Le Baiser au Lépreux," "Les Chemins de la Mer," "Desert de l'Amour," and "Noeud de Vipères." Not to have listened to Mauriac's voice is to have missed one of the most distinguished, most disciplined, most profoundly serious, and most persuasive voices of twentieth-century French fiction.

Writing recently of George Herbert, Mr. L. C. Knights has said:

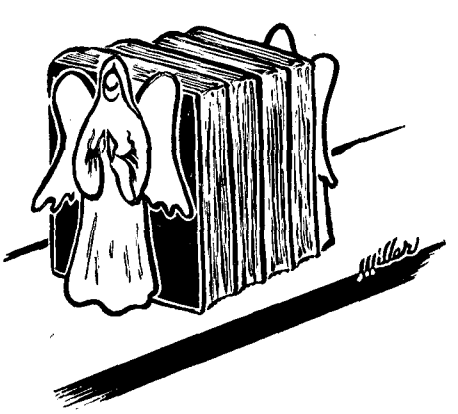
> The poetry of George Herbert is so intimately bound up with his beliefs as a Christian and his practice as a priest of the Church of England that those who enjoy the poetry without sharing the beliefs may well feel some presumption in attempting to define the human, as distinguished from the specifically Christian, value of the work.

A similar sense of presumption may well beset the non-believing critic in relation to Mauriac, so intimately is his fiction bound up with his beliefs as a member of the Roman Catholic communion. In his work Christian and literary values are almost, if not quite, inextricable; but, as with Herbert, the literary expression of faith wields a power over even those to whom the faith itself is alien. For the duration of a Mauriac novel, even the most skeptical reader finds himself persuaded to accept, for purposes of understanding, the frame of belief within which the novel is composed. This acceptance is an artist's triumph.

Mauriac is not a priest, but he is a layman whose life and whose writing are founded upon the bedrock of religion. The major conflicts that animate his stories are conflicts long familiar to his Church: between spirit and flesh, humility and pride, self-knowledge and self-deception. When, in his earlier novels, he painted the bourgeois families of the Landes in the darkest colors his palette afforded, he was saying in effect: Here are the worshippers of mammon and Cybele, who have turned their eyes away from Christ. But at the same time he was intent on bringing as many of these sinners as possible into the fold, by narrative hook or crook; while to his fellow Catholics, who found his view of humanity unbearably pessimistic, he replied with crushing simplicity: "Those who profess to believe in original sin and the corruption of the body cannot endure the works which bear witness to them."

As a young man Mauriac was primarily aware of the harsh discipline which Christianity imposes upon the flesh, but as an older man he is primarily aware of the joyful paths which it opens to the believer. This change in point of view has been accompanied by another change. Whereas he was once concerned chiefly with obvious sinners, he has more recently concerned himself with sinners whose offenses are less obvious. Such a one is Brigitte Pian, the woman of the Pharisees.

The scene, as is usual with Mauriac, is the author's native Bordeaux and the nearby countryside. The story is told in the first person by Louis Pian, who writes as an adult but who seeks to look through the eyes of the boy he once was at characters and events belonging to the early years of the century. Gradually, by means of the boy's view and the man's augmented and corrective knowledge, the character of Brigitte Pian is made known to us. The portrait has fullness and depth and power. Brigitte is at once a type and an individual: a type of false piety, the kind of piety that is egotistically intent only on its self-perfection; and an individual in her particular relationships within her particular world. Acting as an effective agent in these relationships, her "goodness" is corrupting, deadly. It assists at the destruction of the wretched teacher, Puybaraud, and his equally unfortunate wife. It poisons the youthful love of Brigitte's step-daughter and Jean de Mirbel. It harasses Brigitte's stepson, who is the narrator, drives her husband to his death, and scandalously uproots the worthy abbé Calou from his parish. And always, of course, through actions that are, to the actor, indisputably virtuous.



Brigitte has been called a female Tartuffe, but the appellation is not accurate. Molière's hypocrite was double-dyed in his hypocrisy, but Mauriac's woman of the Pharisees is self-deceived. She really believes in her holiness, she really believes that she is gathering merit in the sight of her Master; until the scales fall at last from her eyes and she sees her sinful pride and self-righteousness in all their ugliness. And, when the scales do fall, this woman who has done so much harm in the world commands our sympathy in her tragic hour. This, in view of what has gone before, is remarkable: it is not only an artist's triumph, but a Christian's. It is the peak of the novel, and an expression of Mauriac's faith at its highest. Even Brigitte Pian, with all her pious sins upon her head, is not beyond the saving reach of *la Miséricorde.*

> In the evening of her life, Brigitte Pian had come to the knowledge that it is useless to play the part of a proud servitor eager to impress his master by a show of readiness to repay his debts to the last farthing. It had been revealed to her that our Father does not ask us to give a scrupulous account of what merits we can claim. She understood at last that it is not our desserts that matter but our love.

The characters who surround Brigitte are as clearly pictured, as thoroughly understood, as herself; and no less thoroughly understood, and conveyed, are the interactions of characters. Mauriac is an economical, even a spare writer, but he is a novelist who knows how to make every phrase and paragraph collaborate in the task of ensnaring and satisfying the reader's interest. He is profound, but never heavy. He may be read easily for pleasure, and read again for something more. He is read best, of course, in his original French; but he is still well read in Mr. Hopkins's English, which is faithful without awkward verbal servility.

In closing, I should like to extract one more quotation from this novel, as evidence of the kind of thing its author has to say, on levels that are not common in contemporary fiction:

> People do not change. At my age one can have no illusions on that point; but they do quite often turn back to what they were once and show again those very characteristics they have striven tirelessly, through a whole lifetime, to suppress. This does not mean that they necessarily end by succumbing to what is worst in themselves. God is very often the good temptation to which many human beings in the long run yield.

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What SRL Reviewers Are Giving for Christmas:

ROSEMARY CARR BENÉT	The Last Circle (Stephen Vincent Benét)	Mr. Lincoln's Camera Man (Mathew Brady)	Hiroshima (John Hersey)	Laughs From The Saturday Review of Literature	Alice in Wonderland New 2-Vol. Edition (Lewis Carroll)
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT	The Island (Francis Brett-Young)	Patrins (Louise Imogen Guiney)	David Balfour (Robert Louis Stevenson)	Selected Poems (Raymond Holden)	The Crock of Gold (James Stephens)
JOHN MASON BROWN	The Lowells and Their Seven Worlds (Ferris Greenslet)	Brideshead Revisited (Evelyn Waugh)	Animal Farm (George Orwell)	The Pursuit of Love (Nancy Mitford)	The Congress of Vienna (Harold Nicolson)
STRUTHERS BURT	Take Three Tenses (Rumer Godden)	South Wind (Norman Douglas)	Arch of Triumph (Eric Maria Remarque)	Cleanliness and Godliness (Reginald Reynolds)	Home Life in History; Social Life and Manners in Britain, 200 B. C.—A. D. 1926. (Gloag and Walker)
NANCY G. CHAIKIN	The Wild Flag (E. B. White)	My World and Welcome To It (James Thurber)	The Short Stories of Henry James (Selected by Clifton Fadiman)	IXI (E. E. Cummings)	Remembrance of Things Past (Marcel Proust)
THOMAS K. FINLETTER	From the Top of the Stairs (Gretchen Finletter)	A Study in History (Arnold Toynbee)	The Eustance Diamond (Anthony Trollope)	The Pursuit of Love (Nancy Mitford)	The Congress of Vienna (Harold Nicolson)
GRACE FRANK	On Reading Shakespeare (Logan Pearsall Smith)	The Nature of Poetry (Donald A. Stauffer)	Vasari's Lives of the Poets (Edited by Betty Burroughs)	The Happy Profession (Ellery Sedgwick)	Mister Roberts (Thomas Heggen)
FERRIS GREENSLET	The American Renaissance (F. O. Matthiesson)	The Nature of Poetry (Donald A. Stauffer)	The Wild Flag (E. B. White)	The Fair Field (John Moore)	The Portable Thomas Wolfe (Edited by Maxwell Geismar)
SARA HENDERSON HAY	Selected Poems (Raymond Holden)	Hiroshima (John Hersey)	Man, an Autobiography (George R. Stewart)	The Bible as Living Literature (Ernest Sutherland Bates)	The Sudden Guest (Christopher LaFarge)
LEO LERMAN	Early Victorian Novelists (Lord David Cecil)	The Pleasure of Their Company (Louis Kronenberger)	Thieves in the Night (Arthur Koestler)	A Treasury of Great Poems (Selected by Louis Untermeyer)	Here Let Us Feast (M. F. K. Fisher)
MERLE MILLER	Thieves in the Night (Arthur Koestler)	The Wild Flag (E. B. White)	Thunder out of China (T. W. White and Annalee Jacoby)	Dawn Over Zero (William L. Laurence)	Not So Wild a Dream (Eric Sevareid)
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY	The Unquiet Grave (Cyril Connolly)	All Trivia (Logan Pearsall Smith)	The Shadow Line (Joseph Conrad)	The House of Cobwebs (George Gissing)	The Baker Street Journal (Quarterly by sub. Argus Bookshop, 3 W. 46 St., N. Y. C.)
EDGAR ANSEL MOWRER	The Meeting of East and West (F. S. C. Northrop)	Kaputt (Kurzio Malaparte)	The Great Challenge (Louis Fischer)	The Congress of Vienna (Harold Nicolson)	The History of Western Philosophy (Bertrand Russell)
RICHARD L. NEUBERGER	Journals of the Expedition to the Pacific (Meriwether Lewis and William Clark)	Brandeis: A Free Man's Life (Alpheus Thomas Mason)	Son of the Wilderness: The Life of John Muir (Linnie Marsh Wolfe)	Frontier on the Potomac (Jonathan Daniels)	The Age of Jackson (Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.)
ROBERT PICK	The Angelic Avengers (Pierre Andrezel)	Kaputt (Curzio Malaparte)	The Lowells and Their Seven Worlds (Ferris Greenslet)	Thieves in the Night (Arthur Koestler)	Pauline Bonaparte (Harrison Brent)
BEN RAY REDMAN	Political Ideals (C. Delisle Burns)	Postscript on Existentialism (Arland Ussher)	Animal Farm (George Orwell)	The Partisan Reader An Anthology	The Unquiet Grave (Cyril Connolly)
R. ELLIS ROBERTS	God Is Not Dead (Bernard Iddings Bell)	Medea (Robinson Jeffers)	The Iceman Cometh (Eugene O'Neill)	The Canterbury Tales (Geoffrey Chaucer)	News From Nowhere (William Morris)
THEODORE SPENCER	A History of European Morals (W. H. Lecky)	The Aims of Education (A. N. Whitehead)	50 Poems (E. E. Cummings)	Toward Stendhal (Harry Levin)	Essays (Montaigne-translated by Trechmann)
PHILIP VAN DOREN STERN	The Meeting of East and West (F. S. C. Northrop)	Leo Tolstoy (Ernest J. Simmons)	Stendhal (Matthew Josephson)	Color Blind (Margaret Halsey)	A Treasury of Laughter (Edited by Louis Untermeyer)
ORDWAY TEAD	Education for Modern Man (Sydney Hook)	The Meeting of East and West (F. S. C. Northrop)	Conditions of Civilized Living (Robert Ulich)	Great Teachers (Edited by Houston Peterson)	
F. C. WEISKOPF	Stendhal (Matthew Josephson)	As He Saw It (Elliott Roosevelt)	Aragon, Poet of the French Resistance (Malcolm Cowley and Hannah Josephson)	Road to Calvary (Alexei Tolstoy)	Twilight on the Danube (F. C. Weiskopf)
W. L. WHITE	Huckleberry Finn (Mark Twain)	The Lost Treasures of Europe (Edited by Henry LaFarge)	The Congress of Vienna (Harold Nicolson)	B. F.'s Daughter (John Marquand)	Thieves in the Night (Arthur Koestler)
JOHN T. WINTERICH	Our Own Kind (Edward McSorley)	The Big Rock Candy Mountain (Wallace Stegner)	Diary of Samuel Pepys (Wheatley Edition)	Mark Twain: Business Man (Edited by Samuel Charles Webster)	The Roosevelt I Knew (Frances Perkins)
JOHN WOODBURN	Let Us Now Praise Famous Men (James Agee)	The Fortunes of Richard Mahony (Henry Handel Richardson)	The Friendly Persuasion (Jessamyn West)	Black Lamb and Grey Falcon (Rebecca West)	The River (Rumer Godden)

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CHRISTMAS BOOK

THE book of the autumn which most truly represents the Christmas spirit is John Hersey's "Hiroshima." This is not what the publishers mean when they advertise Christmas Books. "Hiroshima" is a record of horror, death, and devotion. But then, our idea of the Christmas spirit is a sentimental offspring of Seymour out of Dickens—snow, punch, bells, good food, and generous mirth. No harm in this, yet the first book to record the Christmas story from beginning to end is not like that at all. There are blood and wounds in it, and hideous suffering, and the slow emergence of the doctrine of good will to all men preached to a society dominated by power politics, torn by conflicting nationalisms, and held together only by military might. That Christmas Book was "The New Testament."

We select John Hersey's "Hiroshima" as the outstanding Christmas Book of the year with no absurd intention of comparing it, except in one fundamental resemblance, with "The New Testament." But there is this likeness. If the Christmas spirit is better described by "Peace on earth, good will to men" than holly-trimmed bowls and tinkling sleigh bells, then "Hiroshima" is a worthy candidate. The subject is an unparalleled man-made disaster which may or may not have been justified by the ending of a bloody war. The subject matter is the objective and sympathetic account of the sufferings and heroisms of individuals. That they were our enemies does not enter significantly into the narrative. Most of them were Japanese, with a different code, different morals, different loyalties from ours. But this also is incidental to the narrative, part of the reality, not part of an argument. For these strangers suffer like us, die like us, act with a pity and a heroism of which all the world might be proud. For once in the heaped-up piles of books about the war, the questions of guilt, of ultimate causes, of politics, and of humanitarianism or its opposite, are not raised. These victims are men, women, and children who eat, sleep, suffer, love, and hate as we do. They are caught in the vast machine of circumstance, crushed by history, mangled or killed, by whose fault? What does it matter. They are mangled or killed. And yet those who do not die respond to an impulse that has nothing to do with politics or social difference, an impulse to help their fellow man which has been the feeble glimmering light in even the most savage cultures. Under the weight of incredible anger they display that kind of good will which distinguishes man from beast.

And Mr. Hersey, in the objectivity of his account, by his refusal to moralize on misfortune, most of all because he can think in terms of the human individual instead of doctrines and states, has shown good will as the angels most emphatically meant it on the first Christmas morning. This book is the work of a good Samaritan, more concerned with the human being in distress than with prejudices and the conflict of faiths.

There have been twenty different kinds of books about the war, and all the good ones useful. There will be a dozen better kinds when this war has been absorbed by the imagination and the best books about it rise from journalism into literature. The theme of good will is inadequate to supply them all, or many, or more than a few. Good will, alas, is not enough. It is a candle from which a great illumination may some day be lit. But now it is still only a candle in a murky world. We know too little of human behavior to guess beyond the few principles which have certainly bettered it, of which good will is one. Even Christianity lost the purity of its insistence upon good will before two or three centuries had passed. The restraint of "Hiroshima" to a simple, objective recording was wise. There is no lesson to be learned from it except that all men are in many ways brothers in disaster, however much they differ when in prosperity or power. If it is the first of a new type of war book, it is certainly not a pattern for post-war literature. Let us be content to say that it is the book which comes nearest in 1946 to the ethics of Christmas.

And for runner-up with "Hiroshima" consider "The Wild Flag" by E. B. White. This little book contains more wisdom about world reconstruction than a hundred pounds of political argument. For it begins with what every man of good will wants and not what politicians, economists, and patriots would give him.

H. S. C.

Ice Trance

By Roberta M. Grahame

BLUE star sparkling, half moon white,
Last of the ice-cloud breaking;
Marshlights through the lilac branches
As the moon goes by in the night.
Ice of the moon on bending birches
(Spring shall not come again),
Wandstars flickering on brown oak leaves,
Star-fountain in the willow.

Once the birches were wavering gold
In twilight of April rain,
Once the sun played gold on the lilac,
The white young leaves of the oak grew green.

Now the ice has gone over the meadow,
Making the dead grass shine,
Glazing the empty milkweed pod
With its brightness and its shadow;
Gone to the woods in dark quicksilver,
To the fallen leaf and the withered fern.
And April shall not come again
To the ice-rapt willow,
Nor the singing year return.

Lilacs break in the night's prism,
Grasses glitter alone, apart,
The moon sets with drawn shadows,
Crystal deepens on the heart.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

It's Egypt's Fault

SIR: Let reader Pohle look to the Egyptian Government, rather than the Standard Oil Company, in the desecration of the Pyramids.

The Egyptian Government approached me ten years ago with a proposal to put the name of a soap in neon lights just as he has mentioned on top of one of the Pyramids for 10,000 Egyptian pounds—about $40,000 a year.

On behalf of the Colgate-Palmolive-Peet Company, whose ancestress Cleopatra was long associated with the Sphinx and Pyramids, I turned this charming offer down, although I must admit that the publicity potentials were terrific.

HUGH MCKAY.

MAXON, INC.
New York, N. Y.

"The Torrent and the Night Before"

SIR: The Library of Colby College is attempting to compile a census of extant copies of "The Torrent and the Night Before" (1896), by Edwin Arlington Robinson, and to have it ready by next December for the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of this famous little blue book. Will any librarian, collector, or other owner please communicate with the undersigned if he has a copy, or has knowledge of a copy, and has not already been in communication with Colby on this subject.

CARL J. WEBER.

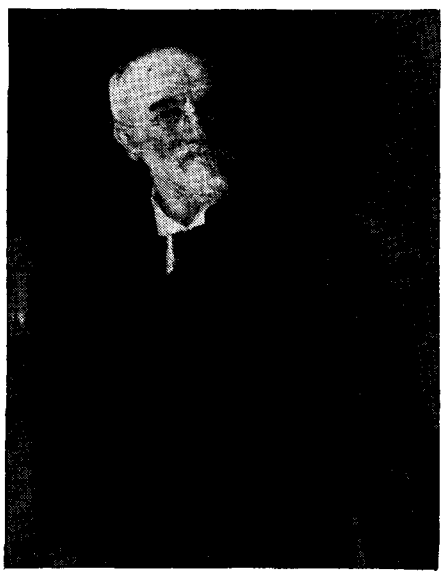
Colby College,
Waterville, Maine

John Butler Yeats

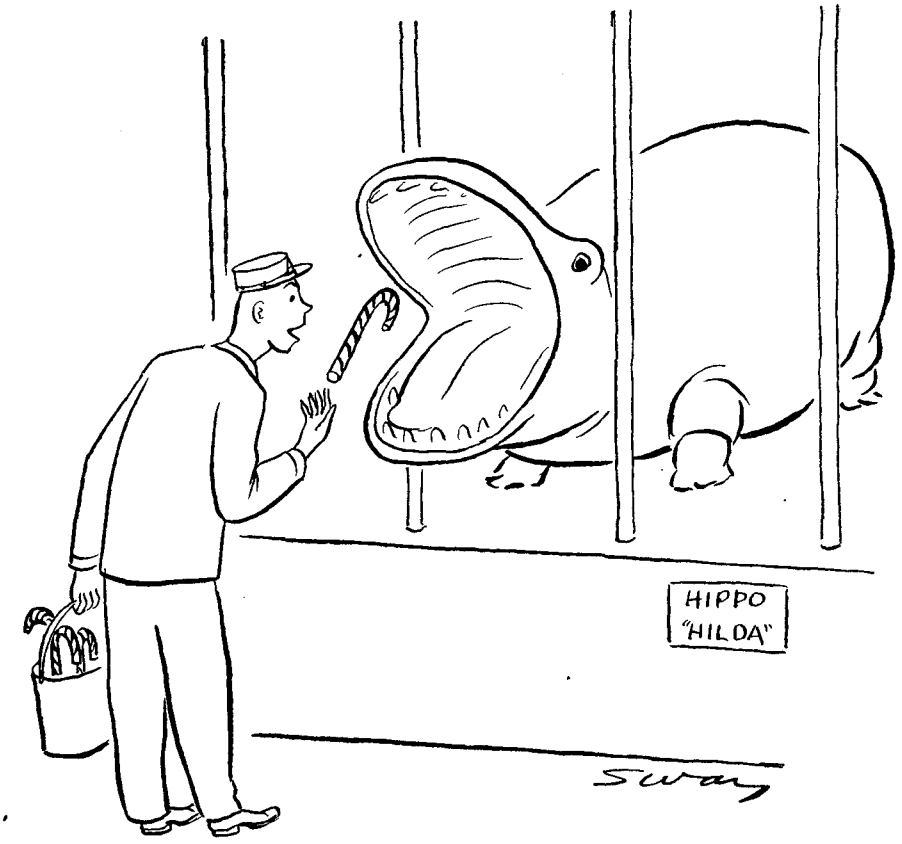
SIR: I read your review (*SRL* Nov. 9) of "J. B. Yeats' Letters to His Son" with considerable interest. J. B. lived in my home here at 317 West 29th Street, where I was born, by the way, for fourteen years and died here. Of course I knew him intimately. While going through a closet the other day I found the portrait of himself which you mention in your story. While I knew it was in the house I had not seen it for years for it had been mislaid. It was the last portrait he made and was never finished and has never been in print. Thinking you might be interested in publishing it I had copies made of it and take pleasure in sending a copy to you.

N. PETITPAS.

New York, N. Y.



J. B. Yeats, Self-Portrait



"Merry Christmas, Hilda."

Censorship

SIR: I am one of those who had long awaited your editorial of the November 2 issue. It was not quite up to my expectations because (1) the book which caused the furore in California had no symptoms of bestselleritis and (2) I would want to be enlightened somewhat on the legal angles.

In Los Angeles—as well as in San Francisco—a police officer walked into a bookstore (which one is immaterial as all stores carried the book), bought a copy, received his sales slip and immediately arrested the seller who was later released on 100 dollars' bail. The Los Angeles court, after submitting the book to a jury, found it to be indecent and the seller was convicted to 500 dollars' fine or forty days in jail. Mind you, at the time of the arrest the book was still decent and a *subsequent* court decision was needed to declare the book *henceforth* indecent (in Los Angeles only).

Regardless of the merits or competency of the court decision the conviction appears to the layman a case of post facto punishment. If, after the court decision has been duly published and the title and author of the book have been entered on the statutes, some fiendish bookseller should corrupt the morals of the young (they are always the young, aren't they?) by selling a copy to an old lady he is then subject to arrest and punishment. Before such entry on the statutes the seller is not guilty of any offense. (All lawyers will here retire to their dens and prepare their briefs; I am a mere chemist by vocation and a book reviewer by avocation.)

Incidentally, if we are to grow up politically into an international nation instead of remaining a family of bigots we must try to become mentally equipped for this experience and should cease the censorship activities of the intellectual isolationists.

P. H. KOLLEWIJN.

Berkeley, Calif.

A Curse

SIR: I long to chloroform, I vow,
Those people who chirp, "Good-by, now!"

ANNA ROTHE.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: I swear, I think them an arrant lot,
Who ought to be fustigated on the spot,
Who write "aren't I" for "am I not."

S. W. CUSHMAN.

Oakland, Calif.

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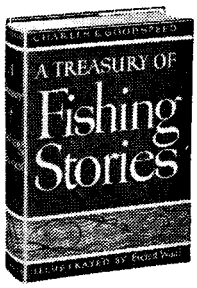
Just Published!



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Edited by Charles E. Goodspeed

A COLLECTION of the world's greatest fishing stories told by such master tale-spinners as Longfellow, Melville, Washington Irving, Bliss Perry, Don Marquis, and Philip Wylie.

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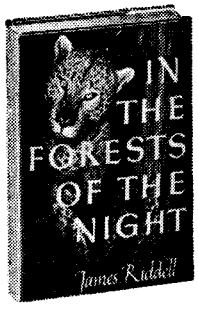
AN AFRICAN ADVENTURE



IN THE FORESTS OF THE NIGHT

By James Riddell

HOW two Englishmen—armed only with Leica cameras went into the African jungle to take close-up photographs of the wild animals in their natural habitat. This is their dramatic story—illustrated with over one hundred startling photographs, taken mostly at night (LIFE used several recently). $3.00 at all bookstores.

There is adventure here and excitement and the fascination of strange, wild lands, and Mr. Riddell seems to have known how to make the most of it. Fascinating reading for a winter night.—Book-of-the-Month Club *News.*

A. S. BARNES & COMPANY

Publishers since 1838

NEW YORK 18, N. Y.

Fountain Pen Everlasting (Advt.)

DAVID L. COHN

FATHER to the idea is the fountain pen
But refilling is the death of thought
Blotting strangulation of the image
Leakage corruption of the metaphor.

THIS PEN WRITES NINE YEARS WITHOUT REFILLING

Let the illimitable define the
undefinable.
Pierce genius,
Skewer the sad heart.
John Keats died at twenty-four.
One refill and
He'd have been through.

THIS PEN WRITES WHEN SUBMERGED UNDER WATER

Keep in touch with the Home Office
While swimming:
The White Whale sounded off Provincetown today,
Albino seals mated on Plymouth Rock,
Seaweeds swayed on the continental shelf.

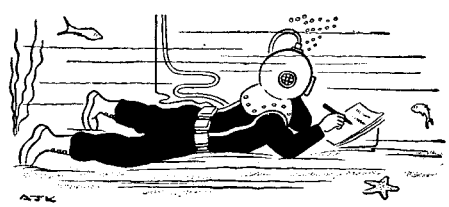
THIS PEN WRITES IN THE STRATOSPHERE

Lean over, Aldebaran,
I'm gonna scrawl a message on your tail:
Drink Old Rack and Ruin,
The Better Whiskey
And Feel Like An Angel
All the Time.

Giotto, with fluent wrist, described a perfect circle,
Wind makes traceries in the snow.
Pittsburgh's chimneys daub the sky,
Torpedoes' tales are airy bubbles,
But Dante, midway in this mortal life, found himself
in a wood—penless.
Even the weariest river winds somewhere safe to sea
Yet this pen writes for nine years without refilling
And makes six copies simultaneously
Words breeding words by smooth parthenogenesis
Called cell fission in a more arcadian time.
Only to Polynesians is God the Parentless One.

THIS PEN WRITES ON ANY MATERIAL

Write anywhere and everywhere, gentlemen.
Let the ink flow furiously—it rolls on . . . dry!
Not peristalsis is more reflex than this pen.
Make curlicues, whorls, crows-feet, spider webs,
Parentheses, punctuations, interlineations,
Erase and start anew.
Draw lines perpendicular to space, lines at right angles to time, lines parallel
that will meet in infinity.
Demonstrate Blake's notion of Satan's mathematic holiness,
Illustrate the pathos of distance,
Calculate the wet wave wash resistance of *Missouri's* hull,
Estimate the average rainfall in Tucson, Arizona, for the years 1905-1910
inclusive.
Show why Steel sells at fifteen times earnings,



Mules are sterile,
And pigs can see the wind,
But men are blind.

Write swiftly, gentlemen,
For the light is fading fast.
Say what you think, feel, mean.
Be shamelessly revelatory of yourself
Naked amid the light of exploding stars.
Escape momentarily from the concentration camp of your cranium
Where there is none to share your loneliness.
Cry, groan, sigh, whisper, shout at the top of your voice.
Yowl, howl, be calm, be reasonable, be unreasonable.

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Harry the paper, dig it deep with your periods, cut it, scratch it,
Treat it as Byzantine silk that once covered the bridal bed of a young empress
Who now is dust of Asia stirred by caravans' passings.
Let me watch over your shoulder as you write.
Let me read your words.
Let me ponder them. It does not matter.
They tell me nothing. I cannot understand them.
Nor can you understand mine.

Write wherever you will, gentlemen.
On tablecloths, napkins, marble tabletops,
On Alexander's sarcophagus, the bark of trees, and stones.
On picket fences and last year's circus posters,
On the backs of envelopes and the flyleaf of the family Bible,
On the sands, the skies, the waters.
But, gentlemen, do not write upon the wall.
It is already covered with another writing.

Real Regional Literature

SALVATION ON A STRING and Other Stories of the South. By Paul Green. New York: Harper & Bros. 1946. 278 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by SARA HENDERSON HAY

IN the valley of the Cape Fear River of North Carolina lies the county of Little Bethel. In the old days it was a great turpentine country, until the forests were slashed away and the impoverished land bred an impoverished people. It is of this section of the rural south that Paul Green writes. He knows the people well, the hardworking, the simple, superstitious, religious, sadly exploited tenant farmer and share-cropper, the po' white, the Negro.

"Come by my house some night and let me tell you some Little Bethel tales," says old Uncle Jacob in one of these short stories. "It'll be daybreak before you know it. I got some quare things to tell you of." Like old Uncle Jacob, Paul Green is a born story teller. And like all born story tellers, he has a profound interest in and an abiding sympathy for the people whose tales he tells. There are comedy and tragedy, gaiety and pathos in these chronicles of Little Bethel folk.

And there is the lusty humor of the story of the twins, Angus and Archie, who got fifty dollars for the church organ fund by most unspiritual means. "There was a fast woman by the name of Mrs. Markham who ran a sort of fast house there in Fayetteville and had a standing bet of fifty dollars that no man could outdo her in the bouts of love. . . . For the life of me," says the narrator of this story, "I never could tell those twins apart." Neither could Mrs. Markham. And there is the simple, tragic story of Ollie and Lettie, the humble ones, who asked little of life but to tend their few acres and raise their chillun right, and whom life and misfortune broke. There are stories of ice cream suppers, of husking bees, of fiddlers and their songs, of exhorting preachers and thunderous, soul-shaking revivals, complete with the trances and the speaking in tongues, for to these people religion is the uncompromising, devil-wrestling, hell-fire and brimstone variety. There are tales of backwoods wisdom, and backwoods superstition, and the Paul Bunyan legend of prowess, and a grim picture, verging on propaganda, of a convict labor camp.

Paul Green employs here the idiom characteristic of this region, with its heritage of Elizabethan balladry, an idiom influenced by the sonorous phrases of the "hymn chunes" and the Bible, which, intoned by the preacher or spelled out painfully by the light of an oil lamp, are almost their only literature. It is a poetic and picturesque combination of the archaic and the vernacular, and Elizabeth Madox Roberts has used it with similar effectiveness in her stories of the mountain people of the South.

Mr. Green is essentially a dramatist, and many of these stories have the feeling of one-act plays. With the exception of a few rather sentimental lapses, "Salvation on a String" is a deeply moving collection, written with warm tenderness and true understanding of a region and a people.

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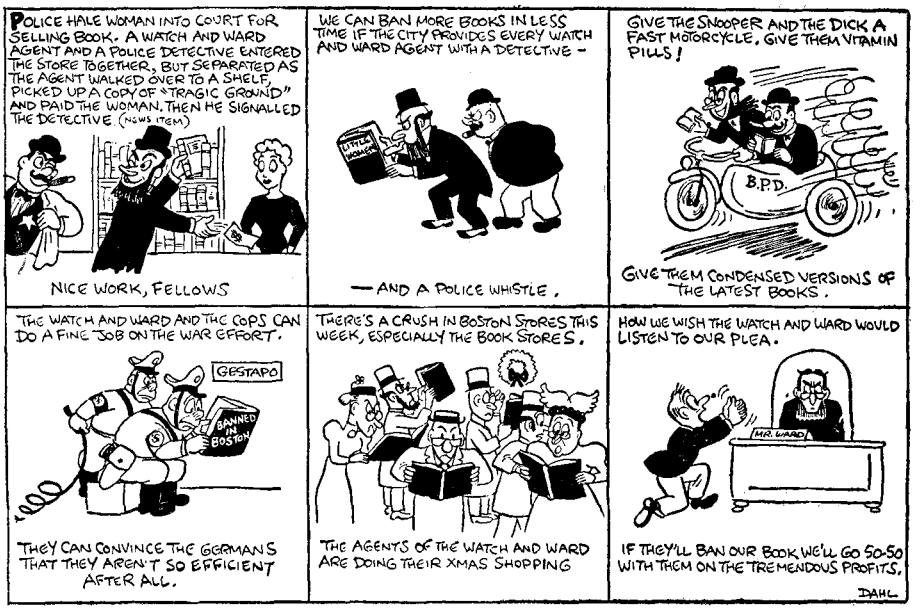
Comedy with Character


POLICE HALE WOMAN INTO COURT FOR SELLING BOOK. A WATCH AND WARD AGENT AND A POLICE DETECTIVE ENTERED THE STORE TOGETHER. BUT SEPARATED AS THE AGENT WALKED OVER TO A SHELF, PICKED UP A COPY OF "TRAGIC GROUND" AND PAID THE WOMAN. THEN HE SIGNALLED THE DETECTIVE. (NEWS ITEM)
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THE WATCH AND WARD AND THE COPS CAN DO A FINE JOB ON THE WAR EFFORT.
GESTAPO
BANNED IN BOSTON
THEY CAN CONVINCE THE GERMANS THAT THEY AREN'T SO EFFICIENT AFTER ALL.
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DAHL

Virtue Triumphant

DAHL'S BOSTON. A Book of Cartoons by Francis W. Dahl, with text by Charles W. Morton. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1946. 157 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by EDWARD WEEKS

"THE trouble with Mr. Weeks," ran a recent letter of expostulation to the *Atlantic*, "is that he is not a Bostonian. No one can think like a New Englander unless his parents, grandparents, and great-grandparents have had their roots here." So it will be as a foreigner that I speak of the funniest book that has been drawn of Boston during my twenty-four-years' residence in the Hub.

Down in the tropics of New Jersey where I come from, we had a regular way of saluting those acquaintances we might pass in the street: we would say, "Hi, Bud," or "Going to see you tonight, Ellen?," or "Hello, Mr. Eggleston." I suppose it was our Southern blood, but these little gestures of recognition seemed as innocent as they were natural. Whereas every foreigner has to learn that there is a reticence about Bostonians which cannot be freely invaded in public. Most of Back Bay walks to work, each morning crossing the Public Garden or the Common on the way to State Street. Since my office lies at the southern end of town, I breast the current of lawyers, financiers, and businessmen, many of whom I have known for a long time. Yet after twenty-four years' trying I am still not sure of those I ought to accost and those I ought to avert. Some will nod or wave a hand cheerily, others at fifteen paces turn the head —a tip for me to do the same—and we pass like ships in the night. The Averter may have dined with you earlier in the week, but it makes no difference. For the first ten years I thought this might be my fault, but having watched Bostonians avert other Bostonians (whom they know perfectly well) I realize that this is covered by an unwritten law no hot-blooded foreigner can ever learn.

There is one exception to the rule and his name is *Frank Dahl*. A country cousin born in Wollaston, Dahl literally stops Back Bay and Beacon Hill (and the rest of Greater Boston) every morning—stops them, looks them in the eye, and makes them smile. He does it with his pen, with his black-and-white drawings which are the most original feature in the *Boston Herald* and which under the title of "Dahl's Boston" compose a laughable and unerring guidebook to this endearing and unpredictable community.

The millionaire who gathers twigs for his fireplace, the animal lover who converses with the milkman's horse until it fidgets, the Long Range Thinking Club of Amesbury who wish to restore frogs to the Frog Pond, Mr. Ward of the Watch and Ward Society, the householder preparing for the (annual) Hurricane, the ferryboat captain who takes command of the Swan Boats in the Public Garden, the motorist who drives into the subway by mistake, the Boston women who spend more in beauty parlors than Baltimore women, the sailors being tattooed on Scollay Square, the pigeon feeder, the seller of antiques, the Harvard professor—Dahl has caught them all with an accurate risibility which is a joy to behold. It is his technique to take a news item—"Push Button Breakfast Predicted. New Gadget Will Cook the Whole Meal," or "The B. & M. Is Trying to Convince the Public That Timetables Are as Simple as Third-Grade Arithmetic," and then proceed step by step, drawing by drawing, from the simple announcement to the most plausible absurdity.

Dahl's comedy is unforced and full of character. It springs naturally from a people who cling to old habits and institutions and who—unlike so much of the country—ape neither New York nor Hollywood. Their individuality has been skilfully itemized by Charles W. Morton (once of Omaha and now like myself a foreigner on Arlington Street) in a running comment which is the perfect complement to Dahl's cartoons: picture and prose strike deeper than local humor, for what they reveal is the irrepressible Yankee, the unshakable Independent who is to be found, if you look for him, in Chicago, Denver, and San Francisco almost as plentifully as in his home place.

Flight of the Children

By Cecil Hemley

FROM Corbeyville to Mount Laison
The train pursued an upward grade.
Like clustered grapes the children sat
Within the coaches undismayed.

From Mount Laison to Bar La Manche
The mountains rushed to level plains.
The children saw the steady black
Destroyed by red and yellow stains.

At Bar La Manche they found the sea,
And sunrise on the eastern tip
Disclosed the agony of death
In sinking of a proud gray ship.

The sunset of the second day
The flaming planes came overhead
And played cantatas in the sky
With throated instruments of lead.

The wail of children in the train
Evoked antiphonal sound of shells,
And bursts of white against the red
Gardened the sky with asphodels.

At length they came to Gare du Coeur
To where the dignitaries stood.
But though they moved on live-white legs
Their minds had turned to steel and wood.

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School for Word-Warriors

TOO EARLY TO TELL. By Jerome Weidman. New York: Reynal & Hitchcock. 1946. 506 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by JOHN WOODBURN

IN "Too Early to Tell," Lily Chace, the heroine, and the only character in the book for whom the author appears to have any tolerance, is given a pair of brass knuckles by a facetious admirer. Lily didn't need them; the author liked her, and she was anyway a girl quite capable of taking care of herself. Mr. Weidman, no Marquis of Queensbury, would have shown more sportsmanship if he had distributed the barrel-house jewelry among the rest of the personnel, who could have found a use for them, although even brass knuckles are a doubtful protection against being hit over the head with a typewriter.

I have long considered Jerome Weidman one of the best and ablest haters I know, and this has been one of the several admirations I have held, and hold, for him. He dearly hates smugness and hypocrisy and moral cowardice and he has declared a permanent open season on them, and I like that very much in him and in anybody. It is the side of the angels and, as far as I am concerned, he has always voted the straight Angelic ticket. He established himself as a Bastards' Boswell several years ago with a terse, contemptuous, and brilliant little novel called "I Can Get It for You Whoesale," in which he nailed Harry Bogan's hide to the barn door. But in this new, long, punctiliously malicious book he has used scattershot and bagged what looks to me like more than the legal limit. In fact, if you believe that no writer should bring home more words than he can eat, he has come close to defeating his purpose.

During the war Mr. Weidman was a member of the faculty at the OWI Training School on an estate near Huntingdon, Long Island. It is an amazing thing about authors in general and Jerome Weidman in particular that they can have the provocative experience such as he must have had there and meet people as heterogeneous as those at the training school, and still resist writing a book about it. But that is just what Mr. Weidman did. He put all that out of his mind and instead dreamed up a mythical BPC (Bureau of Psychological Combat) Training School up on the Hudson, far from Long Island. And its New York office was not on Fifty-seventh Street, where the OWI was, but on Forty-second. This eliminates any parallelism. I know this because one of the most interesting passages in this work of fiction appears in the front of the book:

"In this punctiliously malicious book Jerome Weidman has used scattershot and bagged . . . more than the legal limit."

> Note: During the war the author helped to establish, and served on the staffs of, several schools in this country and abroad devoted to instructing a variety of Allied nationals in the technique of psychological warfare against the German and Japanese enemies. It is possible that there may be some among the several hundred men and women with whom the author worked between Pearl Harbor and V J Day who will attempt to identify characters and events herein portrayed. This would be an unfortunate mistake on their part as well as a matter of deep regret to the author. The characters and events described in this book are entirely fictitious. No similarity or reference to any incident or place or person, living or dead, is intended.

This has impressed me very much, and incidentally shown me up for the old conclusion-jumper I was. It has occurred to me that at this point it might be well for me to take, literally, a leaf from Mr. Weidman's book and protect myself from any criticism which might evolve, by inserting the following:

> Note: Over the past decade this reviewer has served on the editorial staffs of two publishing houses, where he obviously and necessarily dealt with both books and authors. It is possible that there may be some who will attempt to identify books and the author herein mentioned. This would be an unfortunate mistake on their part and a matter of deep personal regret to the reviewer. The books and author herein described are entirely fictitious. No reference to any book, published or unpublished, or to any author, living or dead, is intended.

The training school on the Hudson was called Vaudracour, and had been a stately pleasure dome decreed by Sedley Spoore, an extremely rich cotton broker, who had amiably leased it to the War Department for the duration for the sum of one dollar per year. Here, to learn leaflet writing, radio monitoring, and general security and propaganda techniques, came a patchwork of people: newspaper men, teachers, playwrights, assorted émigrés, and 4-F's with Ph.D.'s, to take two weeks' basic training at the school before being sent abroad as word-warriors. Here also came Lily Chace, from Smith College and an advertising agency, to be secretary to Whitney Trencher, commandant of the school, a sort of gelded Man-o'-War (Psychological) who made a cult of being gay and charming and generally, once almost criminally, ineffectual. When Lily's ears had become cauliflowered from listening to parroted speeches and elaborate insincerities, and when her nerves had been intolerably honed by accumulated evaded responsibilities and drunken parties and massive inefficiency, she arranged to be sent to a BPC post in Spain, which somehow seemed preferable.

There are many figures in the landscape at Vaudracour, and Mr. Weidman does not let you miss one of them. He presents them all in meticulous, repetitious, venomous *dossiers,* not excepting the kitchen help. Particularly in the case of Mark Pyle, the pitiable, querulous dipsomaniac who was the security officer, I thought Mr. Weidman had forgotten his inherent taste. Mark Pyle is too easy, a duck in a bucket, too sad and broken a man, and it is not like Weidman to beat up a drunk.

Not only in this instance, but in general, it seems to me that in this book he has failed to gauge the distance which furnishes the perspective of art, and, inasmuch as this is true, "Too Early to Tell" is not a good book. I want to be fair to Mr. Weidman, especially because I have implied unfairness on his part, and it must be said that there are passages which he plainly intends as compensatory. He even has Lily, as she leaves, decide that she has an oblique, but genuine affection for Whitney Trencher, and for his shrill, psychoneurotic sister.

And once or twice he pays tribute to the bravery of frightened, frail little civilians who didn't have to, or couldn't, be soldiers, who were nevertheless willing to uproot their lives and go to strange and dangerous places to perform unaccustomed tasks. But these are said almost in passing, and

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AT ALL BOOKSTORES

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they are so little, after so much. It is almost as though Jerome Weidman said, patronizingly: "After all, some of my best friends were in the Bureau of Psychological Combat."

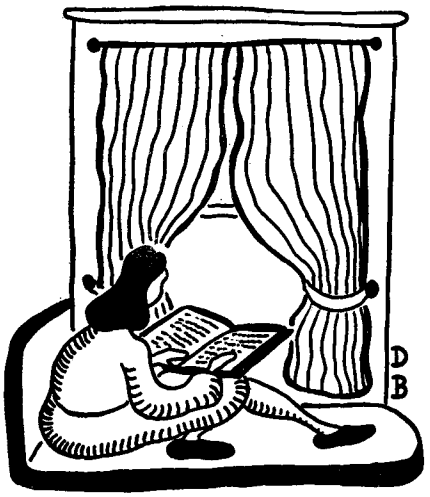
It is also fair and necessary to say that this book has its moments of high comedy, of delicate emotion, and acute perception; and that when it comes to delineating, or assassinating character through conversation, there are few, very few, if any, writers as adept as Mr. Weidman at guiding a man's foot to his own mouth. I cannot deny that I enjoyed reading "Too Early to Tell," as I believe many others will. But I didn't enjoy it wholly for the right reasons. I enjoyed it for the reasons that most of us enjoy seeing heads fall, as we take pleasure in watching a fat man sprawl on the ice: it makes us feel erect and thin and dignified. I would have liked this book more, and for better reasons, if the author had not decided to make it a private fight.

There was a time when I thought Jerome Weidman was well on his way to being one of the most valuable satirists of our time. I still think he may be. But somehow, now, suddenly, it seems a little early to tell.

Poor Little Rich Business Girl

MIRROR, MIRROR. By Elinor Rice. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce, Inc. 1946. 312 *pp.* $2.75.

Reviewed by LEO LERMAN



"WOMEN," says Virginia Woolf in "A Room of One's Own," "have served all these centuries as looking-glasses possessing the magic and delicious power of reflecting the figure of man at twice its natural size. . . . That serves to explain in part the necessity that women so often are to men. And it serves to explain how restless they are under her criticism: how impossible it is for her to say to them this book is bad, this picture is feeble, or whatever it may be, without giving far more pain and rousing far more anger than a man who gave the same criticism." And, in almost these words she succinctly summarizes, although she spoke them almost two decades ago, Elinor Rice's new novel, "Mirror, Mirror." Miss Rice's fiction is concerned with today's woman—the woman in her late thirties—the career girl, the girl who is constantly warring to set herself on an equal footing with man and, once she is there, to kick him in the head on her way to some position above him. In its largest significance, Elinor Rice is concerned, in this book, with all minorities and their efforts to belong.

"Mirror, Mirror" could have been just another popular novel. It has all the ingredients including a Horatio Alger story with a heroine instead of a hero. It is, instead, that rare opus among current works of fiction—the novel of ideas. George Eliot, of all women who have written in the English language, has produced major novels of ideas. The cerebral approach to life was her primary concern rather than the emotional. "She was," as Lord David Cecil points out, "an 'intellectual' writer. Her mind was always active; experience set it immediately and instinctively analyzing and generalizing, to discovering why and how things happened. And when she turned her attention to the world around her it was this analysis that started her creative imagination working. It is inspired, not by what she felt or fancied, but by what she thought; not by a wish to convey her impressions of life but her judgments on it. And it embodied itself not in a picture but in a theme." Since we live in a more overtly emotional time than George Eliot's, Elinor Rice's novel is more her "impressions of life." Her "judgments on it" are there for readers who look between the lines. Woman, she says, has a hard time in a man's world. She got the vote, but that does not mean that she got more than a lot of surface freedoms. But when she came out into man's brand of competitive world she sacrificed a certain security.

The male reader's immediate reaction to all this is—today's career girl wants to eat her cake and have it too. She's definitely, in this respect, more a female praying mantis than a woman. Competing with man in enterprise, using identical strong-armed, cut-throat tactics but using them even more successfully at times because she is able to conceal her will of steel beneath a slick job of Elizabeth Arden or Helena Rubinstein (the exterior symbol of the career girl is the beauty mask), she still expects her brother worker to give up his seat on the subway or the stock exchange whenever she arrives on the scene. If he doesn't he isn't a gentleman. Miss Rice offers no solution. But I do not think that she approves of her special career girl —Monica Birot, née Mona Biro.

Despite infelicities of structure and style, "Mirror, Mirror" is not only an unusual fictional work but a thoroughly engaging one. Although Elinor Rice has written a novel with a "theme," she has also written a good story and evolved characters out of character. This last is in itself rare today when characters in novels tend to remain statically characters and never to become people. Elinor Rice's people grow as her book grows and as she expands her theme. There is nothing static about "Mirror, Mirror." It is a wise book written by a woman who is unafraid to write about women with that special wisdom which only women have. Monica Birot had fat moments of heady satisfaction, for she became a huge business success, a leader in the fashion world. Men loved her, she loved them. Emotionally her life was as full as she permitted it to be.

But her ultimate fate, the final emotion which one feels for Monica Birot and all Monica Birots (and there are so many—the species is not determined by paychecks) is pity. For poor little rich business girl Monica Birot is always fashionable, never stylish. She cannot afford an existence of the spirit, because it would corrupt her mercenary ambition, perhaps destroy it. She has substituted an appreciation of worldly goods for a sense of values. She will never know what hit her. She is basically damned, fundamentally a cynic. "A cynic," says Oscar Wilde in "Lady Windermere's Fan," "is one who knows the price of everything and the value of nothing." The Monica Birots talk about values—but it's strictly a sable-eat-mink notion. Monica Birots are inevitably civilized—they are never cultured.

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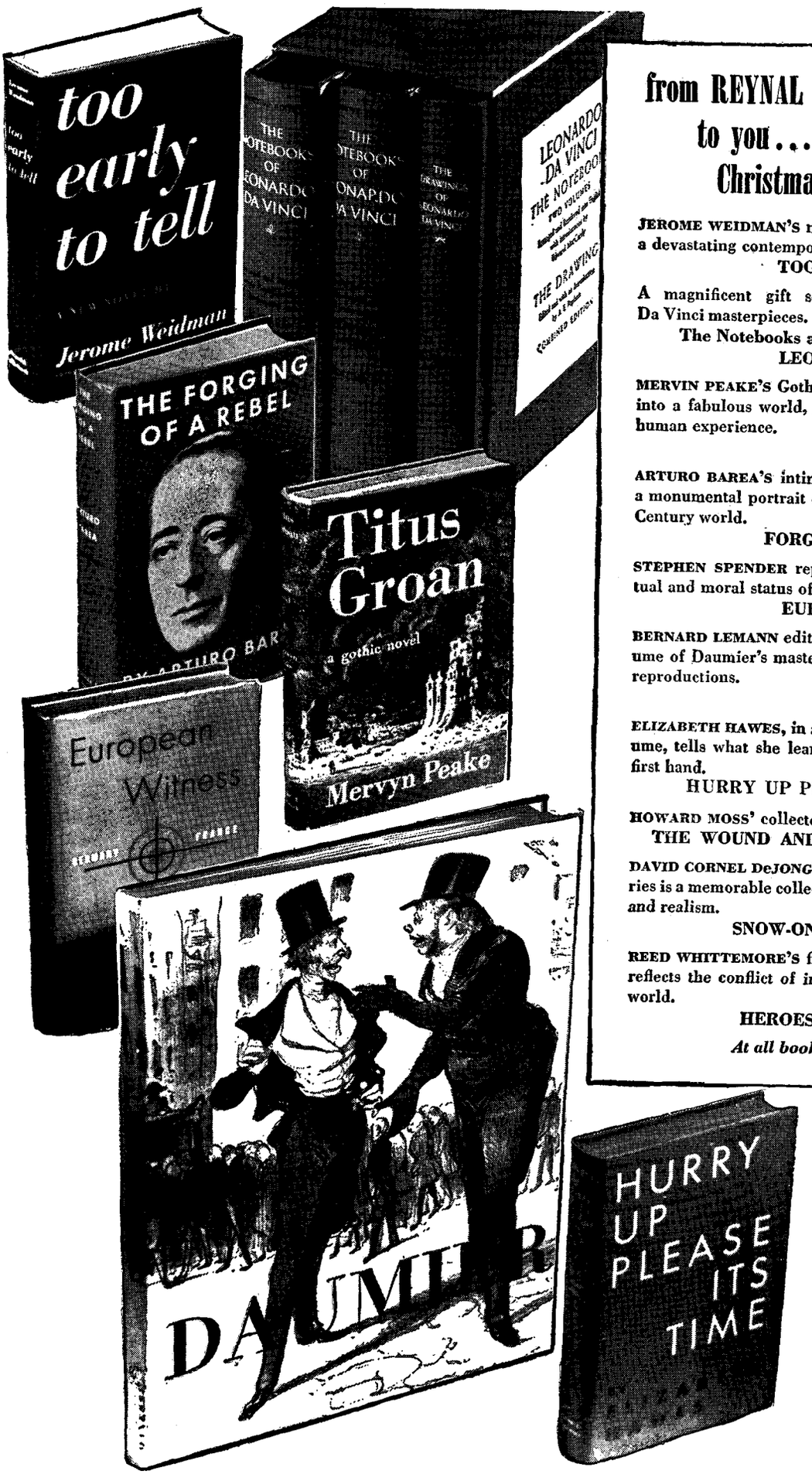

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Nobel Prize Winner Hesse

ROBERT PICK

THE recent award of the Nobel Prize in Literature to the Swiss Hermann Hesse has puzzled even the most well-read men of letters in this country. Though two or three of his twenty-odd books have appeared in English translations, he has remained practically unknown to the English-speaking public. It often takes a long time for significant literary figures to overtake, on their road to lasting fame, their own contemporaries. How many late nineteenth-century Europeans, one may ask by way of comparison, knew as much as the name of Henry Thoreau?

Actually Thoreau comes to one's mind in trying to talk, at this juncture, of Hermann Hesse. Not that the literary accomplishments of the two men have any resemblance. Their affinity is one of instinctive tendencies and of basic attitudes toward life. "It was in Florence," so Hesse wrote, "that I first felt the wretched ridiculousness of modern civilization; I felt that I was fated to be a stranger in our society, and was swept by a desire to live outside of it as much as possible . . ." Or, "I wanted to live in obedience to the promptings which came from my true self." Or, "Only the thought we live by is of value." Or, "Not to obey the order imposed from outside, but a voice—that is the essential thing; the rest is nothing . . ." Isn't all that, as a Frenchman might say, "*du Thoreau*"? Surely Hesse's house in the Ticinese village of Montagnola has little in common with Thoreau's Walden home; but their spiritual foundations were built of similar stuff. Hesse is as impassioned a lover of nature as Thoreau was, and, like Thoreau, he never stopped on his way to self-realization.

He was born in 1877 in the little Suabian town of Calw. His childhood surroundings—talking again by way of comparison—had a touch of New England. Hesse is on both sides the descendant of missionaries who had brought the Gospel to India. As a man of thirty-five Hermann Hesse himself went to India. Indian thought—the same philosophy which played so great a part in Thoreau's speculations—was never to lose its spell upon him.

At the time of his voyage to India, Hesse—who for some years had been a bookseller's clerk—was an established author. His early novels, "Peter Camenzind" (1904) and "Unterm Rad" (1906) expressed revolt, as numerous European books of that period did, against its educational methods; but they also challenged society in general and its tutelage over the individual, and warned modern civilization against going astray. There was romanticism in both these stories—and looking back at the enthusiastic response which German-reading youth everywhere (including, of course, the youth of the Kaiser's Reich) accorded them, one is tempted to say that it was Hesse's romanticism rather than his individualistic message that won him his early renown. In a way, Hermann Hesse has remained a romanti-

—*Press Association, Inc.*

"It is the great Swiss tradition of writing which has put its mark on the noble cogency of Hermann Hesse's style."

cist—a latter-day cousin of Tieck, of Nikolaus Lenau, and E. T. A. Hoffmann (with whom he shares his propensity for occasional buffoonery). The texture of Hesse's idyllic romanticism, however, is free from all rhinestone brilliance. There is no long-wound heaviness in his prose, nor any "Teutonic cloudiness" in his poems. His descriptive passages are often as beautiful as those of the great Austrian Adalbert Stifter. But it is, above all, the great Swiss tradition of writing, antedating the classic period of German letters. which has put its mark on the noble cogency of his style. Even in his later work which, frankly speaking, does not always yield its treasures at a first glance, his well-balanced, lucid language carries the reader across the ground. In that respect, as in the form of his allegories and legends, Hesse is Franz Kafka's precursor.

To very few novelists is it given to be acclaimed as their spokesman by two subsequent generations of young people. To Hesse it was. "Demian," published under a closely guarded nom de plume in 1923, appealed immensely to the bewildered youth of those days. It mirrored their malaise, and kindled the flame of their hopes. There was some disappointment when these young learned that "old" Hesse was the author of "Demian."

FOR he had—at least as they had seen him—grown pretty far away from their own concerns since his early *Erziehungsromane*. In 1911 he had published his great Indian novel "Siddharta," in 1914 his novel "Rosshalde" dealing with a difficult marriage. Again and again he was in his philosophy influenced by the East and its wisdom. In 1919 he had asked, "Could it not be that the bitter pangs are voices of destiny, and might they not be less bitter if you listened to them?" It is the personal tragedy of the articulate among Occidental admirers of Buddhism—Aldous Huxley is about to experience this—that people refuse to regard their beliefs as a living philosophy, and not merely as another field of studies.

It must be said that since "Knulp" (1915) Hesse had drawn away ever more from the traditional methods of novel writing. He has never quite as well as Thomas Mann succeeded in "letting the story itself tell its tale." In addition to his Eastern studies and an interest he took in Rudolph Steiner's theosophy, Hesse had become greatly attracted by psychoanalysis. These various concerns tended at times to obscure his work. The entire complexity of his introspection became manifest in his "Steppenwolf" (1927)—and at the same time the harmonious conclusions he had arrived at after many years of doubt and struggle. In that novel Hesse abandons a favorite theme of his earlier work, man's dualism, and contends that thousands of "souls" can unite in man in countless different combinations in order to span the gulf between the wolf-man and moral values. For a long time Hesse's mysticism had lacked true serenity. In "Steppenwolf" he found his personal solution of the age-old conflict between nature and spirit. Nowhere, as is only too well known, has that conflict borne more bitter fruit than among Germans.

Although, together with C. F. Ramuz, Hesse has for the past thirty years been rightly considered as the representative writer of Switzerland, he has never forsaken Germany and her ills. Friendship occupies a large place in his novels. He has always

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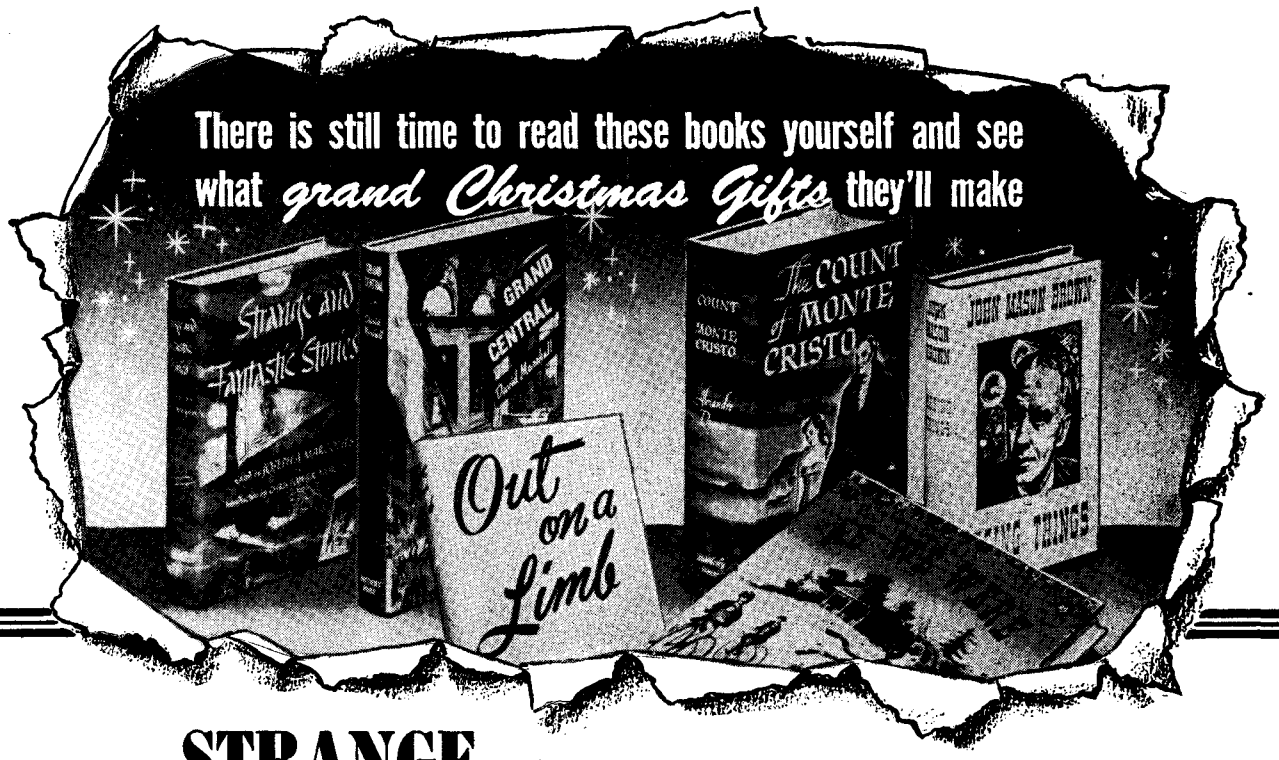
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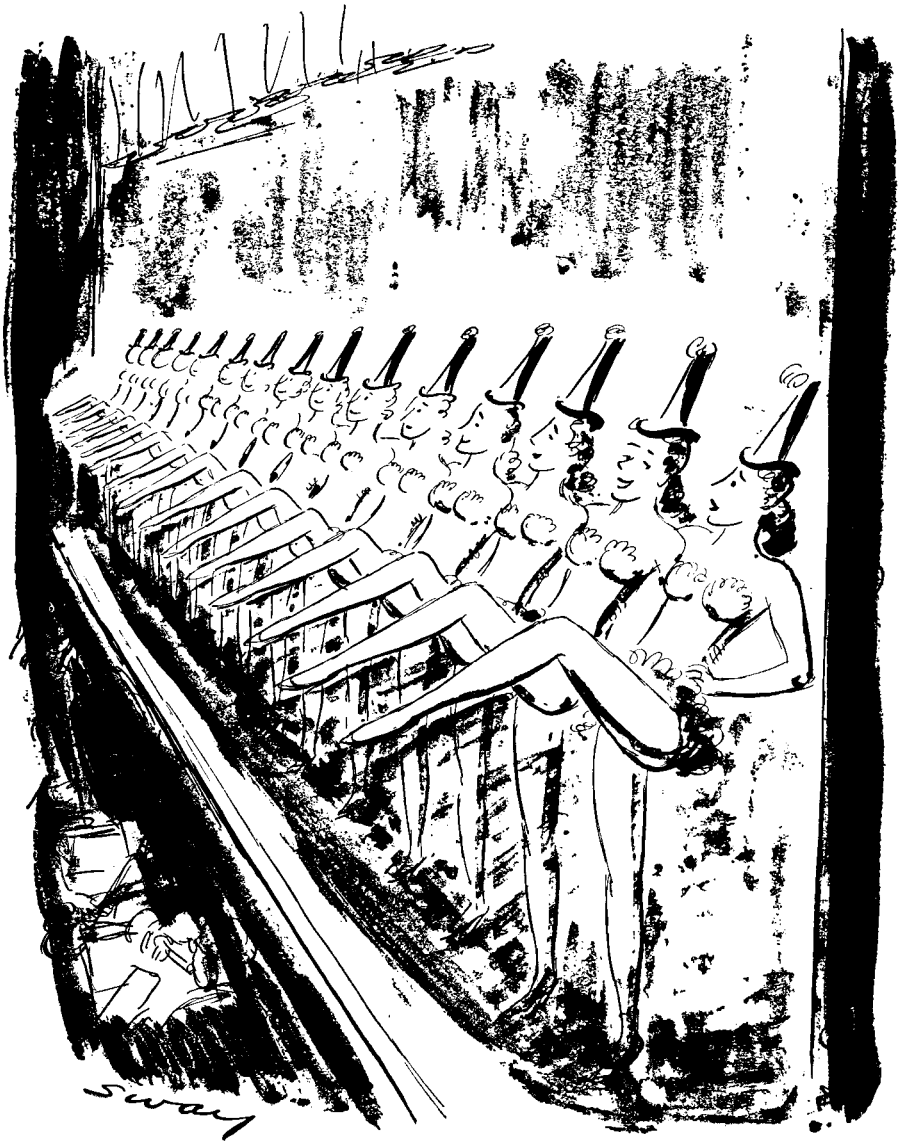
kept his friendship to the land of his birth—but a stern friend he is, and he certainly was never misled by the performances of *Kultur* alone. For "only the thought one lives by" counts. Recently he published an Open Letter to those halfhearted intellectual "anti-Nazis" in Germany who would like to pick up the threads again where their own halfheartedness dropped them. And in that message of final rebuff, Hesse's voice, usually subdued, rose to the full pitch of his indignation.

There was, in Hesse's life, many a year of dejection. "Klingsors Letzter Sommer" (1935)—one of his most melancholy and most beautiful books—has been interpreted as an allegory of Europe's death. But as early as 1921 he wrote in a study of Dostoivsky:

> Karamasov's ideal, an ancient Asiatic-occult ideal, begins to devour Europe's spirit. . . . Europe's decline is a homecoming to her mother, a return to Asia. . . . Only we, the contemporaries, experience these events as a "decline"—as, in leaving the beloved homestead, only the old folk experience a mournful feeling of irretrievable loss, while the young ones perceive but the new things and the future.

The Royal Swedish Academy has bestowed its highest honor on a poet of the purest water, on a novelist whose depth of thought has been compared with Gide's profundity, on an essayist and critic of never-erring standards, and on the narrator of scores of enchanting tales popular in their tone and full of mysticism and belief in their meaning. He once wrote of Jacob Boehme that "at the sight of a tin vessel and the light mirrored therein he saw the entire creation explained and represented as if in pictures, lineaments, figures and colors, transparent, as it were, and the longer he looked at it, the more clearly he saw it." Something of that vision is in Hermann Hesse himself.

But perhaps the gentlemen in Stockholm also wanted to distinguish the man who wrote, and has lived by, the truly Thoreauan sentence, "To run away from oneself is the sin." For creative writing, as Ibsen said, "means to sit in judgment upon oneself."



"Sure feels good to be back after three years' regimentation in the Wacs."

Off Stage

THE ANATOMY OF DRAMA. By Alan Reynolds Thompson. Berkeley: University of California Press. 1942. 397 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by GEORGE FREEDLEY

OCCASIONALLY a book comes along which in itself may not be of the first importance but which stimulates so much thought that it takes on a considerably greater value than is warranted. This was true of Eric Bentley's rather pretentious "The Playwright as a Thinker" which stimulated strong reviews for and against the Minnesota professor's dramatic theories. This is likely to be the case in Alan Reynolds Thompson's "The Anatomy of Drama" which is being re-issued four years after its initial publication. It is slightly revised with some new material and engagingly frank second introduction.

If the book has a fault it lies in the fact that each chapter is a separate essay and rarely manages to build onto what has gone before. The University of California's Professor Thompson has made an effort to tie his loose ends through footnotes and has documented his opinions so carefully as to impede the flow of his work.

Alan Thompson is particularly violent in his attack on the "artsakists" and is scarcely less savage in condemning the writers who are primarily concerned with "social significance." He would seem to prefer those writers who recognize a theatre must function economically to survive.

Dramatic criticism as practised by professionals is not particularly popular with the Californian but he aspires to an audience which both sees plays and reads them, and will train itself on basic principles. He hopes in this fashion to build an audience which will censor its own dramatic choice on a basis of artistry of production and well-founded principles of drama discussion.

Mr. Thompson all too often fails to quote chapter and verse when condemning or praising various playwriting practices. He either cites no exact play or uses the same ones over and over again. His examples may be good in themselves but it is possible to carry such a thing too far. He has.

Alan Thompson writes well and his style is clear, reasonably condensed in content, and exact in its approach. It is likely to provoke more agreement than the reverse though there must be a certain amount of controversial matter in any work of any importance whatsoever. This is true of "The Anatomy of Drama," which is well worth the reprinting accorded it.

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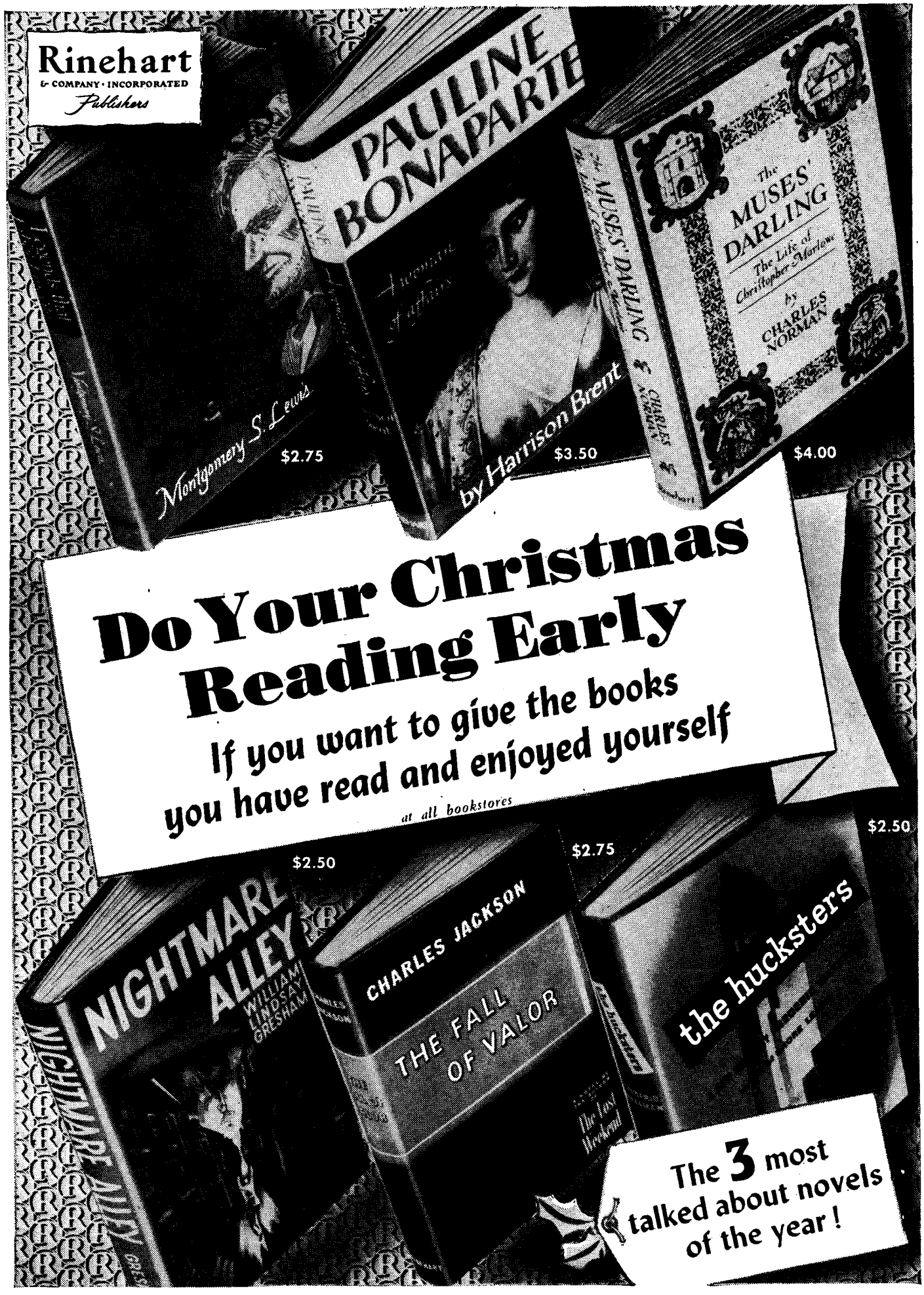

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Over Jeff Davis's Shoulder

EXPERIMENT IN REBELLION. By Clifford Dowdey. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1946. 445 *pp.* $3.75.

Reviewed by COL. S. L. A. MARSHALL

READING Mr. Dowdey's "Experiment in Rebellion," one becomes almost convinced that history's shabby treatment of Jeff Davis is not due to his lack of stature but because he was born thirty years too soon. His tendency toward rule or ruin, his personal vanity, his convictions about his own military genius, his obstinate loyalty to friendship at the expense of efficiency, and his lack of a political sense have all become magnified by historical circumstance. In another age, even one of iron, the same characteristics might have marked him for success, if not greatness. They are qualities not absent from many celebrated men who have had the fortune to move with a more favorable current.

But had Davis been peerless in wisdom and fit for the company of the angels, it would have been necessary to invent a false character for him. It is an inevitable consequence of military defeat, though it has no basis in logic, that the reputations of political leaders suffer greater blight than those of beaten generals. But it was Davis's lot to be doubly the victim of this circumstance. His character could not help but be compared unfavorably with the nobility and selflessness of the equally beaten Lee, in whom the Lost Cause saw the reflection of its own image. His statesmanship palled at any point where he was compared with the martyred Lincoln. This combination of circumstances was unbeatable and it is small wonder that a nation which had sworn to hang Jeff Davis on a sour apple tree at least made certain that his reputation would be left swinging in the breeze, with the toes not touching ground.

However, these are not the thoughts of Mr. Dowdey. They are the conclusions of a reviewer after reading Mr. Dowdey's book, which is in essence an historical appraisal of Jeff Davis as a war president, and of his influence for better or worse upon the fortunes of the Confederacy. This is not a biography; rather it is the history of the Civil War from an oblique angle. The perspective is as if one were surveying the whole panorama of war from a point just beyond Jeff Davis's shoulder. That entails necessarily a sharpening in the detail of the scenes, personalities, and problems closest to Mr. Davis and a diffusion in outline of those matters and persons farthest from his view and purview.

There is, for example, a continuing and penetrating study of Mr. Davis's relations with his commanders and with the members of his cabinet and of the conflict in personality which encumbered these relations. Because Richmond is the scene of government, the wartime life of that city is reported in such intimate and exacting detail as to invite not unfavorable comparison with "Reveille in Washington." So, too, with the family life of Davis and with every other influence bearing on his office conduct.

In his brief appraisals of battles and campaigns, Mr. Dowdey has placed his trust in already well known sources, and thereby, it seems to me, avoided a pitfall. For these are side issues, which might have drawn attention from the main issue, namely, Mr. Davis's capacity for understanding the political nature of the rebellion of which he was the head and for estimating and utilizing the elements of power within the Confederacy toward the given end. This is done to the hilt. The strength of this book is its objectivity, combined with its abundant proofs of eager research and a gracious style which places a sugar-coating on such customarily dry material as logistical and supply history.

One must conclude that the portrait so presented has been long overdue. Looking backward now, in the light of all recent experience, one sees more clearly than ever that the great overall value of Civil War study is not because of the brilliance of its field campaigns but because of its significance as the first great war of the modern, industrial age. It was a war born of steam power, which changed not only the historical structure of nations, but the traditional structure of armies. In the words of J. F. C. Fuller, it was "wonderfully modern, and probably of all wars the most instructive in teaching us how to avoid the next war, or failing that, to win it." Viewed in that light, the lessons of Jeff Davis's mistakes become not less important to the nation than those of Mr. Lincoln's triumphs.

Mr. Mencken Throws a Party

CHRISTMAS STORY. By H. L. Mencken. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1946. 31 *pp.* $1.

Reviewed by PHIL STONG

MR. H. L. MENCKEN, the Diogenes of Baltimore — not that his cynicism is very sourish or that he lives in a barrel, though he has presumably made dry quarters for himself in a de luxe suite of barrels—offers this gift to the Christmas trade searching for a one-dollar present worth about a hundred dollars or a million or so. If the broadcasters do not substitute this lively, orgiastic, but highly moral and philosophic tale for the usual Dickens treacle or the O. Henry "Magi" and the exhausting repetitions of "Stille Nacht" they are merely broadcasters, and one fears that is all they are.

—*From the book.*

"Why they wind up singing hymns is a business of conditioned behavior."

Mr. Mencken's hero is a brewer's salesman, a philanthropic chap given to agnosticism. At the specific instigation of a police lieutenant he throws a Christmas dinner for waterfront bums who have never been detected in the act of work. The apostolic spirit of the salesman has been aroused by the fact that charitable dinners, with scant turkey and no beer, have always been accompanied by a disproportionate spate of evangelistic Christianity and other Barmecidal features.

The hero drafts beer—that slipped—turkeys, sauerkraut, cold cuts, and other free lunch in great quantities and gives a free-thinker's Christmas dinner. The sermons are replaced by burleycue ladies and slapstick comedians. Everyone eats three or four times, drinks even more frequently, roars at the vaudeville—and winds up singing hymns.

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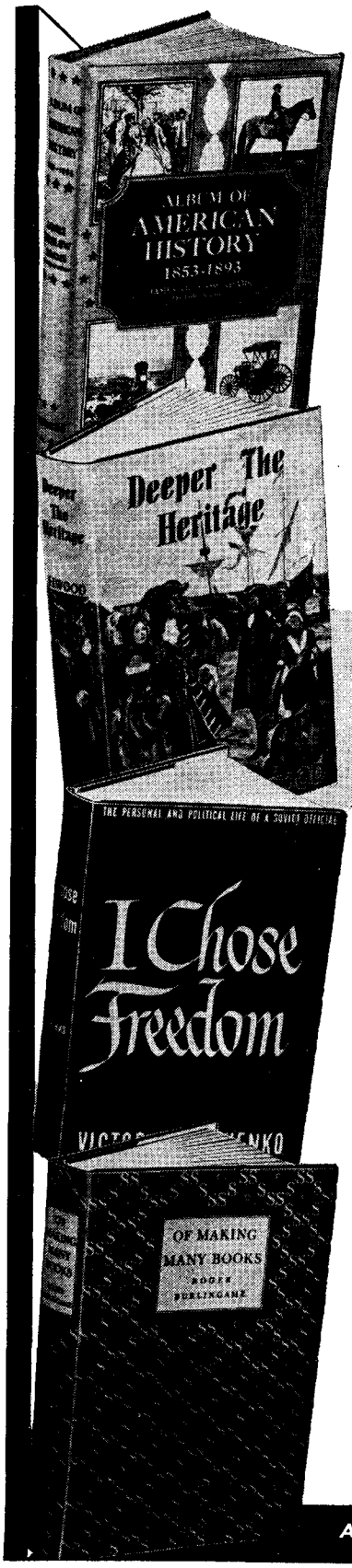

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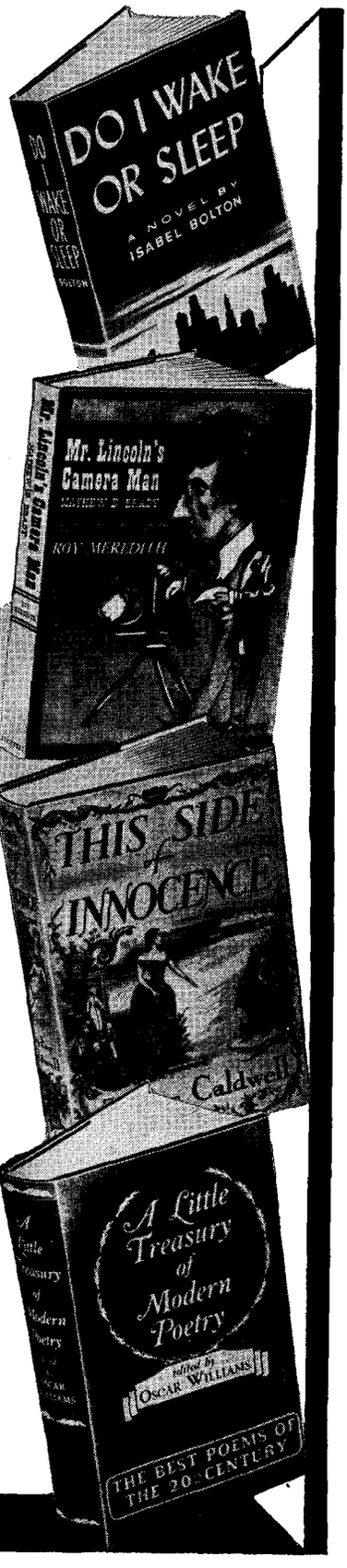
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World Problems Probed

TOWARDS A BETTER WORLD. Edited by Bishop William Scarlett. Philadelphia: John C. Winston Co. 1946. 128 pp. $2. [Same book under title of CHRISTIANITY TAKES A STAND. Penguin Books. 25c.]

Reviewed by LYMAN BRYSON

IN THIS little book, coming out simultaneously in a pocket edition and in a more substantial form, twelve Americans offer comments on the problems of the day from the point of view of Protestant Christianity. The papers were written at the instigation of a Joint Commission on Social Reconstruction of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

They vary all the way from the matter-of-fact presentation by Sumner Welles of the basic issues in getting the United Nations into action, with practically no mention of the Church or the Faith until the last paragraph, to Stringfellow Barr's exhortation that "some first-class breast-beating is in order and overdue."

In fact, Mr. Barr's direct appeal to a sense of sin is somewhat surprising after the sober practicality of most of the other papers. The others also rely on religious sanctions but they do not appear to believe, as Mr. Barr does, that "we have attained to a worldly prudence that keeps landing us in one major scrape after another." One may fairly ask, Who has been prudent? Which of the nations? Who here at home? Surely not those who committed the crimes against humanity that Mr. Barr has listed as our failures. The more general spirit of the volume is to ask us to help the operation of a divine principle in human affairs by taking thought and by being prudent, as well as by having faith.

Following a sermon by Bishop Angus Dun on the Social Responsibility of the Christian and of the Church, Mr. Welles sets up the problems of world order. Reinhold Niebuhr faces with realism and eloquence the problem of our relations with Russia. "Our task," he says, "is to achieve a minimal community between ourselves and Russia; and we must not be beguiled from it by devoting ourselves to some ideal plan. The very difficulty of our immediate task tempts many idealists to evade the tasks by dreaming up ideal possibilities." This seems to one reader to be the very breath of prudence. Is it less Christian for that?

William Ernest Hocking provides an analysis of the problem of dealing with leaders of ex-enemy nations. He is on the whole in accord with the belief that the Nuremberg trials may establish a lasting sanction against aggressive war. Germans, he thinks, can be cured of an evil ambition. Nations do not suffer conversion; personal characters do, and the German ideal can be reformed.

Arthur H. Compton takes up one of the most difficult of the moral problems now disturbing the American people: the use of the atomic bomb. He decides that war is in itself evil but that it may be the lesser evil in an actual world and that a Christian can accept it. The atomic bomb, however, "makes it doubtful whether an occasion will again arise in which even a defensive war will promote rather than retard the growth of human values." So we shall have to get rid of war. We were justified in using bombs against Japan, Compton believes, because they saved us many lives and a year of war. But not again. And in order to escape that terrible necessity we must push forward international organization and our own plan for the control of atomic energy.

Mrs. Roosevelt turns the reader's attention to the problem of minorities and Walter Russell Bowie discusses the Negro problem as a special case of minority unrest and democratic failure. He hopes that the Church, even in the South, may come to stand against discriminations although he knows that churches "are inescapably community conscious." No Southern churchman was asked, evidently, to stand up for the Southern point of view.

Bishop Edward L. Parsons tells in a quiet tone the story of our wartime treatment of the American Japanese and ends his paper with the words "May God help us." Frances Perkins inquires how much responsibility the Church is going to accept for the social conditions that determine the economic welfare of the people. Eduard Heimann, in a paper which is a chapter from his book "Freedom and Order," raises deeper and more philosophic issues. How can we have the most of freedom and the best of order? The Church, he says, guards values but more worldly standards must decide on realization. Stringfellow Barr's challenge is a final word.

The general effect of a book like this must necessarily be uneven and somewhat scattered. But it is courageous and, for the most part, realistic in offering to men and to the Church the advice by which they can be helped to realize spiritual values in the lives of real human beings. It is reassuring that most of these spokesmen for a great branch of Christianity refused to try to escape either into transcendentalism or into evangelical self-reproach.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

CHARACTERS CONCERNED WITH FLOWERS

The characters in this week's quiz were memorably associated with flowers. From the brief descriptions given below, can you identify each one and name the author who created him? Allowing 5 points for each correct answer, a score of 60 is par, 70 is very good, and 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 60.

1. Because of his morbid love of admiration, this poet would walk down Piccadilly with a poppy or a lily in his hand.
2. She sold flowers in Covent Garden until taken in hand by a phonetics expert.
3. After her lover had been killed by her brothers she buried his head in a pot of basil and watered it with her tears.
4. Fantastically dressed in straws and flowers, she scattered rosemary for remembrance and pansies for thoughts.
5. Every year this dashing Englishman received a single red rose from the Queen of Ruritania.
6. Everywhere she went — and she went everywhere — she carried a bouquet of camellias.
7. The hobby of this celebrated detective is the cultivation of orchids every afternoon from four to six.
8. With some water from the Fountain of Youth this doctor revived a rose given to him by his sweetheart 55 years previously.
9. This little girl found herself in a flower garden containing a tiger-lily, a rose, a violet, a larkspur, and several daisies, all of which could talk.
10. This collector acquired a repulsive looking orchid which first absorbed and then put out as blossoms the heads of several house flies, followed by the family cat, Cousin Jane, and finally the collector himself.

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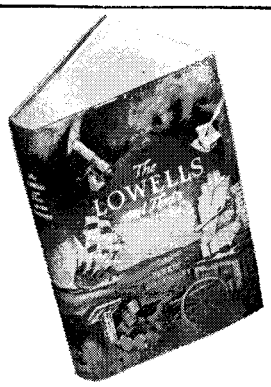

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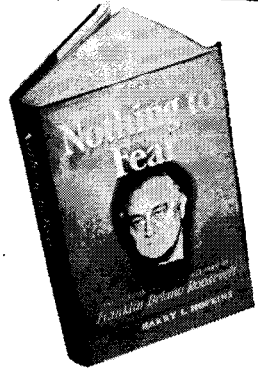

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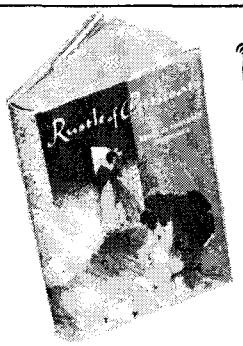

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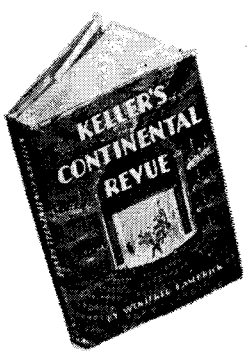

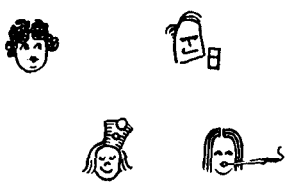

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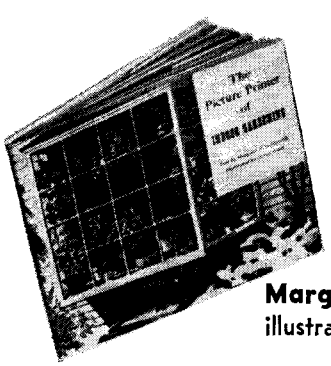

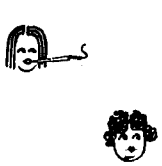

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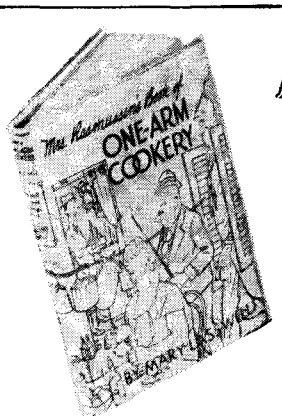

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The Paradoxes of Mr. de Valera

EAMON DE VALERA. By M. J. MacManus. Chicago: Ziff-Davis Publishing Co. 1946. 310 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by JAMES M. MINIFIE

TOWARDS the end of his book, Mr. MacManus gives a tantalizing glimpse of President de Valera dispensing encyclical socialism to the devoted and grateful inhabitants of the twenty-six counties of a latter-day Arcadia. It is the halcyon evening of a stormy career. Unfortunately, the sketch is not filled out. Ireland and Mr. MacManus are still obsessed with the past.

This is understandable, however much one may regret it. The difficulties of the times gave "Dev" his chance. Mr. MacManus makes a good case for his claim that no Irishman at any time so completely dominated the circumstances which gave him his opportunity. The mathematics master had a juster comprehension of its magnitude than either his friends or his foes. Mr. de Valera always knew what was best for the Irish people, no matter how few of them realized it at the time. He insisted that they have it, even at a cost the majority was patently unwilling to pay

That may indeed be the test of greatness, that a man have the vision to see, the courage to formulate, and the ruthlessness to insist on solutions which the majority of the people consider too expensive. If so, Mr. de Valera meets it. By the testimony of friend and foe he never budged an inch from the idea of unity and independence with which he started. The scheme is still incomplete. He still cleaves to his design to take in the six counties of Ulster, as determined as a Plantagenet to acquire a minority problem.

He may do it. He might even solve it. He achieved independence for his country in a long series of victories won almost single-handed, and significantly enough only after he had abandoned violence. His lasting triumphs were achieved through that parliamentarism to which he had recourse only after he had tried and failed with force. They are remarkable enough to insure his position as one of the greatest statesmen Ireland has ever nurtured. For Ireland did not produce him. He is atypical, except for his sensitivity on that score.

Eamon de Valera was born in New York City in 1882, the son of a Cuban sugar-planter. His father died in 1884. Had his grandfather reached New York from Havana in time, he would have carried the fatherless two-year-old back to Cuba with him. But his Irish mother had already promised to send the boy back to the Old Country with his Uncle Patrick. Such knife-edged chances turn the destiny of nations.

The greatest statesmen cannot afford not to be good politicians. Mr. de Valera displayed his mastery of the technique of party maneuvers as soon as he swallowed the Oath and entered the Dail. His command of political tactics is shown by his defeat of the Cosgrove government with an *ad hoc* coalition of Labor, the National League, and the Republicans, sponsoring, of all things, the claims of Irish ex-servicemen—that is, of Irishmen who had served with the British Army during World War I, many of whom must have spent part of their time in 1916 suppressing Mr. de Valera and the Easter Rebellion. There were cynics, says Mr. MacManus, who called this a purely dishonest party maneuver.

The greater part of Mr. MacManus's book is tightly concerned with "the troubles"—the Easter Rebellion, the I.R.B. (the secret Irish Republican Brotherhood—Mr. MacManus says in Chapter 2 that Mr. de Valera joined it and in Chapter 7 that he did not), the I.R.A., the Civil War, Sinn Fein, Fianna Fail. Mr. de Valera's part in all this is described lucidly and lovingly. By contrast his economic and social program after 1932 is treated hastily and inadequately. But here lies the interest for the rest of the world. The woes of the most distressful country are old hat. The adoption by "Dev's Ireland" of paternalistic socialism, the emergence of Prudence, Justice, and Charity as alternates of the classic trio, and the development of Mr. de Valera's plans for autarchy at a time when the world trend is in the opposite direction are topics which deserve better than to be codged into a few paragraphs near the end.

The book is limited by being written not only without the help but without the knowledge of Mr. de Valera, a curiously Irish handicap in view of the fact that he was the founder and is still the controlling director of the paper of which Mr. MacManus has been literary editor for twelve years. Within these limitations it is a performance worthy of one of the most brilliant of Ireland's journalists.

However, few American newspapermen who saw Eire during the war will agree with Mr. MacManus's statement that freedom of the press was maintained during that time "save for inevitable restrictions imposed by the war emergency." The Irish censorship was the most irrational and ill-humored this side of Russia. By comparison with a neutral like Sweden, the Irish public was grotesquely ill-informed by its press and radio. Mr. de Valera was fortunate that the powers whose most critical war effort he so greatly impeded were victorious. Had their enemies won he would have been called on to deal with a system of coercion which

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Typical scene during "the troubles" in Ireland—a wounded rebel being brought out of the blazing Fourt Courts in Dublin after its surrender to the Free State troops [1922].

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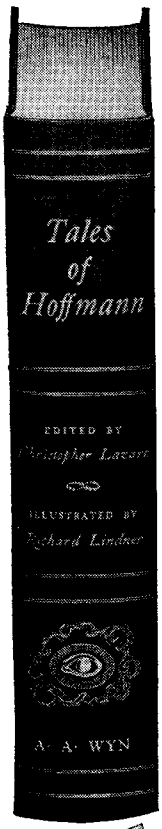

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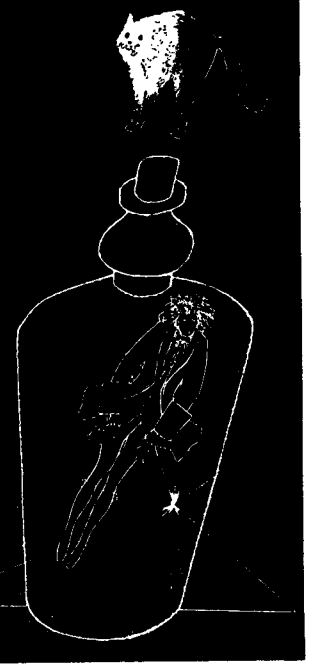

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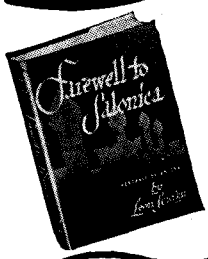

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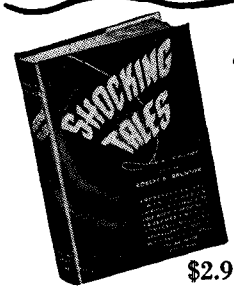

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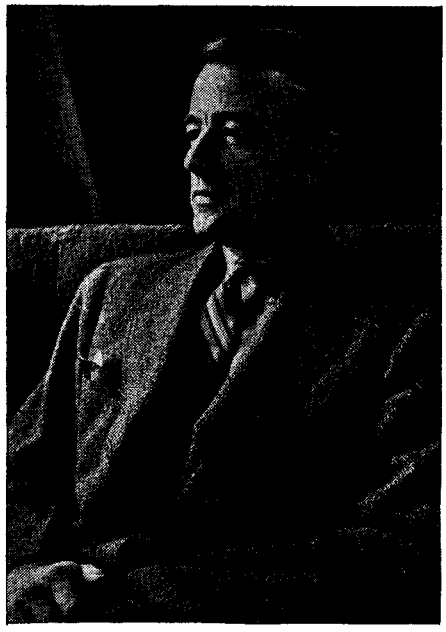
would have made the worst the British were ever able to do look like a garden-party.

Mr. de Valera's concern over the blitzing of Belfast is as unconvincing basically as Mr. MacManus's attempt to prove that that, too, was all Britain's fault. The path to Belfast and to the American army camps was illuminated for German bombers with cheerful contempt for the consequences by every undimmed light in Eire. Those who had to deal with wartime realities will find Mr. MacManus's shadow-boxing with neutrality unimpressive.

Nevertheless many of the hundreds of thousands of khaki-clad Americans who looked down the "neutral" roads over the barrier from Ulster will find in this book if not an explanation at least a believer's view of many things which puzzled and often exasperated them.



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The Potentiality for Regeneration

I TOO, NICODEMUS. By Curtis Bok. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1946. 349 *pp.* $3.50.

Reviewed by MELVILLE CANE

IN announcing on the face of the jacket that this book is a "fascinating cross section of the situations that a trial judge meets in his work," the publisher for once is guilty of understatement. The same recommendation might apply to the legal fictions of the late Mr. Tutt—or was it the late Arthur Train?—or to a volume of judicial reminiscences and court gossip.

This initial impression the author, Judge Curtis Bok, only partly corrects with his overmodest explanation on the inside flap that "what follows is intended to be neither a novel, nor a collection of court stories. It falls, I hope, between the two and is rather a bit of legal weather, a cross section of the array of situations that a trial judge meets in his work and must solve somehow."

"I Too, Nicodemus," for this reviewer, is, more importantly, a chronicle of spiritual travail, of the ceaseless endeavor of an enlightened conscience to fathom the causes of human frailty and error as a preparation and foundation for administering true justice. The judicial endeavor is thus directed not to castigate the wrongdoer, which so often consigns him to criminality forever, but to recreate the individual, to make him valuable to society, to instil faith within him rather than despair and cynicism. This, as Judge Ulen, the fictional protagonist of the book makes clear, is not an attitude of sentimental coddling, or the bestowal of mercy in place of a fitting punishment. It is, in truth, the neglected doctrine of "the second chance," intelligent, constructive, Christian. "The gutter," Judge Ulen shrewdly points out, "is negative and it flows from abasement. Fewer men have been crucified on the plus sign of ambition than have been impaled upon the minus sign of guilt."

The story of Nicodemus, which furnishes the text, is to be found in the Third Chapter of John. It should be implanted in the mind of every judge, and every person not a judge. Nicodemus, earth-bound Pharisee, sought the light. Weak in imagination but curious, he came to Jesus to learn the divine secret, which enabled Jesus to perform the miracles. And Jesus answered: "Verily, verily, I say unto thee, except a man be born again, he cannot see the Kingdom of God. . . . Except a man be born of water and of the spirit, he cannot enter the Kingdom of God."

But the literal-minded Nicodemus could conceive of birth merely on the physical plane. Bewildered, he could only ask: "How can these things be?" And Jesus answered in stern reproof: "Art thou a master of Israel, and knowest not these things?"

Judge Ulen makes this severe comment on the scriptural tale: "That he could recognize neither the authority nor the sign when they were given is the central tragedy, and all of us are sons and daughters of Nicodemus."

Thus far I have stressed what I regard as the major theme of this wise and serious book—the human capacity for regeneration and the need of the law and the courts to recognize this capacity and potentiality. I can only touch on its many additional aspects.

First one should note that "I Too, Nicodemus" is a work of art. As a stylist, Judge Bok belongs to the high and select judicial company of Holmes, Cardozo, and Learned Hand. His esthetic distinction seems but natural, since the difference between creating justice on the bench and creating these fictional stories is, in this case, largely one of location; both are products of the same generous, sensitive, complex spirit.

Judge Bok has a sure instinct for the dramatic; his tales, whether they deal with the criminal or the civil side of court, are professional in their artistry. The subtlety of his insights, his characterizations, his observations on human behavior are in the best tradition of our novelists. In the father-and-child relationship of Judge Ulen and Julia one finds mystical overtones and intuitions comparable to those in Virginia Woolf. He can be satirical of pomposity of bench and bar; hilariously funny in his lampoon of rival pettifoggers; tender, and caustic, and at all times incisive. This book, even in its more leisurely, speculative passages is free from the superfluous word.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 181

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 181 *will be found in the next issue.*

L DLV DLE RT NV LZ

OGZA WXZZTZZNXV XS

AYGAU LZ XS L MNAE, LVK

ETA RT SXYMTK AX

ZGYYTVKTY. YTCNPNX

DTKNMN. —ZNY AUXDLZ

RYXIVT.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 180

Education makes a people easy to lead, but difficult to drive; easy to govern, but impossible to enslave.
LORD BROUGHAM

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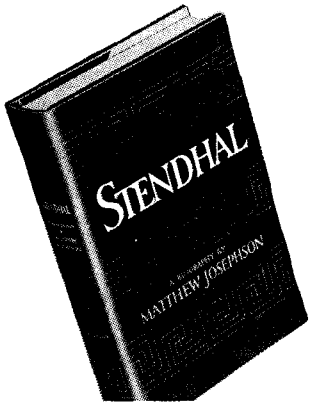
A Christmas check-list for Saturday Review readers



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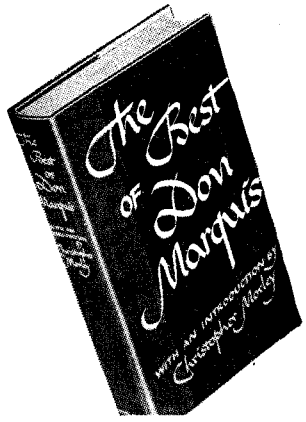

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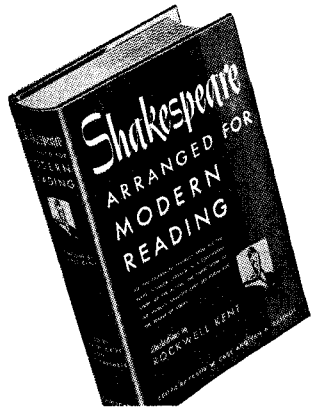

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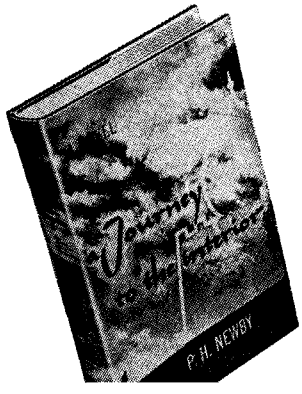

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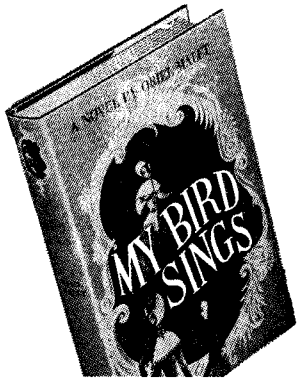

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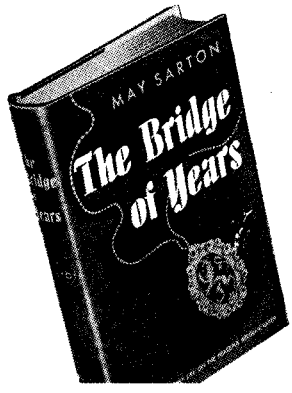

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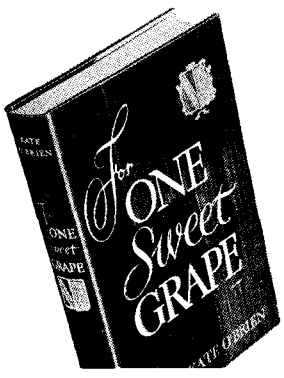

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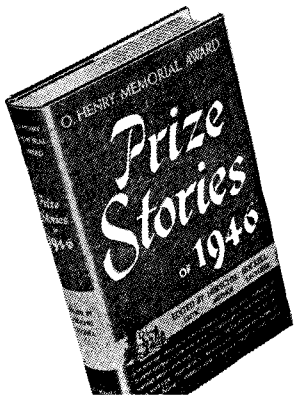

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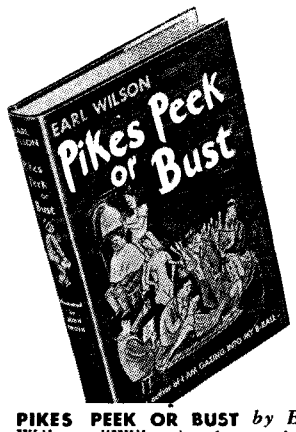

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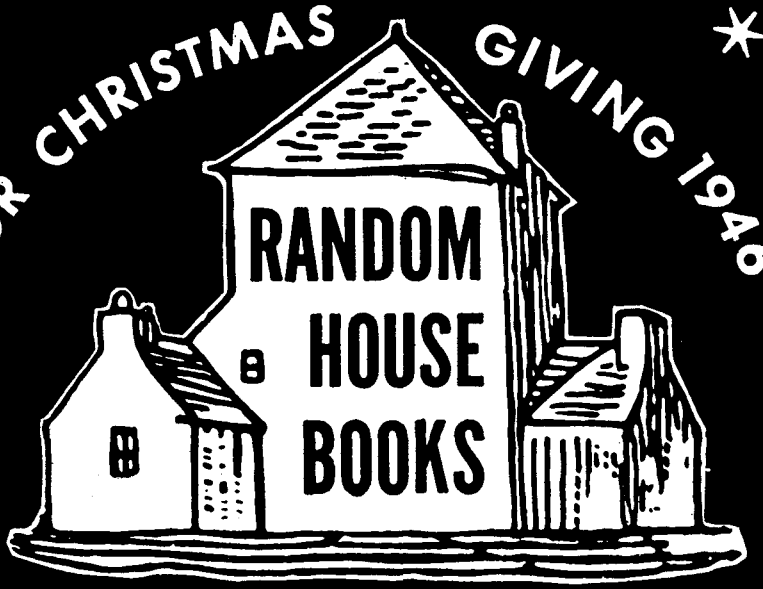

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Forty Years of American Life

ALBUM OF AMERICAN HISTORY. Edited by James Truslow Adams. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1946. 435 *pp.* $7.50.

Reviewed by DUMAS MALONE

THIS book, the third volume in a series under the same editorship, covers forty years of American life—from 1853 to 1893. Beginning just prior to the Kansas-Nebraska Act and the opening of the last political phase of the sectional struggle before the Civil War itself, it extends to the World's Columbian exposition at Chicago, the opening of the Cherokee Strip, and the second inauguration of Grover Cleveland. As the editor says, the period "throbbed with action" from the outset and is rich in pictorial interest. The illustrations, numbering more than 1,300, are generally placed three on a page, and they are accompanied by brief and informal but lively comment.

Throughout the larger part of the volume reliance is chiefly (and I assume necessarily) had on illustrations from periodicals, of which *Harper's Weekly* and *Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper* are singled out for special thanks. Photography does not enter in until one gets to the Civil War leaders, and in particular to the work of Mathew B. Brady; and it does not become the major source until one nears the end of the volume. In the nature of the case, therefore, this is not so much a representation of things as they were, but in most instances of things and scenes as various "artists" observed or supposed them. Thus one feels much more confident about buildings and fashion plates than about Civil War battles. We can be surer about "gents' apparel" in the mid-eighties, and the clothes milady wore, than we can about the actual scenes of the second battle of Bull Run (Manassas, according to the Confederates), or about "My Old Kentucky Home" for that matter. Many old articles and invented devices have been actually photographed, and these comprise some of the most informing materials in the book; but by and large this is not so much a pictorial guide as a generous sampling of contemporary illustrations. In general, the present-day reader sees what Americans of that time could have seen, if they had roamed widely through periodical literature like the editors.

Within these limits (which we assume were necessary) the collection is admirable. Complete it could not be, and this reader missed some things, such as cartoons, which were doubtless excluded by definite policy. But this collection is well balanced between North and South, East and West; between politics and economic life; between work, play, education, and religion. At particular points, newspaper clippings give a sense of events which could not be adequately pictured; and the chronological order which is followed imparts a definite impression of a moving society.

Such a book is much better looked at than talked about. The task of compiling an index to such diversity doubtless seemed not worth the trouble, and it probably seemed a waste of space to print a special list of all these items. One can turn the pages at random and find something of interest on every one of them. Here one can look at the New York police when they first went into uniform, at Huckleberry Finn and Little Lord Fauntleroy, at the execution of John Brown or the wedding of Grover Cleveland, at the Statue of Liberty or the Grand Canyon, at the faces of Dred Scott and Chief Justice Taney, at the Sholes typewriter and the phonograph which Thomas A. Edison demonstrated at the White House in the seventies. And there will still be a thousand things besides.

This is a fascinating album, and anyone who goes through it can gain a vivid impression of the richly divergent life—also the chaotic and discordant life—of a vigorous and colorful American generation.

At President Pierce's Inaugural levee in 1854, says *Gleason's Pictorial*, some of the "ladies" tried to promenade while the balance made remarks about the promenaders . . .

—From the book.

. . . and during this mid-nineteenth-century period, according to the same periodical, in the western part of Virginia quilting parties were social events of prime importance.

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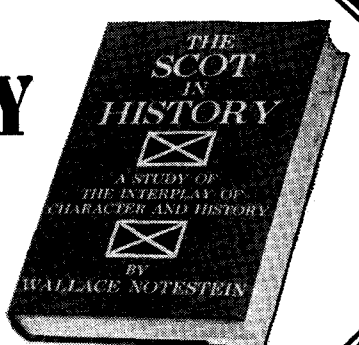

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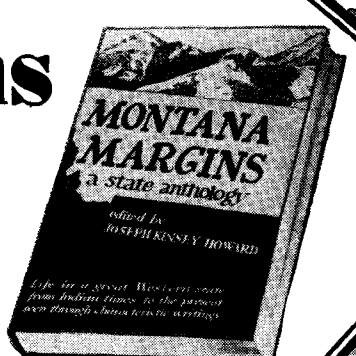

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Trial by Earthquake

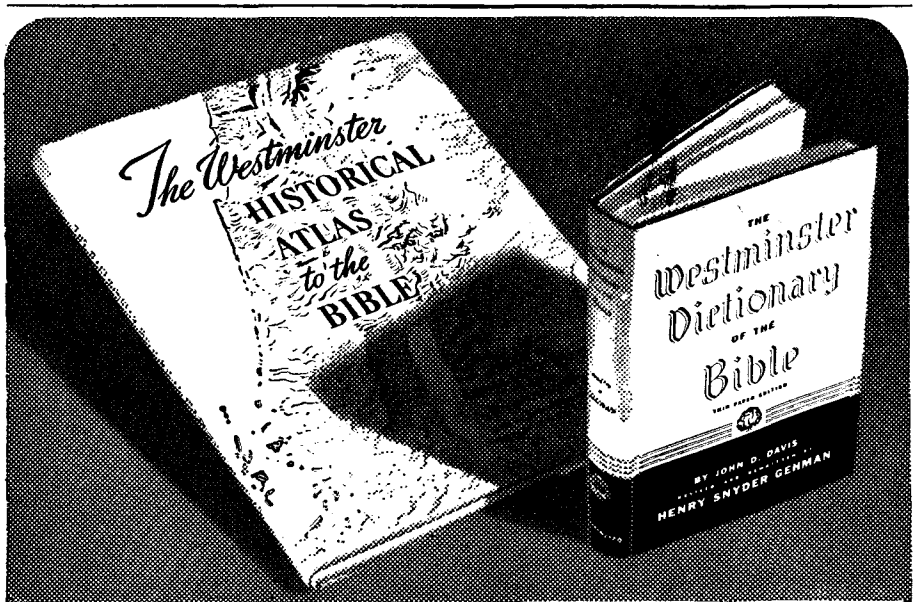
THE WEAK AND THE STRONG. By Gerald Kersh. New York: Simon & Schuster. 1946. 209 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT PITKIN

MR. KERSH'S "Faces in a Dusty Picture" belongs to the very first rank of World War II writing. In this country his novel "Night and the City" has won him a considerable reputation. Admirers of his talent had a right to expect even greater efforts. His present book will come as a shocking disappointment to them. It is not only a failure, but its plan and what becomes visible of its design are so much below the level of the author's earlier accomplishments that this reviewer for one is still wondering whether the whole affair is not intended as a satire on pseudo-philosophical sentimental fiction writing.

It is based on a situation well known (to say the least) to readers and moviegoers: a motley group of people faces common disaster and death; according to a literary tradition going back to the medieval *danse macabre*, such characters are supposed to reveal themselves in their actions and speeches. This time the setting is a tropical vacation island. A bunch of tourists enjoying their leisure and the comforts of the grand hotel decide to visit one of the sights of the resort, a volcanic cave. Of course they are trapped by an earthquake. In the end they are rescued—that is, some of them are, for the goings-on during their protracted emergency put a stop to the lives of some others.

Mr. Kersh's gallery of death and reform candidates include: a Chicago gangster complete with bodyguard and mistress, a disabled box champion, a naively cynical Hollywood tycoon and former barber, a beautiful dancer, an old world famous composer, a disreputable doctor and his wife, a reluctantly oily minister, a hedonist lord, a silly society woman, and a verbose entomologist. About the only two characters whose story is likely to be of some concern to the reader in the dark cave are a Russian prince and his valet—the former a shrewd businessman of plebian appearance, the latter an ass who happens to be a perfect specimen of manly beauty—who years before have agreed to change their rôles in order to ransack lovesick heiresses. The violent exposure of that shabby deal shows Mr. Kersh's gift as the author of sparse to-the-point dialogue. Whatever symbolic, or allegorical, intentions caused him to write this book just don't come off. "The Weak and the Strong" is a weak novel.



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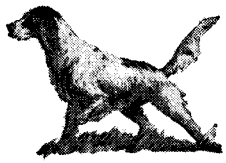

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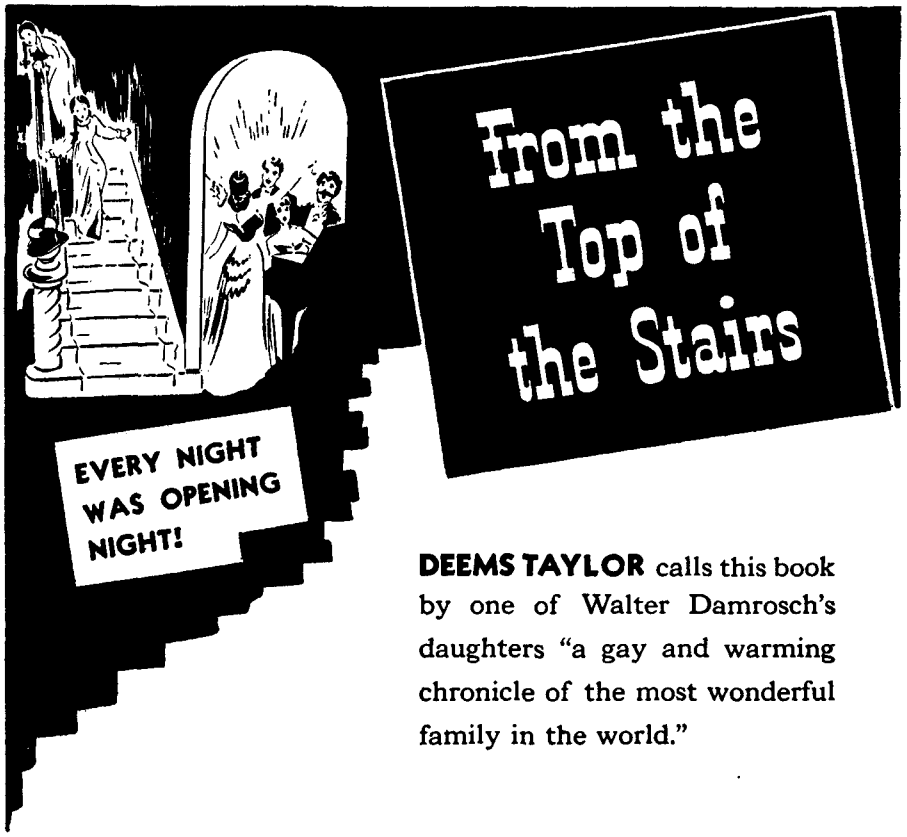

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Atoms to Dog Fights

I HATE THURSDAY. By Thomas Hornsby Ferril. New York: Harper & Bros. 1946. 233 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by DALE L. MORGAN

WHY this uncharitable feeling toward Thursday? Well, you see, Mr. Ferril has in the family a one-horse weekly newspaper, the *Rocky Mountain Herald,* "a sort of step-dog heirloom established in Denver eighty-six years ago," which goes to press on Friday. Without actually having to do so, since nobody does anything else but (boiler-plate being available by the yard), Mr. Ferril feels an obligation to write for this paper of his. And nothing, he says, makes you madder or harder to live with than feeling incompetent to undertake something you don't have to do anyway.

On the evidence of his book, however, Mr. Ferril has been doing all right with his Thursday evenings, and his *Harper's* weekends have been equally well spent. Engaging in spirit, unorthodox in viewpoint, deft and urbane and provocatively informed, "I Hate Thursday" is one of the most entertaining volumes of miscellaneous comment to turn up in many a long day, just the thing for that tired moment before dinner, or that satiate moment after dinner.

Mr. Ferril's range is wide, all the way from atom bombs to dog fights. The bomb, he decides, is the gentlest influence since Christ, and he has only the most friendly and amiable feelings for it. On the subject of dog fights, he says that they solve themselves in no time, no harm done; if they don't, what is required is not a swinging of big sticks but "a little quiet thinking about choking off windpipes, getting your own grip right and protecting yourself. What a dog fight demands above all else is contemplation and meditation."

It is Mr. Ferril's special charm that he brings contemplation and meditation to the whole of his wide and rather wonderful world. Water his lawn with him at sunrise, sit with him in the hotel room of the Washington correspondent of the *Rocky Mountain Herald* waiting for the cobra to drop in from the zoo (no kidding), get your shoes shined with him on D-Day in Denver's Union Station, ride with him on an old narrow-gauge railroad, share his dismay over the translation of a beautiful snowstorm into a lot of Weather Bureau statistics, or poke about with him in his memories of barn-garages in a more exciting era of the automobile—invariably it is fun to be along.

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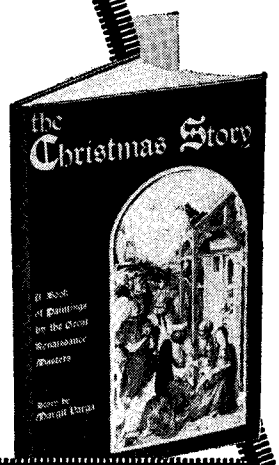

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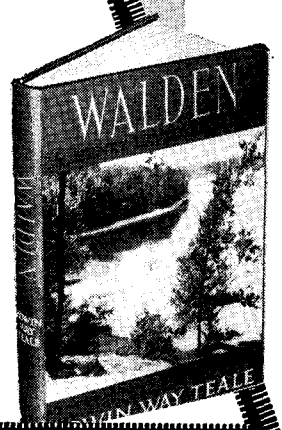

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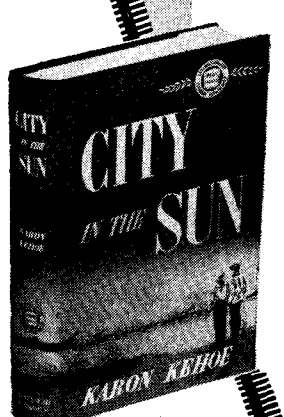

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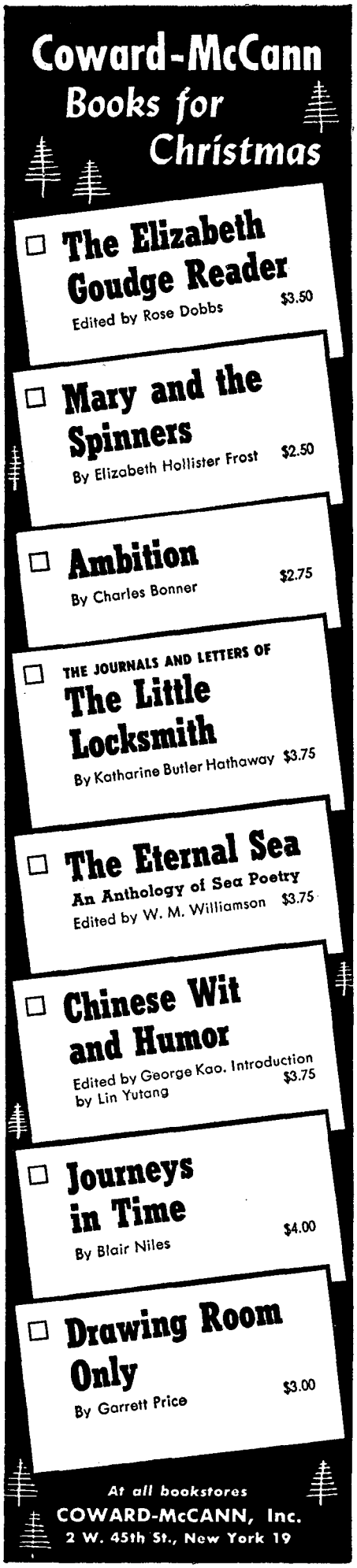

Fact Into Fiction

NEW ORLEANS WOMAN: A Biographical Novel of Myra Clark Gaines. By Harnett Kane. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1946. 384 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by JAMES P. WOOD

MYRA CLARK GAINES, whose legal battle with the city of New Orleans brought her national attention during her lifetime, has already been returned to public notice this year. The obstinate litigant and her story are the subject of "The Famous Case of Myra Clark Gaines," by Nolan B. Harmon, Jr., which was published in September.

Harnett Kane's novel and the earlier study tell fundamentally the same story of the woman whose case in all its phases was before a succession of courts from 1832 to 1896, several years after Mrs. Gaines's death. "The Strange Case of Myra Clark Gaines" opened with the life story of Daniel Clark, wealthy New Orleans business man and politician. This new novel begins with his 21-year-old daughter, about to be married in Delaware, where she had been brought up as the child of Colonel Samuel B. Davis, becoming aware of her parentage and forming the belief that she had been defrauded of the great riches left by her father.

Almost immediately Myra began the fight to prove her legitimacy and her right to the vast sums involved in Daniel Clark's estate. The story is complicated by many issues and perplexing legal developments as the case moves from state to federal courts and finally to the Supreme Court of the United States, which several times ruled on the validity of points raised by Myra's claims. It is a strange story, and amazing is tough-minded, half Creole Myra who, determined and insistent, wore out two husbands and subjected her family to hardships of many kinds as well as driving herself without relief as she pressed her case.

Myra suffered mob violence and social humiliation, legal defeats; knew social triumph, legal victories, poverty, vindication, affluence, fame, scorn, but never acknowledged defeat in her long career as a claimant. The reader watches with admiration and some awe as the personable but determined young girl becomes the energetic and commanding woman and then the aged eccentric. The novel often seems essentially the straight line of monomania drawn through the confusion of a tale involving many issues and names well known in nineteenth-century American history.

The biographical novel is always handicapped. It must use the devices and conventions of fiction but stay recognizably close to the character and life story of its subject. "New Orleans Woman" effects the compromise decently, mostly because Myra Clark Gaines was colorful and there was sufficient drama in her career. "New Orleans Woman" is not otherwise a novel of marked quality.

Unnovel Novel

HIDDEN SEASON. By Robert Sturgis. New York: M. S. Mill Co. 1946. 249 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

MR. STURGIS'S last novel, published more than a year ago, dealt with a man's induction into the army and with his first year in uniform. It made a satisfying impression because of its deep sincerity. I have looked again at the review I wrote of it, in which I set down that, although Mr. Sturgis seemed to be feeling his way through a prose that was often unsure and amateurish, he had treated his people with naturalness and uncompromising honesty, and that it would be very interesting to see his study of the returning soldier. "Hidden Season" appears to be that study, and it is a considerable disappointment. The writing is still amateurish, too plainly so, but that could be granted as a hurdle to be gotten over; the real cause for disappointment is that Mr. Sturgis has neglected the earnestness and the logic of reality which made his earlier novel so palatable.

His book is ostensibly about a returned soldier and the problems of his readjustment to civilian life. Actually these matters are skirted altogether, with the merest mention and no attempt at treatment. It is really a routine little romance we have here, about a fellow and an actress, how they have misunderstandings and partings and reconciliations, with several minor gambits involving a pert little cousin and a lovely old aunt stationed at the center of the narrative. The presence of the returned soldier brooding about the place, and mumbling into his drinks about not knowing what he wants to do now, helps not in the least to disguise the intrinsic triviality of the story.

Mr. Sturgis may still wish to tackle that problem seriously; I hope he does, and still believe he might do a good job of it.

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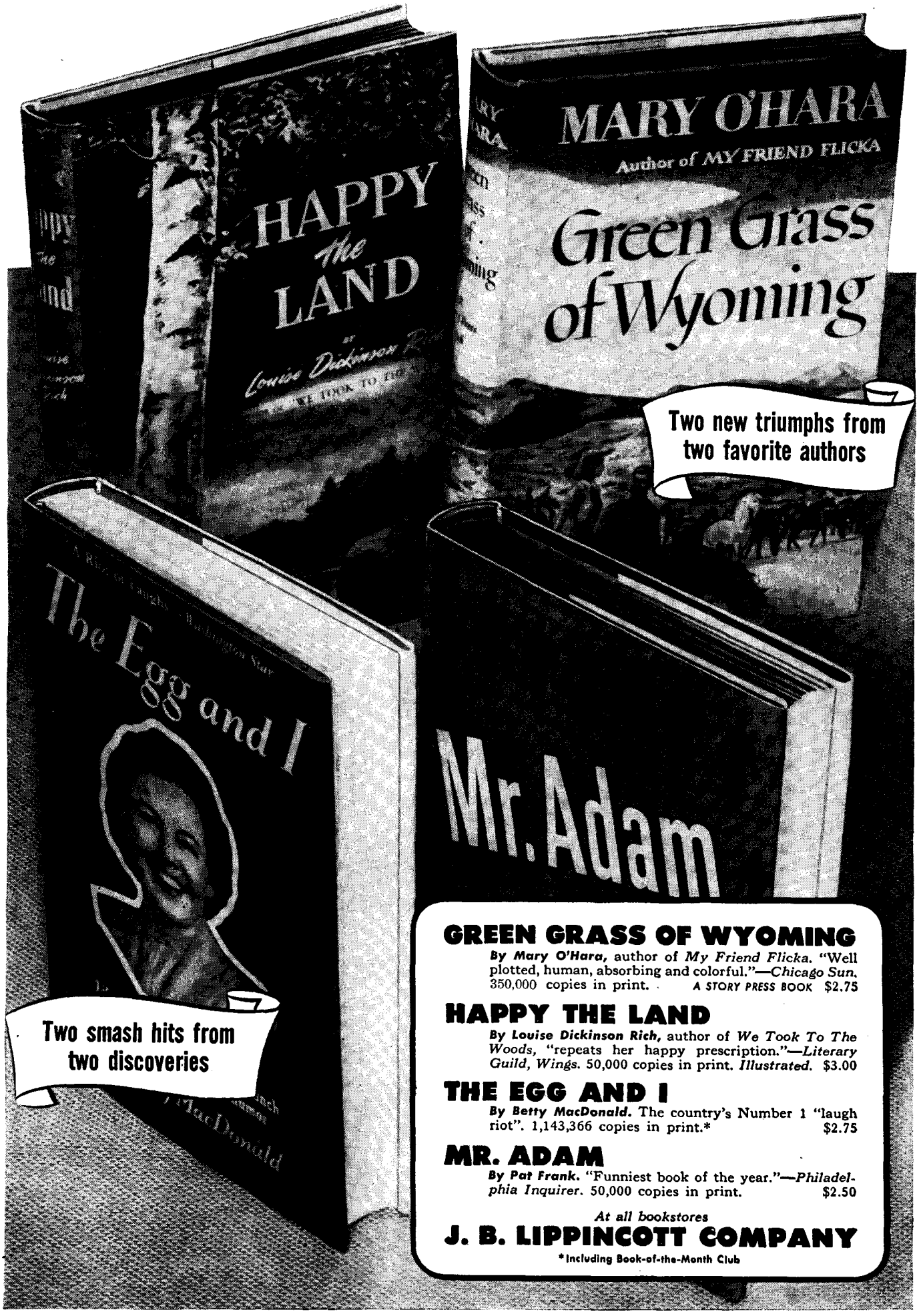

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Good Stories About the Welsh

THE TRIP TO LONDON. By Rhys Davies. New York: Howell, Soskin. 1946. 214 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by NANCY GROBERG CHAIKIN

IN a cluttered and chaotic world which is producing cluttered and chaotic literature, it is a strange and sometimes gratifying thing to see the short story writer appear, trembling, and poke a tentative, timid finger into the literary pie. For, much like the poet, he is placing the distilled beside the diluted, the crystal beside the mass, the form beside the formless. He is forced to be selective in a civilization whose most prominent men are apparently unable to select. From the vast human experience which he sifts and strains, he must produce his evasive moment, intensify his quick sensation, clarify his vital thought, and send them hurtling through to our consciousness. He offers us the portion which understands the whole, and this is an era of difficult audience, discouraging because it is too busy to accept.

Many readers should be happily surprised, therefore, to run across a writer like Rhys Davies, most of whose short stories support his publishers' glowing claims. In his brief, sometimes amusing, sometimes depressing excursions into Welsh folk life, he exhibits, indeed, a wonderful sort of insight and "a poetic apprehension of the commonplaces of human experience." He is fluent and dexterous, sometimes ironic, sometimes downright funny. He can be mild and soft, but he can also be sharp and painful. The smooth irony of "The Benefit Concert," the delicious characterization of "The Last Struggle," the quick turn from oppressiveness to delightful relief in "River, Flow Gently," in these, in all, are testimonies to fine and unique ability. I must take issue with the dust jacket, however, which likes to think of the collection as "a brilliant display of Mr. Davies's versatility," for, it seems to me, his folksy tales come off much better than his more sophisticated ones and, even in a world dazzled by sophistication, the folk stories will probably seem more vital.

In any mood, however, Mr. Davies is rather satisfying—a keen and compassionate observer, a poet and a lover. He will be snowed under, no doubt, by ponderous novels of Civil War families, by verbose and seductive histories of remarkable women, by slick self-satisfied reports of domestic upheaval and financial success, which will sell like mad. But somehow, under the pile of soft coal, his modest little gem ought to get a ray or two through to hungry, careful eyes.

Genealogy with a Drawl

TIME LAY ASLEEP. By Carman Barnes. New York: Harper & Bros. 1946. 243 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by GRACE FRANK

A GENEALOGICAL chart should have accompanied this novel for it concerns a family of wide-ranging antecedents and descendants, a family excessively preoccupied with itself and steeped in the legends and traditions of its forbears. Most of the story revolves around a Victorian matriarch, Grandmother Wickham, and her more modern daughters: Feffie, the spinster who could not bear to leave Mama and who disciplined the others; Eve, who "believed in evil and thought sex the root of it"; Nona and Dombey, who married, divorced, bore children, and always managed, in some way or another, to have several men besides their husbands in love with them.

The author, who wrote "Schoolgirl" when she was only fifteen and who is now the wife of Hamilton Fish Armstrong, associates herself with Nona's young daughter, Neal MacNeill, and some of the story is narrated with no regard for chronological sequence by this precocious child. Neal would have us know not only every member of her huge family, living and dead, back to her various great-grandmothers and great-grandfathers, but the historical, geographical, social, and economic circumstances that account for their individual lives. She also tries to reconstruct through the ramifications of her people the *mores* of Ross's Landing, (the old name of Chattanooga, Tennessee) from its beginnings to about the year 1925.

Obviously, much of the volume is autobiographical and obviously, too, Miss Barnes in good Southern fashion enjoyed writing these reminiscences about her kinsfolk. Unfortunately, her ambition to recreate a large family and a long period, to give a sense of time, place, and of many diverse individuals, must be regarded as more laudable than successful. The sum of the good things in this book does not add up to a really good novel.

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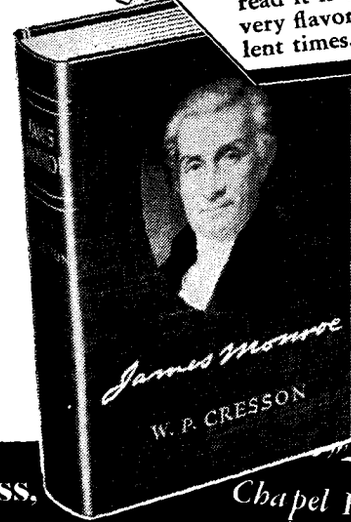

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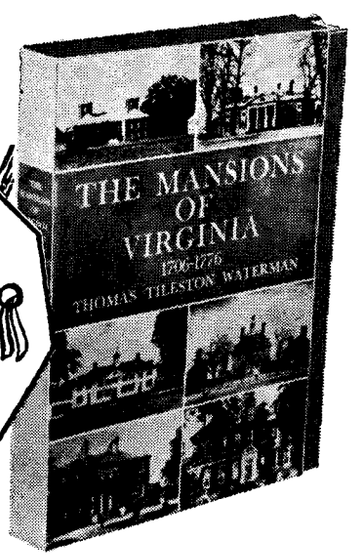

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Bruno Walter Conducting

THEME AND VARIATIONS: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY. By Bruno Walter. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1946. 344 pp. $5.

Reviewed by DANIEL GREGORY MASON

IN trying to judge the eventual value of this book one is easily misled by its more superficial traits. As an authoritative, accurate, and vivid account, told from the inside, of operatic and symphonic developments in the chief European centers for the first three decades after 1900 it will have a lasting value for musical historians. But its far deeper and wider appeal is to lay music-lovers, through its genial insight and vigorous discriminations,

its revelation of an earnestness, candor, and humor exercised throughout a lifetime of service to art. It is a singularly heartening book.

At every turn is felt, above all, the author's openhearted candor. Thus, for example, although Bruno Walter is known as perhaps the supreme Mozart interpreter of our time, he remarks early: "Youth inclines to the exalted; and the beautiful, in which category lightness in art belongs, discloses itself only to the more mature mind," and confesses: "Beethoven was my god, and I considered Mozart merely pretty." Somewhat later he says: "I was still unable to sense the seriousness in his charm, the loftiness in his beauty." Only much later does he declare: "It had taken some time until I had definitely done with 'the graceful and smiling rococo composer.' . . . The 'dry classicist' had never been a danger to me. I finally discovered the dramatist's inexorable seriousness and wealth of characterization: I recognized in Mozart the Shakespeare of the opera."

There will be recognized already in these excerpts the intellectual power of organization, as well as the keen intuitive insight, that together produce a commanding style. This is only impaired, not obscured, by the unfortunate translation of the original German into an English often awkward, sometimes ungrammatical. (We find "differently than," "unbelievingly" for "unbelievably," "he gave [me] free rein to his imaginative ideas."

Such surface flaws are quickly forgotten in enjoyment of the author's freshness of vision, especially in the many characterizations of all sorts of people, famous or obscure, that star his pages. Some personalities are individualized in brief thumb-nail sketches. Many are analyzed with psychological insight, as for example Karl Muck, who is described as "at heart a soft, serious, unmocking man who barricaded his vulnerability behind sharp words and cutting remarks." No one is approached with the dull subservience to convention that loses the person under the mask. All are seen for what they essentially are, from King Ludwig III and Prince Ludwig Ferdinand, whose royalty by no means handicaps their eccentricities, down to the "heroic tenor S.—without feeling, temperament, or artistic sense. His face was constantly distorted," adds Walter, "as if he were tasting some sour dish. No effort on my part seemed to be able to give him alkaline balm."

Accordingly we read of the much cosseted but essentially vain and petty Cosima Liszt von Bulow Wagner: "I acted in total disregard of a strict Bayreuth rule by mentioning the name of Verdi. Frau Wagner's face became icily rigid, . . . and when I dared to speak of the astonishing development in Verdi's work . . . she merely remarked: 'Development? I can see no difference between Ernani and Falstaff'." Ethel Smyth, on the other hand, was then a not very famous English woman composer, and is even now better known as the author of one of the finest autobiographies in English than for her compositions. Of her bringing to him her opera "Les Naufrageurs," Walter writes: "I sighed inwardly at what I presumed was in store for me, but she had hardly played ten minutes, singing the vocal parts in an unattractive voice, when I made her stop, rushed over to Mahler's office, and implored him to come with me: the Englishwoman was a true composer."

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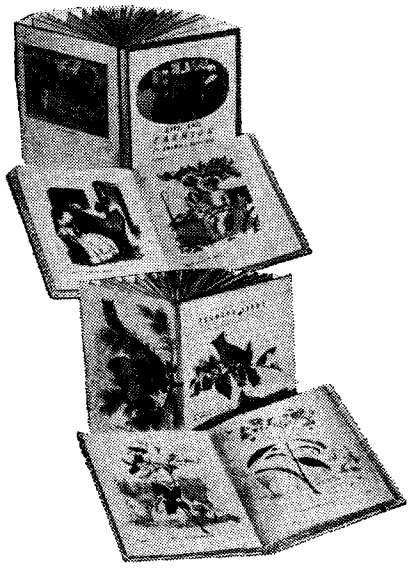

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Pageant of Thirteen Centuries

A CRITICAL HISTORY OF ENGLISH POETRY. By Herbert J. C. Grierson and J. C. Smith. New York: Oxford University Press. 1946. 569 pp. $5.

Reviewed by LEONARD BACON

THE pageant began nearly thirteen hundred years ago. And the eye has not seen or the mind contemplated anything more splendid. Whatever the ups and downs or the backings and fillings between the "scop" who bellowed the rattling alliterations of the "Beowulf" and the twentieth-century poet enigmatically involved in novel mystery, English poetry has come to be something as steadfast as a star and as rewarding as a faith. In spite of the conservative it perpetually discovers new modes of beauty. In spite of the radical it continues to retain old ones. It is living and lovely in a world where much grows deadly and ugly. Neglected or ignored, it is invariably heard—at long last. And our very publicists are aware, and some have said, that there never was a time when we needed to hear it more.

Professor Grierson and Professor Smith set themselves a task at once fascinating and appalling. There will, no doubt, be differences of opinion as to the success of their enterprise, but the reviewer thinks they come out well from a tremendous test. And certainly they were well equipped for it. Almost outrageously well informed, they also have the sympathy and charity without which there is no understanding. And practically nowhere do they fall into that odd heresy which compels some critics to hate Pope because they see virtue in Keats. At all times they present a given poet in his spiritual climate and environment and develop the aspects of his nature with discernment, extenuating nothing and setting down naught in malice. The effect is frequently illuminating, and beyond that the book roused in the reviewer a vehement desire to revisit what he had seen before and to explore what he had not. Perhaps the authors' treatment of the last six decades of their thirteen centuries is less satisfactory than their dealing with older times whose theory and practice can be more coolly considered. But even so they have had the disarming virtue to admit explicitly any prejudice of which they are themselves aware.

One of the curses of learning, as every one knows, is a tendency to take too much for granted, to accept, to live by, and in, tradition. The charge does not lie as against these authors. There are freshness and simplicity in their estimates and revaluations. They don't lose sight of the fact that "Shakespeare is a poet not a metaphysician." The point has its importance, for what may be called the logic of poetry is more concerned with "passionate illuminations" than with watertight systems scientific or philosophical, as the authors are at pains to declare from time to time. Very few poets are exactly what you would call "thinkers." But to rephrase the commonplace, what thinker has arrived at their inshots and intuitions? The authors wonder about Milton's fame in a world daily less and less interested about justifying the ways of God to man. Incidentally, they don't think Milton made a very good shot at it, which his most ardent admirers have long believed. But they defend him vehemently on other grounds against that modern criticism which hates what it is not properly prepared to enjoy. It may be they are a little hard on Dryden, in whose favor the reviewer is furiously prejudiced. They quote "MacFlecknoe" with appropriate commendation and "Annus Mirabilis" to illustrate his anfractuosities. But there are lines in "The Hind and the Panther" which would have exhibited his quality better.

However, I have found myself far more often in agreement than at odds with two pleasant and enlightened guides, who, uninhibited by preconceptions and unimpressed by famous and frequently shopworn criticism, have examined, as if for the first time, every great poet, and many a small one, who has used the great language. Their judgments are gentle but just. The incidental comment is frequently suggestive and, on appropriate occasion, amusing. Errors in matters of fact, as far as the reviewer observed, are non-existent or so venial as not to affect any particular contention of theirs. And their admiration, uncontaminated by academic pomposity or mealy-mouthed sentimentality, is of a sort which any man ought to feel in his brain and in his heart when he considers the splendid pageant.

Laramie Hills

By Wilson Clough

I

THE raw wind runs the hills like icy flame;
Long slopes of sage lie low;
The lonely cedar hugs the granite rock
And bows in scuds of snow.
Along the gray outcrop, against the wind
Leaning, I move alone,
And mark the briar's scant and withered tune
Upon the faceless stone.
The frozen aspens group within the draw;
Forlornly hangs the leaf;
Who pastures high will feed on slender fare,
Austere and tough and brief.

II

Incredibly, the dun-limbed antlered buck,
Unmoved in his retreat,
Merges within the mottled aspen boles,
Snow dunes around his feet.
What catalyst compounds this crushed-sage scent,
This dwarfed and fibred tree?
What rock-roomed distillation searches out
The cedar's chemistry?
How came the buck, breathing the mantling snow,
Wide-pronged and proud to see;
Confronting thus this high, reluctant land,
This chill frugality?

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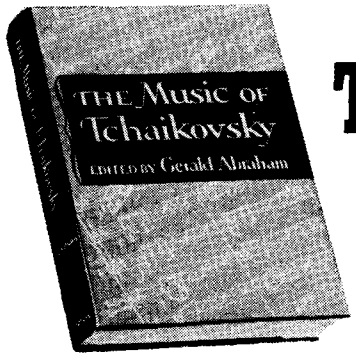

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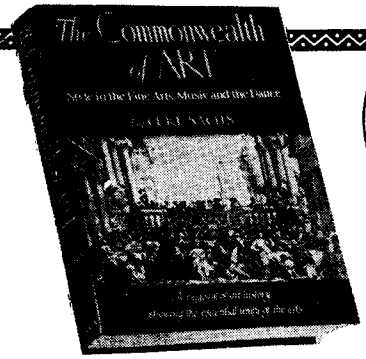

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A Study of Rimbaud

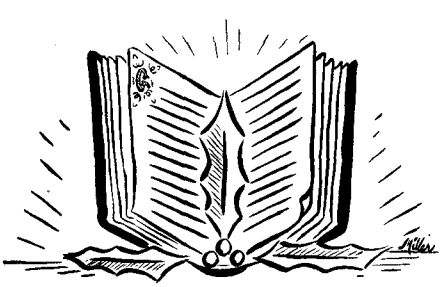
RIMBAUD. By Wallace Fowlie. New York: New Directions. 1946. 160 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GERARD PREVIN MEYER

WALLACE FOWLIE, a frequent contributor to the more serious "little magazines," the author also of three volumes of poetry and four of criticism, some of them in French, is obviously well equipped to give us a scholarly estimate of Rimbaud. In doing so, however, he is twice handicapped: first, by the inevitable circumstance that he has been preceded in this task by a number of discerning critics and literary historians (among whom Marcel Coulon in France and Enid Starkie in England are perhaps the most eminent); secondly, by the fact that, being almost too serious in his approach, he shows an aspiration for the profound that at times leads him only to the pedantic.

It is a bit difficult, also, to discover just what audience Mr. Fowlie had in mind for his study of Rimbaud. From internal evidence, it would appear that the reader of "Rimbaud" should be a person somewhat acquainted with the details of the poet's life, yet not so familiar with them that he cannot bear their repetition. He should be well enough acquainted with the French language to be able to translate for himself quotations from Rimbaud and others which are left in the original, yet not so learned that he cannot appreciate the numerous occasions in this volume where the French *is* translated, in footnotes. He should be innocent enough not to mind the elaboration of the obvious: "He is alone—and that is the precise and awful suffering of the sinner."

The text is studded with references, not merely to Rimbaud (and, of course, Baudelaire his master), but also to Claudel, Perse, Rilke, Gide, Joyce, Bergson, Cocteau, Greene, Alain-Fournier, Proust, Eliot, Patrice de la Tour du Pin, Auden, Apollinaire, Spengler, Lawrence, Flaubert, Miller, as well as to the painters Chirico, Picasso, Laurencin, and Tchelitchew. The reader should know these people—indeed he should; nevertheless, one has the uneasy feeling at times that Mr. Fowlie is taking in too much territory.



I must confess to liking the Fowlie "Rimbaud" best when it stays closest to Rimbaud and his writings—as in the "Critical Interpretation" of "Memoire," which, to Mr. Fowlie, is Rimbaud's "most dazzling performance." In this section, as not always elsewhere, the author does succeed in communicating his own enthusiasm for the subject he has chosen. I cannot respond with equal fervor to his discussion of "Bateau Ivre"—partly, perhaps, because that poem has already been so much discussed, partly, also, because the terms of the discussion here are so severely logical. Still, as Max Beerbohm once said, "For them as likes that sort of thing, that's the sort of thing they likes!"

Some of Mr. Fowlie's intuitions are certainly far-fetched. For example, is Homer's "Odyssey" really a "voyage-symbol"? Is it not merely the account of a voyage not intended to be symbolic? Are all the contemporary poets who "are constantly narrating a voyage in their work" necessarily "under the pervading influence of Baudelaire and Rimbaud"? Is the claim not extreme that "Rimbaud was the greatest poet for the first forty years of the twentieth century, in the sense that 'Les Illuminations' and 'Une Saison en Enfer' were the guiding psychological documents of the period and contained the rhythms and images used in most of the new European and American art"?

At times, nevertheless, he does achieve genuine intuitions. One such is this: "The poetry of Rimbaud is childhood itself"—a theme Mr. Fowlie picks up again later on:

> He did not become a man in his poetry. And since his time, the heroes who have been inspired by him and who are the most remarkable in modern art are children who have stopped just before the rite of initiation and who have failed to begin it.

Rimbaud, in short, was the child who dreams awake, who believes all things are possible (as they are to the child-mind), and who refuses to go further (in art, in this instance) when he discovers the rules of the game are quite other than he has understood them to be. The adult "adjusts himself"; Rimbaud refused to play any more, dropped his toys, and went off in a rage. For this reason, our admiration of the *voyou* must be tempered, although that is no bar to our intensity of amazement at his achievement as poet and visionary.

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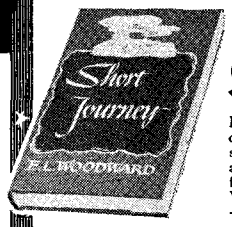

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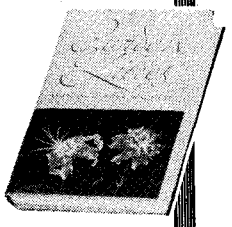

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GIVE SRL FOR CHRISTMAS

An Experience in Innocence

NOTHING IS A WONDERFUL THING. By Helen Wolfert. New York: The Venture Press. 1946. 118 pp. $2.

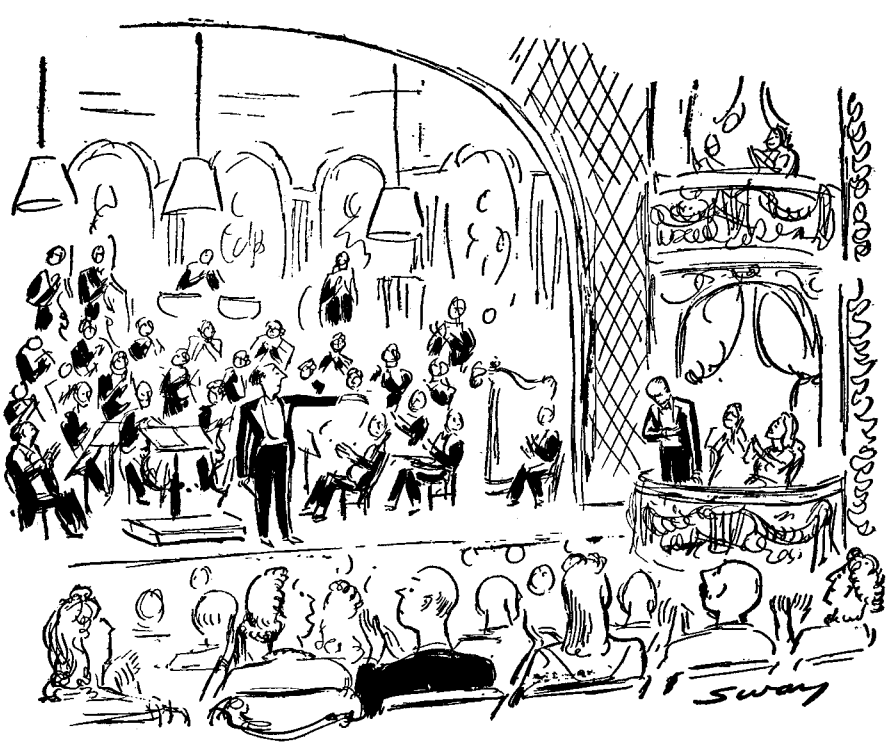
Reviewed by NORMAN ROSTEN

AT a time when much of modern poetry is caught in a kind of intellectual trauma, it is refreshing to come across this book, called a "story poem," by Helen Wolfert. Its simplicity may puzzle the high-minded, but the plain reader will undoubtedly remain enchanted to the very end. For this book, though it occasionally flounders in sentimentality, and vacillates between the discipline of social narrative and the freedom of the lyric, is, actually, one of those rare things in modern writing—an experience in innocence.

There is no mystic color in these vignettes of life on the East Side of New York City, as seen and experienced through the consciousness of a child named Jenny. They are real—almost factual—and suffused with an overwhelming tenderness for human beings. Helen Wolfert knows her people of the slum, the trapped and the foolish and the wise. She knows the erosion of the spirit and, miraculously, the stubborn root of survival. The scenes ring true with a clinical, frightening accuracy. And always the lightness, the elate Jenny skipping from scene to scene, absorbed, troubled, alive on this hot day in a brick city swarming with tenements and windows and life. And no salvation, except for the child of the heart which is Jenny, for the slum child which must be saved; and the beaten eyes of the elders look upon her lovingly, hoping she may be spared the brutality and hurt of their jungle.

I trust I have not over-dramatized the story. Indeed, one would have hoped for a more "dramatic" story. As it stands, it is a series of variations upon a theme, with a curious lack of development; while many of the scenes are vivid, some are redundant and obvious. I do not mean to carp about this, but merely state what I believe to be a lack within its structure. I think, too, that the verse often sags into the looseness of doggerel, and runs into unashamed stretches of prose. I suppose the "story poem" may reasonably indulge in an easing of form, though one would want the compensatory factor of drama to help sustain its narrative drive.

Yet there is such texture of life, such love and compassion that Helen Wolfert has brought to her theme that the end result is a compelling document. The hushed scene in the library, the letter from the hospital, the lyric discovery of the airplane overhead—these are but a few of the moments that reveal a rich social talent. "Nothing Is a Wonderful Thing" is a tragic, sunny, rewarding book, and though the pundits may prefer their poetry the hard way, I will, on this occasion, take Jenny.



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THE FINE ARTS

ART IN ENGLAND TODAY

IN recent British pronouncements on modern English art, a new mood of assurance is evident. Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell, for instance, has declared in *Vogue:* "I think we must all agree, now, that poor battered old London has more to offer us than Paris. On almost any day you may walk in a picture gallery and see canvases by young painters that tell you the movement has transferred itself to England." The English have not talked so boldly about native painting for a long time, perhaps not since 1914, when Wyndham Lewis's *Blast* proclaimed that England was the most favorable country in the world for the development of a great art. *Blast's* edict did not attract the proper signatures, however, and had to be recanted later, while some of the current British estimates seem equally insular and exaggerated. Nevertheless, the state of English painting and sculpture today appears to justify Mr. Sitwell's high spirits, if not his boasts.

There is, to begin with, Henry Moore. His sculpture and drawings will soon be seen in a large retrospective exhibition at the Museum of Modern Art, the Art Institute of Chicago, and the San Francisco Museum of Art. Before the war Moore was beginning to be recognized widely as one of the half-dozen leading sculptors of our time, an apostle of direct carving, whose rhythmic monumentality of style belongs to the modern abstract tendency, but is warmed by a reverence for natural forms and for the humanist and associational values often repudiated by his colleagues. His art is a conspiracy between nature and himself. It flows out of stone or wood with superb inevitability, powerful but tender, gracious yet implacable. Behind it are enough humility and poetic force to create an ambiance not unlike that in which move the figures of Masaccio, revered by Moore. During the war, deprived of sculptors' materials, Moore became an extraordinarily fine painter, though confining himself to small works in chalk, watercolor, and ink. You should see, if at all possible, his series of shelter drawings, inspired by his visits to the subways of London when the bombing was at its worst. Brevity leads to dogmatic assertion, of course. Still, I must say that for me at least these pictures are the most eloquent direct reflection of the war yet achieved by an artist.

—Courtesy Museum of Modern Art.

One of Henry Moore's shelter drawings . . . "the most eloquent direct reflection of the war yet achieved by an artist."

HOW could England have produced Moore after so many centuries when no great native-born sculptor had appeared in the country? Nobody knows, not even those who sense in him the ancient Celtic pulse, alive. But one thing is certain: Moore's emergence has tended to raise the level of recent art in England. A case in point is Graham Sutherland, the most discussed of the newer English painters. Sutherland began as an etcher, working closely within the minute scale and romantic spirit of Samuel Palmer's early nineteenth-century prints. He has developed lately into a vigorous and original painter; he creates out of England's rocks and gorse and twisted oaks a personal dramaturgy of the close-up, a naturalistic complement to Moore's humanism. Picasso has perhaps contributed more to his evolution than Moore, but the latter's example must have counted for much in breaking Sutherland away from fidgety detail, in teaching him to speak out loud in a contemporary idiom. Now Sutherland has himself become a major force in English painting. From him spring some of the most talented younger artists: the two Glasgow College graduates, Robert Colquhoun and Robert MacBryde; the English-

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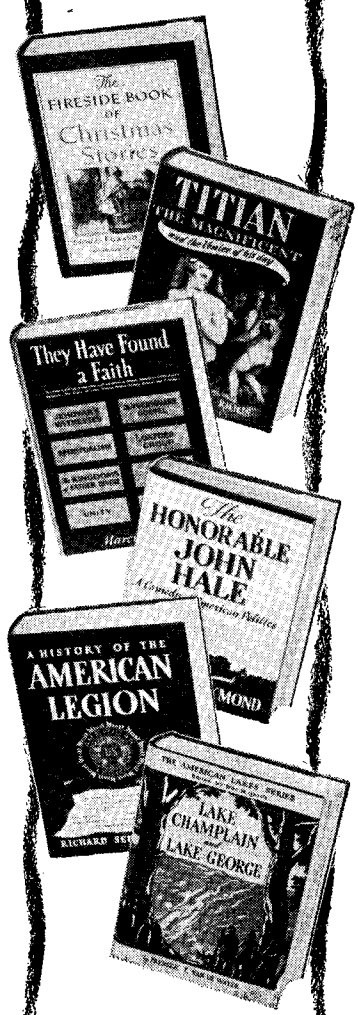
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The outstanding fact about English art of the past seven years is that the war has intensified the meaning of native heritage (in this country it has done the reverse, perhaps because enemy-held Paris was nostalgically remote instead of disastrously near). During the previous decade in England, however, this heritage had qualified the art even of those who seemed most international in style. The fine abstractionists Ben Nicholson and Barbara Hepworth owed much respectively to Mondrian and Brancusi. But in a less formal sense they owed as much to the megaliths and common stones near their home in Cornwall, to English handcraft traditions, to native transcendentalism and the precisions of its restraint. Similarly, the English surrealists, whatever their affinity to Paris, tended to keep one eye on Freud and the other on Hogarth or Blake, so that their fantasy often turned toward dramatic satire, as with Edward Burra, or toward lyricism, as with Paul Nash.

NOW, however, both surrealism and abstraction appear much less pervasive than ten years ago. Almost no one in England today paints the kind of subconscious scenario common at the time of the large London surrealist exhibition in 1936. But Picasso's "surrealist" period of the late 1920's and the 1930's remains a potent force: it may be traced to the imaginative figures of the young Welshman Ceri Richards, and in the sculpture of F. E. McWilliam, an artist especially worth watching. Abstraction, for its part, has gained a talented disciple in John Tunnard, formerly a jazz band leader and textile designer, who brings to painting a sense of asymmetric melody and a fine instinct for convoluted design. The gain is offset by the loss of John Piper, perhaps abstract art's most inventive English proponent during the late 1930's. In recent years Piper has become an historian of England's architectural past, documenting with exceptional sensitivity the ruined buildings of London and the great country houses, using a representational but romantically stylized technique. The young artists frequently combine his surface with Sutherland's contour.

In 1944 Piper declared in an interview: "In my view we are experiencing a romantic revival." Among sculptors and painters alike, the romantic spirit is reflected in a passionate and highly imaginative attitude toward England's pre-Christian remains—the implements of tribal use and wear, the megaliths which hush the Corn-

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wall fields. But in a more specific sense, the romantic revival finds its focal point in Samuel Palmer, who in the early nineteenth century gathered around him at Shoreham a group of Blake enthusiasts known as "The Ancients."

Whatever the extent of their veneration for Blake—and it was nearly absolute—the members of the group were closer to earth than the great mystic, and from the trees, barns, meadows, and stones of rural Kent they evolved a devout, dramatic art which conceived of nature in supernatural terms. Palmer's romantic naturalism was revived as long ago as 1912 by the late Paul Nash, in a wash drawing entitled "Falling Stars"; today Palmer is revered by an extraordinary number of English artists. His influence is greater than that of Blake, though very recently the latter has been the main formative example for the young "apocalyptic" artists—Cecil Collins seems by far the most talented—whose trance-like art parallels the poetry of Dylan Thomas, Henry Treece, Norman McCaig, and others.

The Pre-Raphaelite movement has aroused no conspicuous enthusiasm among living artists since the period immediately before the First World War, when Stanley Spencer revived its idealism and technical prolixity, followed by his brother Gilbert, and Henry Lamb. On the other hand, Walter Sickert's impressionism is a live issue so soon after its physical demise. There are in England today a number of younger artists, loosely described as the "Euston Road School," who eschew our century's advanced expressive means and return to Sickert, Wilson Steer, Degas, and Pissarro, favoring above all a mood of reverie, a quiet, atmospheric depiction of objects deeply loved. Victor Pasmore is the leading painter of the group, William Coldstream a fashionable associate. And finally the Royal College of Art has inspired in such pupils as Edward Bawden, the late Eric Ravilious, and Vivian Pitchforth an aristocracy of line whose roots reach back eventually to the Grand Style.

The current reappraisal of native heritage has enlivened modern English art, which was growing drowsy in the school of Paris. Might not the same thing happen here? Perhaps some of our expressionist painters, who flounder loudly in the wake of Picasso's "Guernica," might look again with profit at what is our own, not in the superficial and zenophobic spirit of the American Scene movement, but carefully and with critical eagerness.

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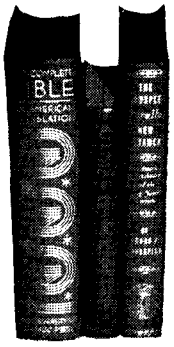

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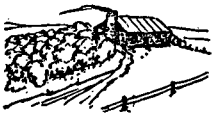

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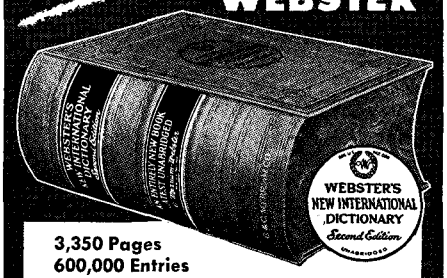

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Big Frog, Small Puddle

LOOM OF THE LAND. By Eleanor Mayo. New York: William Morrow & Co. 1946. 405 pp. $2.75.

Reviewed by RICHARD A. CORDELL

THERE has been much justifiable criticism recently of the vagueness and inaccuracy of many fiction titles. "Loom of the Land" is another poetic title that fails to indicate the theme and focus of interest of the novel. Russ Walls, around whom the narrative is built, is a domestic and community tyrant who is a financier, politician, and incidentally a land-owner—a crude sort of country squire. Both he and his sons regard the land more as a substantial sign of security and local respectability than as the Good Earth. It is the author of the novel rather than the characters who is sensitively aware of the beauties and moods of the New England countryside and seacoast, who obviously loves the earth and sea and the fulness thereof; her descriptions, particularly of the New England winter, frequently soar into a high lyricism which pleasantly escapes the merely florid and rhapsodic.

The young novelist succeeds in making Russ an interesting and original despot. He is no mere autocrat of the breakfast table, but a clan chieftain who has long directed unchallenged his family's destinies. Like the heavy Victorian *pater familias* he will brook no opposition, but unlike him this twentieth-century dictator invents no moral excuse and basis for his uncompromising authority. He enjoys directing and ruling the destinies of others largely out of sheer mental vigor and exuberant love of life, for fate has placed him in a narrow environment where his great energies have insufficient play: like Thoreau, he captains a huckleberry party when he should lead armies. The petty financial and political issues of the region he disposes of too easily, almost contemptuously, leaving a surplus vitality for his domestic tyranny. Withal he has a frosty sense of humor, and a genuine affection for his somewhat bovine wife, who returns his love and regards her browbeaten children with a sentimental possessiveness rather than deep maternal affection. Many readers will be delighted that the novelist analyzes these parental attitudes as though Freud had never existed. Russ Walls is no Edward Moulton-Barrett.

The simple plot deals with the rebellion and defection of three of the four children, and finally with the inept, abortive mutiny of the community itself against his dictatorship. One son escapes through marriage, but with doubtful success; another pays the exorbitant price of death for his freedom; the daughter runs away to the city, poorly equipped to use or to enjoy her independence. There remains only the adolescent son, a puny youngster who gives little promise of ever being able to resist parental pressures.

The novelist evidently has drawn freely upon experience and observation for many of the episodes, some of which, although well executed, are not skilfully integrated into the novel, but seem detached and superimposed. The descriptive passages, mercifully brief, are excellent; the very feel of seaboard New England is here.

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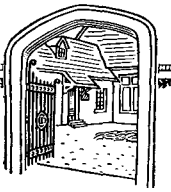

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(*Continued from page* 18)

we do not know enough, or the right things, or in the right way. To accuse him of anti-intellectualism is as ill-founded as to accuse him of death-worship, of savage-worship, or of child-worship. Lawrence is a great pessimist, it is true; but that is very different from being a negator of life: pessimism, when it has stature, is a form of tragic affirmation. As for "going savage," it is a subject on which he is very explicit; he writes of Melville's savages, "We can be in sympathy with them. We can take a great curve in their direction, onwards. But we cannot turn the current of our life backward." On the subject of child-worship, he is equally clear: "Every woman expects her baby to be a Messiah. It takes a man, not a baby." Indeed, far from making a cult of childhood, he condemns most of the civilized activities of mankind for their infantilism.

If there is anything of which Lawrence does make a cult, it is manhood. His hatred of the will is the negative program forged in his own childhood experience; the phallic quest is the positive program. It is man in the full assurance of his sexual self that Lawrence sets up for worship.

It was after his marriage that Lawrence began clearly to formulate his phallic mysticism. It is interesting that it was after his marriage, too, that his work began to take a new social direction. Lawrence's "natural aristocracy" had of course always been carefully nurtured by his mother from his earliest childhood; it was one of Mrs. Lawrence's major determinations to pass on to her son her own emotion of superiority to the coal-mining people among whom she lived. But it would seem that his marriage, opening social doors that had previously been closed to him and coinciding with his first establishment as a literary man, considerably increased Lawrence's early distaste for the mean sterile ways of the class in which he had been born. Yet, however much Lawrence is to be criticized for the pitilessness of his treatment of the proletarian class of his origin in the work of his middle years, there is obviously involved here much more than simple social ambition—if social ambition is ever simple. The venomousness with which Lawrence was capable of turning against his father's class is surely of the kind reserved for our self-hatreds, but even this class bias is part of the monolithic structure of his thought. From the Morel household Lawrence had learned that when man is robbed of

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his sexual dignity he is also robbed of authority. The restoration of manhood requires, then, the restoration of authority. And since authority was so absent from the Morel class, Lawrence assumed it must reside in the upper class.

The whole burden of a group of poems Lawrence wrote in his last years is a confession of, and apology for, this earlier belief in the inherent virtue of the superior classes.

> And so there came the saddest day
> when I had to tell myself plain:
> the upper classes are just a fraud,
> you'd better get down again.

And I think that "Lady Chatterley's Lover" must also be read as a work of recantation, for now it is an aristocrat, Sir Clifford, against whom Lawrence turns his anger and scorn; the ruthless moneymaking which is Sir Clifford's compensation for sexual impotence is the upper-class analogue to the money-grubbing of an emasculated proletariat. But before Lawrence makes this restitution, his social and political investigations have been seriously undermined by his readiness to confuse power with sexual pride. "There is no liberty for a man, apart from the god of his manhood," he writes, for instance, in his Mexican novel "The Plumed Serpent;" but then he adds, "All we can do is choose our master," and himself chooses the tyrannical, vain, intriguing Ramón. Ramón is a personification of the god Quetzalcoatl; in other words, he is a metaphor for the pre-Christian life of the blood-consciousness. But although Lawrence, to himself, can justify the dictatorial methods of a Ramón because they operate in the name of the phallic mystery, he quite fails to justify them to the modern reader trained especially to beware the political dangers of a power-urge wrapped round with mystical language.

And yet the extremes to which Lawrence's anti-democratic emotions carry him cannot be allowed to obscure the poetic truth that resides in his anti-egalitarianism. This truth has perhaps its best statement in "Studies in Classic American Literature," the volume in which Lawrence traces the outcome in our culture of the American sentiment of democracy. The history of American literature, he finds, is the history of two things—of our ever-increasing mental consciousness and of our ever-increasing desire to be masterless. "Which is all very well," he comments of the latter, "but it isn't freedom." And he goes on, "Men are less free than they imagine. . . . Men are free when they are obeying some deep inward voice of religious belief . . . when they are most unconscious of freedom. The shout

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is a rattling of chains, always was."

The rattling of chains was what Lawrence had of course heard behind the Italian shout of freedom after the war (he records it in "Sea and Sardinia") and behind the shouting of the Russian Revolution. To the man who measures the individual by the amount of "dark god" in him, and the political purpose by what it adds up to in terms of individuals, the ideals of socialism and communism have never presented themselves except as new forms of self-deception. Lawrence has his own idea of revolution:

> O! Start a revolution, somebody!
> not to instal the working classes
> but to abolish the working classes
> for ever
> and have a world of men.

Lawrence's world of men would very likely be a world peopled with Mellorses. Mellors is the hero of "Lady Chatterley's Lover," the gamekeeper for whom Lady Constance leaves her impotent husband; he is his author's complete protagonist—the solitary man, free of social commitment, sure in his sexual strength. A wholly naturalistic book, "Lady Chatterley" has no mystical paraphernalia. Its revelation is the revelation only of biology. It is a didactic novel, but, despite this didacticism, it has a quality both of reality and humanity that is not always present in Lawrence's fiction.

The quick warm touch of instinctive sympathy for his fellowman is indeed what we have always most missed in Lawrence's work—this and its counterpart, humor. Their absence is bound to be regretted. One of the things we all of us unconsciously seek in art, particularly in fiction, is the knowledge of ready love and forgiveness, the promise of the kind of understanding that is shared in laughter. But if, himself too tortured to be in the business of dispensing benevolences, Lawrence gives us no such reassurance, surely he gives us something that is often indicated instead of palliatives but almost never made available to us in art—a possible procedure for a fierce surgery upon our ailing world and selves. In the degree that our civilization daily comes closer to the point where perhaps only the most drastic therapy can be hoped to save it, his work has an extraordinary poetic significance. It is a metaphor against doom.

Diana Trilling, critic and writer, is the wife of Lionel Trilling, Professor of English at Columbia University. This essay has been adapted by Mrs. Trilling from her introduction to a collection of D. H. Lawrence's work to be published next month in the Viking Portable Library Series.

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Jim Crowism

QUALITY. By Cid Ricketts Sumner. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1946. 286 pp. $2.75.

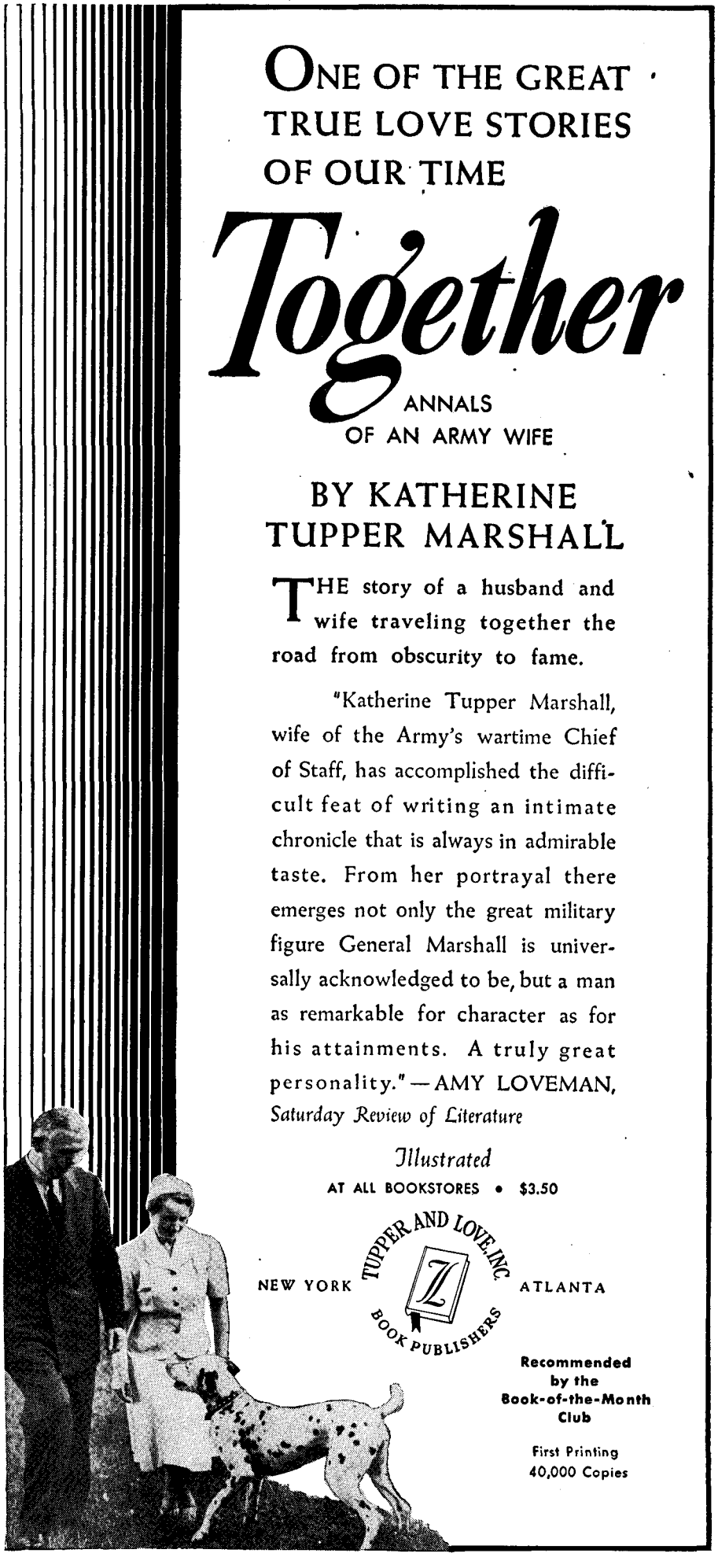
Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

IF TRUTH and earnestness and timely theme were enough, this could be accounted a first-class novel, and as a matter of fact when a book has all of these it must seem ungrateful to ask for more. But the more that could be asked—artistry, craftsmanship — would have raised this theme and truth above good statement to profound outcry.

Mrs. Sumner's story is about Pinkey Johnson, a beautiful young octoroon who can pass in white society and has already done so at college. Now she has returned to her family in a Mississippi town, to face the terrible consciousness of her place in that society. Everybody knows what that place is, from her grandmother to the cantankerous lady who owns the Big House on the hill. But Pinkey has had a taste of freedom and she cannot wipe its memory from her lips. She struggles, and she meets others who would struggle with her. And too, she comes upon the cruel and unyielding antagonist: Jim Crow, not only in bus and washroom, but Jim Crow in work and play, in education and property-owning, in every aspect of human relations.

Mrs. Sumner's statement is good and complete. She has brought every kind of evidence to bear upon this case—the Negro who will fight and the Negro who will yield, the thoughtful white man and the cruel and the cowardly, the kindly person who will not change things and the anarchist who will distort and destroy for the sake of change. Each is brought forward in his time, to make his statement, and Pinkey herself is catapulted through a lifetime of experience in several months, toward a knowledge of the whole terrible picture, and the small hope in it. The thoroughness of this effort to be all-inclusive is one weakness; too often do we hear these people as voices presenting every aspect of a debate, and too seldom do we see them in the full, passionate, unpredictable solidity of men and women.

Another weakness is the contrived happy ending, which all but nullifies the meaning of the book. You will have to forget that, to remember the truth about Pinkey's life. Yet the whole statement is none the less important because Mrs. Sumner has not made it artfully. It ought to be widely read, and I hope that it will be.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Seeing Things

GHOULS AND HOLLY

THE scene just happened to be Hyde Park. It could have been millions of homes in any land where English is spoken and, no doubt, in some where it is not. The center table in the long living room was pushed back. The Christmas tree, radiant with trimmings, was in place. Near it were piles of presents, waiting to be unwrapped.

It being Christmas Eve, the President sat in his accustomed rocker to one side of the fireplace and opened the familiar book, while his family gathered around him. The fire burned brightly. Above its crackle rose the President's voice — that wonderful voice as well known to people everywhere as the voice of their friends and families. It rose and fell rhythmically, as once again, according to annual ritual, "A Christmas Carol" was read aloud.

The man who many times had gathered a whole nation to his fireside now had only his family as his audience. Although peace on earth was palpably nearer than it had been, war was still spread throughout the world. The news from Europe this anxious Christmas had been darkened by the Battle of the Bulge. In the Pacific, Iwo Jima and Okinawa lay ahead, even if the man reading was not to live long enough to read of the latter victory.

It is Elliott Roosevelt who describes this Christmas Eve in a passage in "As He Saw It" which no one need regret. He was, he tells us, lying on the floor by the grate. His thoughts were wandering. In a little while he dozed off, as sons will when their fathers read out loud. He was awakened by a jab in his ribs and a fierce whisper in his ear. "You were snoring! Sit up!" He confesses he stole a sheepish glance at his father who only winked at him gravely and went on reading. He noticed that his father had forgotten to put a false tooth in its place in the front of his lower jaw. At almost the same moment Chris, Franklin Junior's three-year-old son, made the identical discovery.

The child was fascinated. He leaned forward and in a clear voice interrupted the President's reading. "Grandpère, you've lost a tooth!" Although the President smiled and went on, the child's interest in "A Christmas Carol" was gone. Presently he stood up and walked over quite close to Mr. Roosevelt, giving him that stare which parents dread because, when they see it on the faces of their young, it means only that something is forthcoming which no one can stop. "Grandpère," continued the little boy, a pointed finger almost in the President's mouth, "Grandpère, you've lost a tooth. Did you swallow it?"

Apparently that ended the reading of that year's Christmas lesson. "There's too much competition in this family for reading aloud," the President laughed and slammed the book shut.

"Next year," a member of the family commented, "it'll be a peacetime Christmas. And we'll all listen as good as gold."

"Next year," said Mrs. Roosevelt, "we'll *all* be home again."

Two years have slipped by since that particular Christmas Eve, and many—not all—are home again. Within the next few weeks family after family, out of seasonal habit, will once again be turning to Dickens's story. For it and Christmas have become synonymous. Although Dickens wrote "A Christmas Carol" one hundred and three years ago, it still shines like a lighted tree. Of all the Yuletide cards which since then have bent the backs of weary postmen it remains the most enduring among English-speaking people. Readers come back to it the way persons who are cold return to an open fire—to warm themselves.

In spite of the cheer it radiates, I must confess I never reopen "A Christmas Carol" without being surprised by it. Surprised on several counts. Most assuredly, it is not the book I remember between Christmases. A few days after re-encountering its final "And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God bless us every one!" it becomes again for me something as gay as the laugh of old Scrooge's pleasant nephew.

I remember its pages as being filled with church bells ringing out over snow-covered roofs. They seem to me in retrospect to be as bright as holly. It is the Fezziwigs dancing—old Fezziwig and his buxom wife who is "one vast, substantial smile"—that I remember. Yes, and the Cratchits eating, when the carving knife is being plunged into the goose. It is of families happily gathered indoors when the pudding is singing in the copper and the gravy hissing hot, or of people full of the season's good will saluting each other on the snow-blanketed streets outside, that I think. And, of course, of mean old Scrooge who learns at last to celebrate Christmas.

WHAT I forget is how painfully Scrooge is taught his lesson. Each year the terrors of the book vanish into thin air for me as surely as do its Spirits. I find, stupidly enough, I do not recall that it is a ghost story about goodness in which Dickens employs terror as a weapon of conversion. I am taken aback each December to discover in what affection we all hold a yarn whose business is to frighten us. Surely, "A Christmas Carol" is not the marshmallow of popular recollection. Indeed, I can think of no other short narrative in which horror and happiness, chills and cheer, ghosts and goodness, and Poe and Pollyanna are so blended.

If ever a man was scared into virtue, Scrooge is that penitent. Any miscreant, regardless of how vile, would have celebrated Christmas, had he been exposed to what old Scrooge was. Granting the Scrooge we first encounter is a model "meanie," no wonder he undergoes a change of heart. Few villains have been dipped in blacker ink than that used at the outset to establish Scrooge.

When we meet him, there is no mistaking what he is. He is a "squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous, old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his

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pointed nose, shrivelled his cheek, stiffened his gait; made his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. . . . He carried his own low temperature always about with him; he iced his office in the dog days; and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas. No warmth could warm, no wintry weather chill him. No wind that blew was bitterer than he, no falling snow was more intent upon its purpose, no pelting rain less open to entreaty."

As for Christmas, old Scrooge hated the very mention of it. "Bah!" he would cry, following this with the inevitable "Humbug!" as surely as midnight follows dusk. "If I could work my will," he remarked to his cheerful nephew who had committed the crime of wishing him a Merry Christmas, "every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips, should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart."

That is the initial Scrooge; Scrooge before the ghosts have got him; Scrooge before the cadavers have cured him. The final Scrooge, the Scrooge who emerges from the concluding pages, is a very different man. He is the fellow warm of heart, benevolent of disposition, who oozes charity. He is the man who leans out of a window to order a turkey, the fattest turkey in the store, for the Cratchits; a turkey so busty that its legs would have snapped under its weight, had it ever attempted to walk. He is the cheerful old codger whose ears now welcome the very sound of "Merry Christmas" as one of the world's blithest melodies. He walks, all sunshine, about the snowy, fog-bound streets of London. In short, having been as bad as only a bad Dickens character can be, Scrooge is at last as good as only a good man in Dickens is.

Why has old Scrooge learned "how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge"? First of all, it is because of Marley's ghost —Marley, whose dead face gleams on Scrooge's doorknocker on Christmas Eve; Marley, who in the full transparency of ghostdom comes up to Scrooge's lonely room, dragging his chains after him on the stairs. Yes, it is because of the dead Marley who, while talking to the living Scrooge, takes off the bandage from around his head allowing his jaw to drop hideously upon his breast.

Marley's is not the only ghost to haunt these pages bristling with ghouls and holly. Scrooge's conversion in "A Christmas Carol" is divided, like a symphony, into movements. Directly after Marley's Spirit vanishes, comes the Ghost of Christmas Past. Then

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Although these three ghosts bring pleasant memories before Scrooge's eyes — and ours — they whisk the miserable miser away on journeys calculated to scare not the daylights but the darkness out of him. To be sure, they allow him—and us—to look upon the agreeable scenes from his vanished youth, and to see the happiness Scrooge has denied himself and others in the present. But they do not spare Scrooge any of the horrors which at last chill his heart into warmth. We almost begin to feel sorry for Scrooge before his proper punishments are over. Especially when the Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come forces him to look upon his own corpse as, cold and friendless on his deathbed, Scrooge is being robbed by the poor people who hate him.

Rarely has a reformer so unhinged the vertebrae to cheer the heart as

(Continued on page 90)

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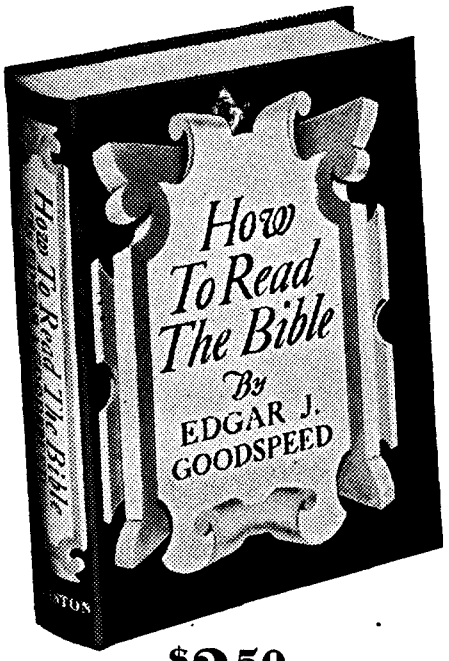

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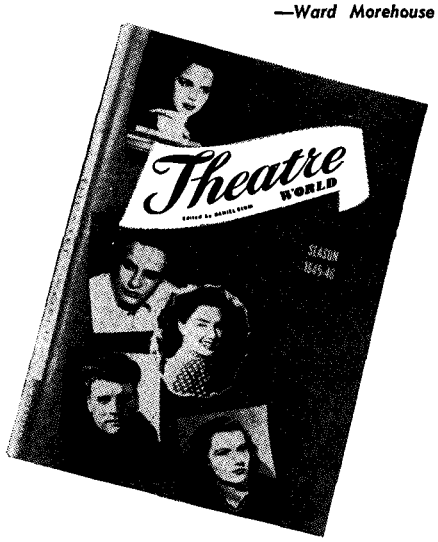

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Dickens has done. The real wonder is that we are apt to remember "A Christmas Carol" not for its ghouls but for its goodness, and to accept it as the finest expression our language knows of what should be the Christmas spirit. No doubt we do this because, though Dickens delighted in melodrama and had an ambulance-chaser's absorption with death, no English-speaking writer has ever boasted a greater zest for living.

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No wonder when "A Christmas Carol" was published that Thackeray exclaimed, "Who can listen to objections regarding such a book as this? It seems to me a national benefit, and to every man or woman who reads it a personal kindness."

JOHN MASON BROWN.

Small Parcel of Whimsy

MY BIRD SINGS. By Oriel Malet. New York: Doubleday & Co. 1946. 248 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by NANCY GROBERG CHAIKIN

THIS little parcel of whimsy (and everyone will call it whimsy, from the publisher right down to the last reader) will delight or irritate you, according to how thick you like your whimsy spread and what you expect to find underneath when you wipe it away to look at the substance. For Miss Malet gives us, as a young girl's dream or remembrance of some other life (she is rather vague as to which) the story of three nineteenth-century French girls, who are adopted by wealthy guardians and taken to live in a castle, and who are given to all sorts of whimsical pursuits. Her story is told in the tone of a fantasy, a coy fairy-tale tone which, while it is often reminiscent of A. A. Milne, is never quite up to his standards.

Hanging from the story like broken wings are the prologue and the epilogue (in the first of which young Carola, about to be married, is prompted by an antique mirror to dream the "dream" of the French girls who lived in the castle in which it originally hung), constituting a fantastic device which does little or nothing for the story and might, I think, have been wisely omitted. The body of the book, the story of Pauline, Camille, and Cosette, does have its own peculiar charm, however; and in the telling one discovers Miss Malet's gift, a fine sensitivity to the swift delights and the strange sufferings of childhood, a genuine feeling for the appeal of the more delicate childish activities and thoughts which, perhaps more in remembering than in experiencing, seem beautiful to us. Her book is pervaded by a strong nostalgia, not merely for the intense pleasure of sensitive youth, but for the romantic era of which she writes. We are very strongly drawn to these children of another world, and we cannot help being delighted, occasionally, by the poor, misguided figure of Miss Euphemia Figge, who calls herself Mlle. Figue when she is in France, and furiously writes new chapters to her "Theory of Education" as she trains these bewildering children.

While Miss Malet's characterization is extremely sharp, she is too strongly devoted to her coy, fairy-tale method, and when the children begin to approach their late teens and marriage, the very precious, sugar-sweet treatment seems excessive, at times quite incongruous. Cinderella has found her Prince Charming (we had identified him, as a matter of fact, back on page 52), and we wonder whether it isn't something of an imposition to expect us to go on in this mood right through to the end of a novel which has, for many pages now, purported to more significance than a child's legend. The epilogue, half supernatural insinuation, half rationalization, does not settle anything either. Nothing is quite substantial. The story does not seem to be designed for the children; but is it, after all, designed for us?

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It's Pronounced Lou-a-ville

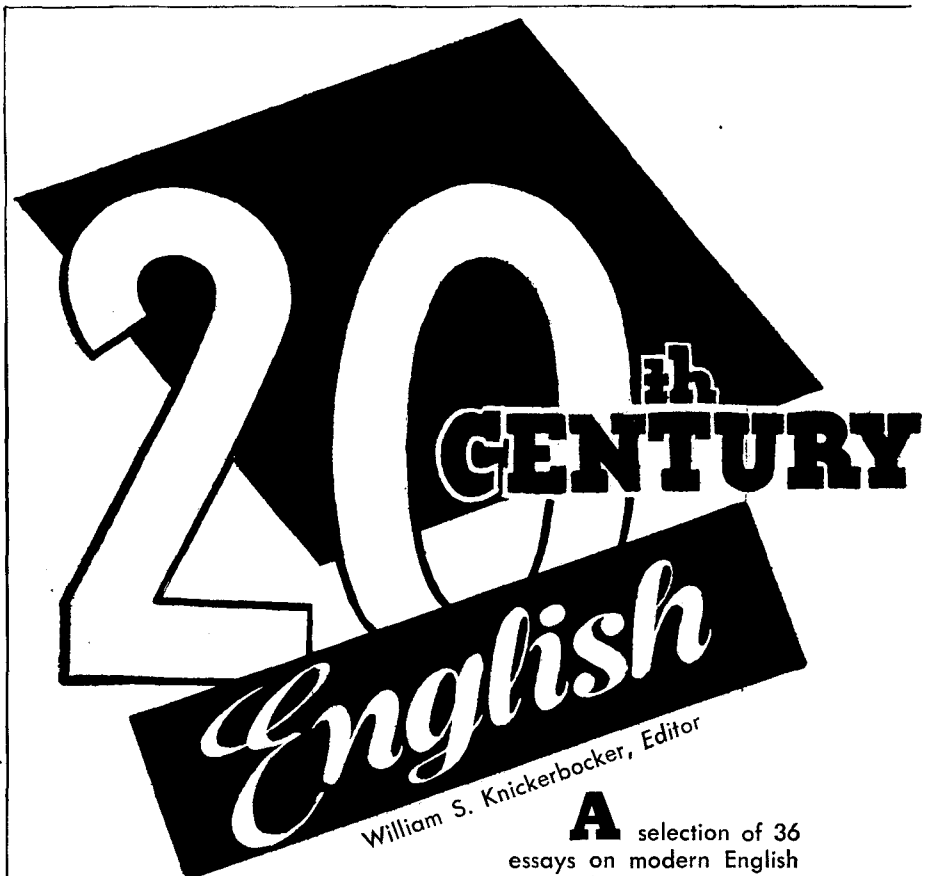
LOUISVILLE: THE GATEWAY CITY. By Isabel McClennan McMeekin. Illustrated by Orville Carroll. New York: Julian Messner, Inc. 1946. 279 *pp.* $3.

Reviewed by BASIL DAVENPORT

THE latest addition to the series of Cities of America Biographies is this story of one of the most charming of American cities, as any Louisvillian will tell you. Lying on that river which was a part of Mason and Dixon's Line, Louisville has to a remarkable extent most of the characteristic virtues of the South without most of the South's characteristic defects. It has charm without languor, gaiety and good living without idleness, aristocracy without snobbery. Perhaps "aristocracy" is the wrong word (although it is true that Louisvillians are modestly proud of never having had a Social Register—we don't need a book to tell *us* whom we know); it is, rather, a strong sense of family, of family ties and obligations, a sense of family which extends in a way to take in the whole city. People who were born there, or who came there to live, long after Mary Anderson had left Louisville, had left the stage, had been almost forgotten, still remember her as an actress and a beauty, and take pride in her as a fellow-Louisvillian. Not everyone knows where Fontaine Fox or D. W. Griffith or Justice Louis Brandeis comes from—but everyone in Louisville knows! And yet, with all this family feeling, there can be few places where a stranger, coming for a few days or a lifetime, is more warmly made to feel at home.

Much, very much, of this is to be felt in Mrs. McMeekin's book, which begins with George Rogers Clark's settlement on Corn Island in 1778, and comes down, with abundant quotations from old letters, newspapers, and books of travel, through the great keelboat and steamboat days; through that war which, as becomes a citizen of that city which was so bitterly divided, brother against brother, Mrs. McMeekin calls indifferently the Civil War, the War Between the States, and the war which my mother's generation speaks of as "*our* war"—World War I; on down to the present. There is much of Louisville in the story of a Northern visitor, in the depths of the depression, who was astonished to find that her very moderately circumstanced hosts had a colored man who did nothing but wind the clocks—yes, but he was the uncle of the half-brother of their old nurse, and whatever they had to do without, they couldn't turn *him* off. There is, perhaps unconsciously, a great deal of Louisville in Mrs. McMeekin's slightly apologetic remark that Zachary Taylor was the only Louisvillian to become President of the United States, a limitation which somehow suggests Oscar Browning's famous statement that William II was quite the nicest emperor he had ever met. And there is a great deal of Louisville in her chapters on Louisvillians who have distinguished themselves, especially in the arts; where the inclusion of some rather minor names suggests the kindly anxiety of a good hostess that no one shall be overlooked. (After all, it was in Louisville that a visiting lecturer rashly declared that America had as yet produced no poets of the absolutely first rank, and was later rebuked with, "I take it, sir, you are not familiar with the work of our Kentucky bards.")

And over all, the quotations from distinguished visitors, the many anecdotes, the constant stream of the most agreeable gossip, past and pres-



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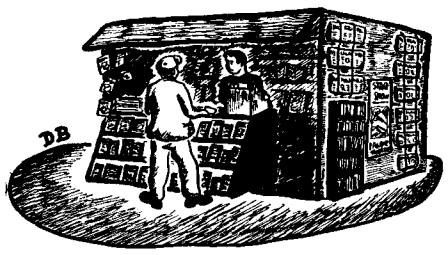
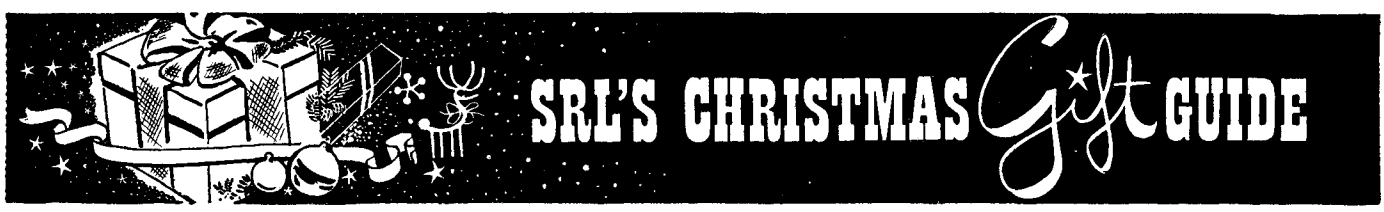
ent, do indeed give the real feeling of Louisville.

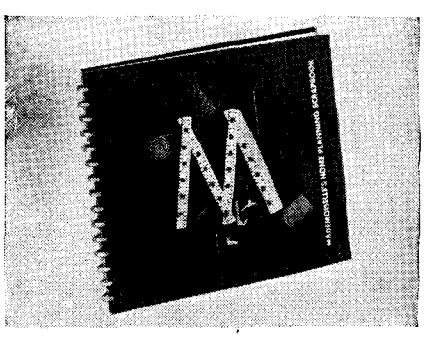
It seems ungrateful to ask for more; and yet one must point out that there is another side to Louisville. It would have been well to say, in the faint hope of getting something done about it, that downtown Louisville is and always has been appallingly shabby; that the "smog" (river-fog mixed with soft-coal smoke, which can make it necessary to drive with lights on at ten in the morning) is a disgrace, and, as the unheeded example of St. Louis has shown, a needless disgrace; and that, as a letter-writer to the *Courier-Journal* declared with more truth than logic, "Next to Oslo, Louisville has more rats than people." Also one cannot help feeling that a city is something more than a place where



people consume country ham and mint juleps, ride off to the wars or the races, and talk to old colored retainers, however charmingly. A city is, for one thing, a place where a lot of people get their livings; for another, it is a place whose character is determined by certain factors, geographical and other. Mrs. McMeekin does indeed show a sense of the importance of the river trade, and of Louisville's location on the Falls of the Ohio while the great river-boating days lasted, but after the close of the paddle-wheel steamer era, there is hardly a line as to how Louisville is supported, nor any speculation as to how she came to be what she is.

But if the book is superficial, the surface it presents is as gay and varied as can be. It has been said earlier that Mrs. McMeekin is like a hostess to her characters; she is also hostess to her readers, anxious that they shall see all the beauty and none of the ugliness during their stay, that they shall talk to everybody worth knowing, that they shall have a delightful and somewhat breathless time. She will take you on a visit to a city which not only Louisvillians, but all its visitors, declare to be one of the most charming in America.





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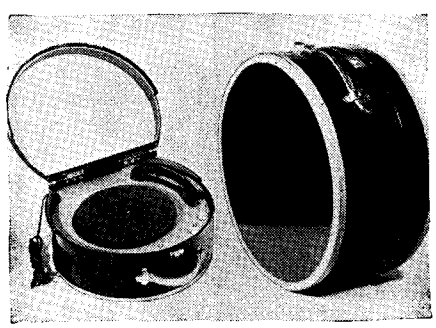

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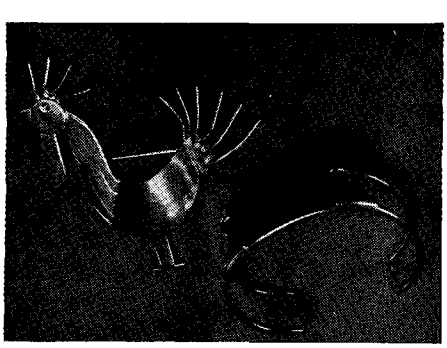

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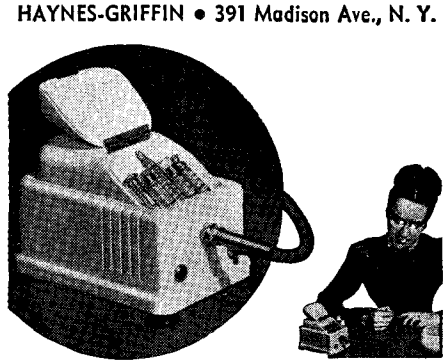

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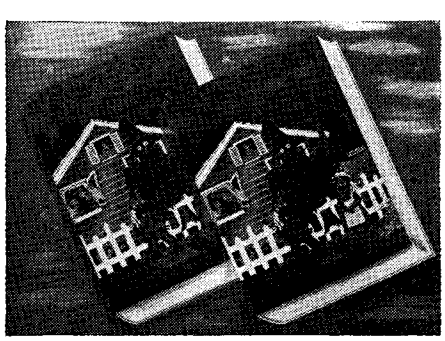

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Emotional Music

JAZZ: HOT AND HYBRID. By Winthrop Sargeant. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 1946. 266 pp. $5.

SHINING TRUMPETS. By Rudi Blesh. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, Inc. 1946. 365 pp. $5.

Reviewed by RICHARD B. GEHMAN

THE bibliography of jazz, never extensive, has been swelled this season by a sudden spate of books. Here are two recent arrivals (one a reissue) which should command the attention of most jazz enthusiasts.

Mr. Sargeant, who has been one of the hands around the Henry Luce corral for several years (he was formerly music and art editor of *Time* and is now a staff writer for *Life*), presents in his book a roundup of his attempts at jazz analysis. He suggests that idiomatic phrases, identifiable as characteristics of jazz, have roots in Negroid and European music, and he does a careful job of listing sources and examples. He then goes on to sum up what he believes to be the place of jazz in the culture of today:

> Jazz . . . has not proved itself an art of sufficient poetic or intellectual scope to take the place in civilized society occupied by the great art of concert and operatic music. But in both its "folk" and its "popular" forms, it is an art to be reckoned with. . . . It has the quality of vitality that characterizes music designed to fill a real and thirsty demand. It has more of this vitality than a great deal of contemporary highbrow music has. Even the popular tunes of such commercial tunesmiths as Irving Berlin and Vincent Youmans convey human emotions. . . . At a time when most highbrow symphonists seem conspicuously unable to convey this sort of emotion with any freshness and originality, jazz has shown a remarkable capacity for ingratiating itself with a widening musical public. . . . It is rapidly becoming the world's most universally welcomed popular art form. And there can be no doubt that the world is the richer for it.

Now, a feeling for jazz, and a knowledge of it, is developed by listening to countless "live" sessions and phonograph records; by talking to jazz musicians and other admirers of the music, by reading the limited number of books available, and by approach-

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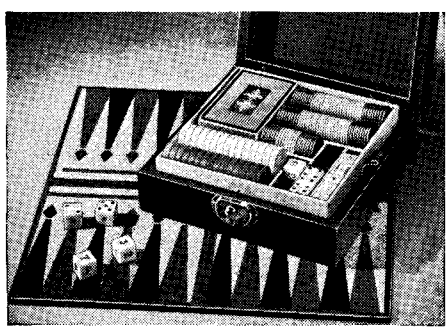

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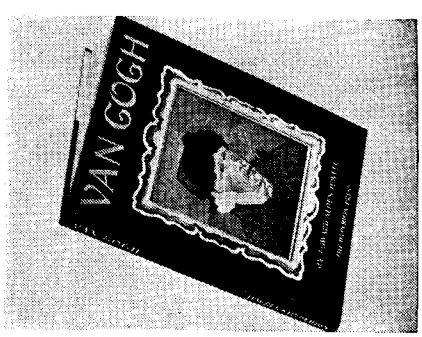

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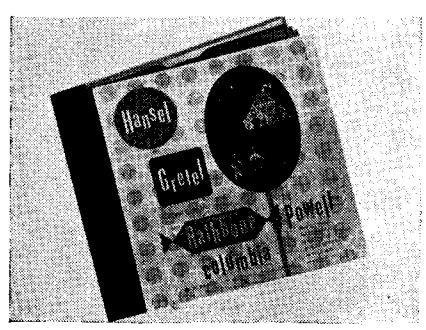

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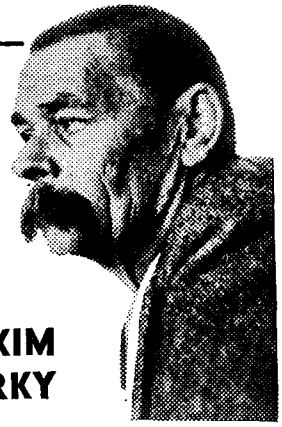

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ing it with an open mind and a willingness to take it for what it is worth. Mr. Sargeant seems to have developed a certain benevolence toward jazz, but most of his book sounds as though it was written down his nose. While he has unquestionably devoted a great deal of his time to research, there is some question as to how much of it has been in the direction of real jazz.

Many will question, for example, the validity of classifying popular dance music, such as that of Gershwin and Berlin, as jazz, and doubt that the "hybrid" music of which Mr. Sargeant speaks is jazz at all. Many will look askance at his rather off-hand dismissal of New Orleans and Chicago styles. And many will wonder what sort of music he has been listening to when he says, "Separate a brass solo from its context and it means very little." (Obviously, Mr. Sargeant has not listened carefully to the ensemble work of Louis Armstrong, whose solos make good sense in and out of "context." Nor, apparently, has he heard much of the music of the late Bix Beiderbecke, who is mentioned only twice, and then casually, in his book; nor of other well known trumpeters and trombonists.

"Jazz: Hot and Hybrid" was originally issued in 1938. The new edition includes ten thousand additional words of text. It is regrettable that Mr. Sargeant, in the eight years between publication of his first and second editions, did not seek out more authentic documentation, and differentiate more clearly between popular Tin Pan Alley music and jazz itself.

"Shining Trumpets" is the result of a study of origins, and affords scant space to "hybrids," extensions, and influences. Mr. Blesh takes the reader, by means of narrative, well-constructed charts, and pictures, as well as samples of jazz scores, from the early days to modern times. On the whole, he is accurate; his information seems to have been checked and rechecked, and his book is one that should stand as a rich source of material for historians for some time to come. There are also a warmth and a quality of admiration about the book which make it a pleasure to read.

Yet one cannot help feeling Mr. Blesh and Mr. Sargeant have attempted panoramic portraits of a subject too broad even for the widest lens. Their contributions are valuable, but it is to be hoped that future chroniclers will concentrate on details, and segments, and thereby increase our understanding and knowledge of this significant part of our native culture.

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Taking the Blitz in Stride

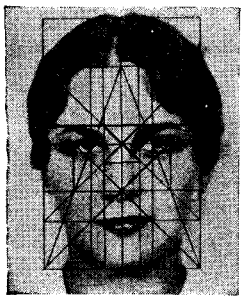
BACKSTAGE WITH JOE. By Jack Aistrop New York: Roy Publishers. 1946. 168 pp. $2.50.

Reviewed by NATHAN L. ROTHMAN

MR. AISTROP'S little novel about British soldiers and a lot of other little people, taking the blitz in London and having a laugh over it, is an interesting experiment in ways of getting the effect of immediacy. He gets it by the employment of everything that will suggest movement and restlessness and imminent change: letters, flashbacks, brief snatches of conversation, brief black-out bits of action like a camera opening and shutting again to get exactly what it wants and no more. It is pieced, kaleidoscopic, quite vivid in a glittery way; but I believe that on the whole Mr. Aistrop loses as much as he gains. He gains the quick, running, all-over surface view, a bird's-eye view if you like. He loses everything under that. He has stripped his writing clean of all rumination and development; no probing here. But development and probing are the ways to reveal differences and meanings. Without them one soldier is apt to look and sound so very much like another soldier, one girl like another, and the effect, glittering and swift as it is, will presently seem to be hypnotic, as though achieved with whirling lights.

Mr. Aistrop suggests that he makes a conscious detour of sentiment, of pity, of rage against death, in the way that the R. A. F. had of commenting indifferently that a beloved comrade had "gone for a burton." But is not the evasion of profound sentiment a kind of inverted sentimentality in itself?

All of this movement and flash of fire in the night, this quick fluttering of images, without the natural accompaniment of nervous and passionate reaction, is like a man without a shadow, pantomimic and unreal. Mr. Aistrop has not, however, maintained his technique too stringently. There are several sections, one describing a bloody skirmish, another the experience of a psychotic becoming conscious of his psychic lesions, that are beautifully done because they have the time and development they need. Mr. Aistrop can write; whatever he does has the recognizable quality of craftsmanship in it.



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(*Continued from page* 19)

tain Ellis M. Zacharias. Indeed what is now of foremost interest to the public is first hand accounts of what was before in part surmise, in part incomplete reporting. Books of this sort are beginning to appear, volumes like Kurt Schussnigg's "Austrian Requiem" (Putnam) in which one of the principal players in the drama which ended in disaster when Hitler swooped on Austria tells the inside story of his frantic efforts to save his country.

Though contemporary events still usurp a great part of the public interest, the past, too, as represented by history and biography has remained in full favor. The American Civil War, a never-failing subject, goes on spawning new works as before. "Letters from Lee's Army" (Scribners), by Captain Charles Minor Blackford III, "Lincoln's War Cabinet" (Little, Brown), by Burton J. Hendrick, "Mr. Lincoln's Camera Man" (Scribners), by Mathew Brady, a truly fascinating collection of Brady photographs, "A Star Pointed North" (Harpers), by Edmund Fuller, an excellent biography of Frederick A. Douglas—these are but a few of the publications in this field. To glance, and do no more, at other eras and other lands there's a brilliant study by Harold Nicolson of "The Congress of Vienna" (Harcourt, Brace), a work which is of absorbing interest not only because of the fascination of its subject matter but because of the amazing parallelism, never pointed out but always implicit in the book, between problems of the Napoleonic Wars' peace and that of our own days.

The American scene, whether treated in fictional or factual form, remains a favorite subject with present-day writers. Their approach may be political and regional, as in Governor Ellis A. Arnall's "The Shore Dimly Seen" (Lippincott), in which Georgia's courageous Chief Executive writes of the South as he knows it and of problems in solution and still to be solved; or political and national, as in Jonathan Daniels's "Frontier on the Potomac" (Macmillan) with its lively portraits of persons and personalities, and its exposition, through example and story, of how government functioned in wartime; or political and local as in W M. Reddig's forthcoming "Tom's Town" (Lippincott), an account of Kansas City and the Pendergast dynasty which has enough dramatic incident to fit out a dozen success novels and crime stories, but in all instances the chronicle is racy, illuminating, and revealing. The novelists, in addition, have frequently relied on recent history for motivation, as has Robert Penn Warren in his striking study of a dictator, based on the career of Huey Long, "All the King's Men" (Harcourt, Brace), a book impressive in its portrayal and characterization, and Jerome Weidman in "Too Early to Tell" (Reynal & Hitchcock), a savage tirade against a war agency which can be easily identified with the OWI. Frederic Wakeman in "The Hucksters" (Rinehart) has also dipped his pen in bile and scores radio advertising agencies with no more mercy than Mr. Weidman shows for his bureau of psychological combat.

John Marquand, as ever the admirable craftsman, exercises his ironical talent on young American womanhood, confused and restless, in "B. F.'s Daughter" (Little, Brown) which poses a problem without actually offering a solution for it. Ruth Moore in "Spoonhandle" (Morrow) develops the Maine locale, while Sholom Asch in "East River" (Putnam) recreates East Side New York as the immigrant knew it.

Two themes have come out strongly in the fiction of the past year—the religious and the racial. In the former category belong such books as Robert Graves's "King Jesus" (Creative Age), an impressive work; "Barabbas" (Prentice-Hall), by Emery Bekessy and Andreas Hemberger; "The Herdsman" (Westminster Press), by Dorothy Clarke Wilson, a story of the prophet Amos; "David the King" (Dial Press), a long and interesting elaboration of the Biblical hero's role; and many another tale. Into the second fall novels like "The Foxes of Harrow" (Dial), by Frank Yarby, "Willow Hill" (Reynal & Hitchcock), and Ann Petry's "The Street" (Houghton Mifflin), all of them dealing with the Negro; and such books as Jo Sinclair's "Wasteland" and Laura Hobson's "Gentlemen's Agreement" (Simon & Schuster), both of them dealing with anti-Semitism and both of them still to be published. Into these books has gone a fervent and crusading spirit, indignation at injustice, hatred of prejudice. Not fiction, but none the less addressed to the many are Dorothy M. Baruch's

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balanced, temperate, and understanding study of racial antagonism, "Glass House of Prejudice" (Morrow) and Margaret Halsey's broad-minded, intelligent, and lively discussion of the Negro problem in "Color Blind" (Simon & Schuster). Miss Halsey treated the same subject in her "Some of My Best Friends Are Soldiers." But there she approached it through fiction. Her quick wit, her lively style, and her profound earnestness lose no whit of their effectiveness in her non-fiction discussion.

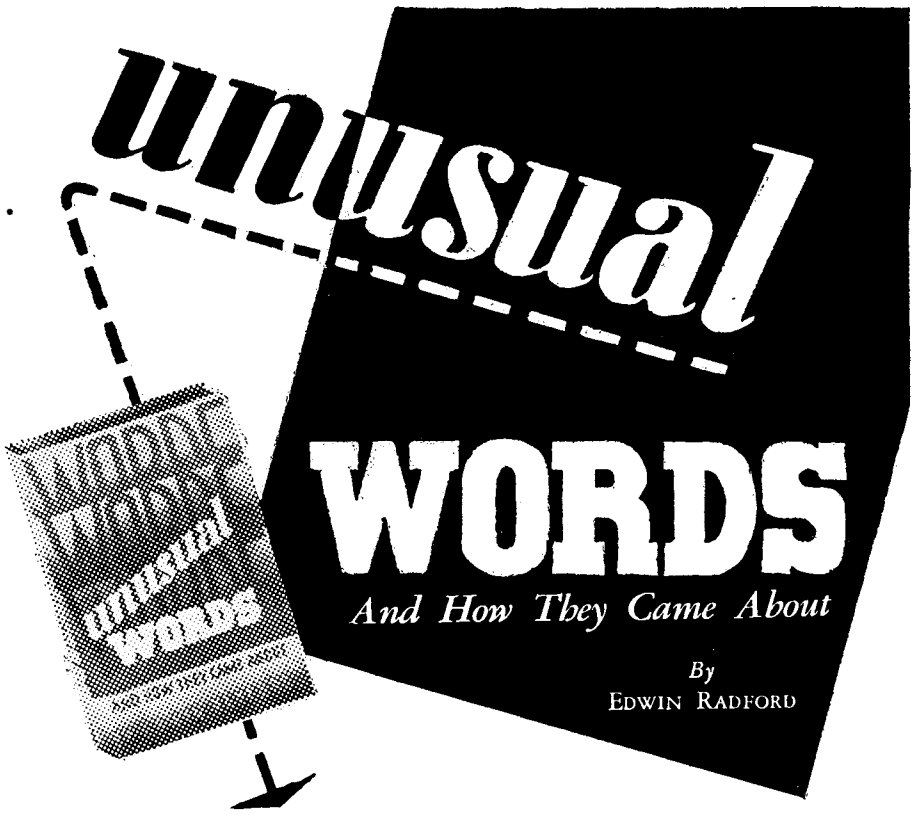
But though there is a new and pervasive attempt to treat problems of race and religion in fiction, that has by no means diminished the flow of uncontroversial romance. As always there have been historical novels—Hermann Kesten's "Ferdinand and Isabella" (Wyn), C. F. Forester's "Lord Hornblower" (Little, Brown), the final volume in the Hornblower series, "The Fields" (Knopf), by Conrad Richter, "Holdfast Gaines" (Macmillan), by Odell Shepard and Willard Shepard; there have been detective stories galore, and tales of adventure and business. The proletarian novel, so striking a feature of the literary scene a few years ago, serves temporarily at least to have yielded the field to the novel having to do with race or personal problem. Sex, perversion, alcoholism are common themes, treated with a frankness and realism which would make the Oscar Wilde ostracizers writhe.

There has been, of course, during the last year many an example of the novel that never grows stale—the novel that deals with character and behavior caught in the web of daily living. "The River" (Little, Brown), by Rumer Godden, "The Sudden Guest" (Coward-McCann), by Christopher LaFarge, "Astor Kings" (Norton), by Humphrey Pakington, a very English but characteristically urbane book, "Britannia Mews" (Little, Brown), by Margery Sharp, these all belong in the last classification. The novel of foreign background has had some exceedingly interesting representation, notably in "The Seventh of October" (Knopf), the final volume of Jules Romains's long Men of Good Will series, and in Curzio Malaparte's "Kaputt" (Dutton), a remarkable and horrifying portrayal of fascist Europe.

A form of literature which has always been popular but which during the past year has taken on new impetus is the anthology. To name a half dozen is to name but a few of the many that have appeared: "I Wish I'd Written That" (Whittlesey House), edited by Eugene Wood; "Furrow's End" (Greenberg), a collection of farm stories edited by David Greenberg; "Strange and Fantastic Stories" (Whittlesey House), edited by Joseph Margolies; "The Practical Cogitator" (Houghton Mifflin), "the thinkers' anthology" and a book full of wisdom chosen with the nicest discrimination by Charles P. Curtis and Ferris Greenslet; "The Pleasure of Their Company" (Knopf), which Louis Kronenberger has compiled with admirable taste from a wide acquaintance with the best in literature, and the surprisingly interesting "Treasury of Gambling Stories" (Ziff-Davis), edited by Robert K. Brunner.

In the field of literary biography there have been several interesting volumes — Ferris Greenslet's "The Lowells and Their Seven Worlds" (Houghton Mifflin), "The Happy Profession" (Little, Brown), in which one of the most distinguished editors of his day, Ellery Sedgwick, fails to reveal the alchemy by which he won deserved prestige for *The Atlantic Monthly*, "Balzac" (Viking), by the late Stefan Zweig, "Stendhal" (Doubleday), by Matthew Josephson.

All in all a year that produced no great literature, no even highly significant book, but a great many of lively interest and many of importance to the orientation of current thought.



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Hunger and Vice

TEMPTATION. By John Pen. New York: Creative Age Press. 1946. 616 pp. $3.

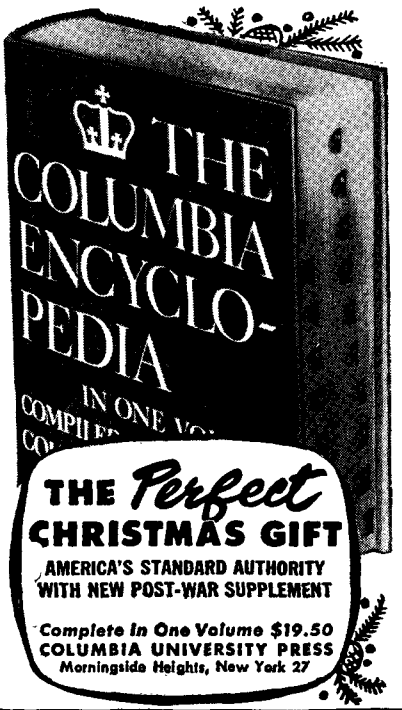
Reviewed by ROBERT PICK

NOT always has the right attention been devoted to the historical fact that it was Hungary where fascism first came into being. It started with the "white terror" of the 1919 counter-revolution, and before long blossomed into features since well known to the world —para-military formations, mounting discrimination against any kind of opposition, social acceptability of murderers, large-scale thieves, and counterfeiters. Hungary, ruled over by His Serene Highness Admiral Horthy, is the scene of the present novel written by a liberal Hungarian whose previously published story "You Can't Do That to Svoboda" was a nice paraphrase of the eternal Good Soldier Schwejk theme.

"Temptation" tells the story of Béla, the illegitimate son of a Budapest servant girl of peasant stock. He is brought up by a professional "aunt" in the country, attracts the interest of a progressive teacher, and after a pathetic incident, now a lad of fifteen, is taken back by his mother. Of Hungarian peasant life we see little in that first part. Hunger and human vileness are the predominant impressions of Béla's early days. And hunger it is again in Budapest.

By that time Béla's mother ekes out a living as a washerwoman, and by giving board to a streetwalker—a more than precarious life between the continuous threat of eviction from her miserable quarters on the one hand, and continuous starvation on the other. She places the boy with one of the great hotels in town, and his experiences there are just about what you would expect them to be. The detailed description of the affair of the handsome, intelligent bellboy with a lovesick society woman will most certainly enliven the current discussion on the treatment of sex in contemporary fiction.

Mr. Pen may be honestly intent on showing the impact of the moves of a licentious upper crust on an underprivileged boy. But the manner in which he writes his sex scenes defeats their purpose through overstrong colors. Nor does he make credible his young hero's preservation of decency and integrity. Toward its end, moreover, the story becomes rather hectic, its incidents more violent. There is a bit too much of everything in it, although it is by no means dull reading.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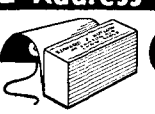

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The New Recordings

DON'T BUY IT!

DON'T buy that new Christmas phonograph! If you do you'll soon be wishing you hadn't. Many machines now being sold to you for the Christmas season are deliberately and disgracefully obsolete. In spite of advertising claims, these new sets are designed to keep you in ignorance and confusion as to radical improvements imminent in both radio and phonograph reproduction—and thereby maintain the profitable status quo as long as possible.

How is your new set obsolete? (1) If your new set does not include frequency modulation (FM) in its radio section it is obsolete. FM (you cannot hear it on your "standard" radio) will soon replace virtually all present-day standard radio broadcasting. It will revolutionize the *standards of quality you expect* in the sound you hear reproduced—whether by radio or from records. What you hear via FM radio you will also demand from your phonograph. But the newer records are already so advanced that (2) your new phonograph is quite unable to cope with the more natural frequency range even now built into the records you buy. You hear only a shadow of what is on the record. Why? First, your pick up, probably, is a pre-war crystal type, reproducing nothing above roughly 6000 cycles; or it may be one of the lavishly advertised new types—at least one of which (taking advantage of your present prejudice) is designed not to reproduce any sound over 4000 cycles! Yet in real music the ear hears tones to 15,000 cycles; FM radio can bring you all of these tones. You should require, now, a pick up that will reproduce up to 10,000 cycles. You can buy a replacement cartridge today for considerably less than ten dollars that will do just that. Your new set doesn't have it.

Second, the speaker in your new set is probably as limited as the pick up. Yet even now you can replace it with a considerably better one for a reasonable sum. That better speaker should have been standard equipment. Third, your amplifier too is proportionately weak; it could have been built to better quality specifications if demanded.

The key to the situation is FM. For as long as you, the public, have not had a chance to hear and live with FM you will be quite satisfied with the present state of affairs. Worse; at first you won't like FM. It's different, and you'll immediately associate the unfamiliar higher tones with the cruel and piercing distortions that you've always tuned out via the tone control. Of course you prefer that "mellow" tone! It's the least painful sound you know. And the industry is out to keep you preferring it. But don't be a dupe. Ask one of the many who already own or have heard FM sets, throughout the country. Once your ear is broken in—a few weeks' is time enough—you'll never be satisfied with less quality than FM can give you. And it should cost you no more.

Can't you see one good reason why FM has been so strangely long in its debut, why it is arbitrarily restricted now to the super-deluxe models few of us can buy; why it is buried in small type in radio set advertising? As long as you can be kept in ignorance of FM's potentialities you will continue to buy obsolete radios and phonographs.

Another reason for delay, and a legitimate one, is that FM means a fundamental change in the standards of fidelity you will require in your new equipment and hence a drastic revision of many manufacturing processes, which at this point are more than industry can cope with. Hence, rather than make promises, industry continues to sell you the status quo. But still more important in FM delay is the fact that FM has for the first time since commercial radio began offered a real chance for wholesale invasion of new blood, new interests, new ideas into the tight, inflexible, existing radio setup. You are no doubt blissfully unaware of the incredible pushings and jockeyings for control that this has precipitated. The newcomers have fought stubbornly to get in; the present interests have fought as determinedly to maintain their position after the coming shift and almost all standard stations already have FM affiliates on the air or in the building. The fuss over the recent FCC blue book on radio practice is only one symptom of the nervous state of radio at this point.

But all this aside, when FM is finally brought to you, when the big-time advertising is turned on, where will you be, with your obsolete radio and phonograph?

EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

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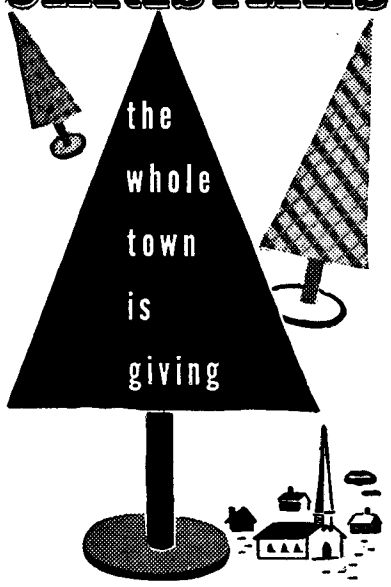

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the Phoenix Nest

POST-WAR

Barron

IN CLASSROOMS Barron sometimes titters,
And Barron's eyes are gold that glitters
To match his coat lapel's gold eagle.
His coat is tailored, rich and regal.

And I must always be reminded
That Barron for a year was blinded
And, mute and naked, lay forgotten
In prison camps where life was rotten.

Lacey

Lacey might have been a college playboy,
But playing fighter-pilot made him grim.
Lacey looks at me upon my daïs
As though I seem a playboy now to him.

Bean

Veterans can change a class
To a military court
Or a soldier's final Mass.

Classroom laughter, though, of Bean
Sounds like laughter in a bar
Or a furlough-night latrine.

Snoyer

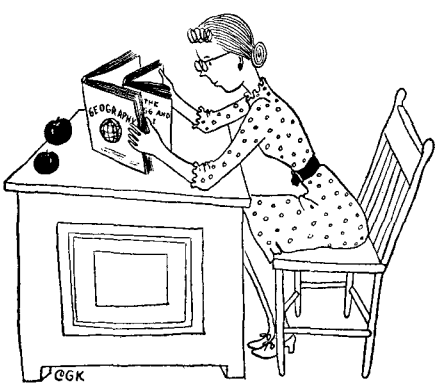
When the class is dismissed, only Snoyer remains;
Curiosity shows through the candor he feigns:
"In the Army were *teachers* sent out like the rest?
Did they lie down and die at a Captain's request?
Did they shatter their spectacles digging a ditch?
Did they sweat, did they swear, did they grumble and bitch?"
But he most wants to hear that like Snoyer himself
There were others who sat out the War on a shelf
In Miami, the Pentagon, Paris, or Rome:
"I suppose that professors were stationed near home?"

MAURICE JOHNSON.

* * *

My good friends, I heartily apologize to you for having attributed to the late Ted Robinson the poem, "Canopus." Earle Walbridge, Chris Morley, and others have sadly shaken their heads at me. The poem is, of course, by Bert Leston Taylor. This time Jove not only nodded but fell out of his high chair!

Paul H. Oehser also chides me gently and says that next to his poem "The Dinosaur," "Canopus" is probably B. L. T.'s most famous piece, and he kindly copies it out for me. Earle Walbridge adds to his grieving that Ted Robinson's "Enter Jerry," like Booth Tarkington's "Seventeen," Sam Merwin Sr.'s "Temperamental Henry," and William Maxwell's "The Folded Leaf," is a classic story of American adolescence. Harry H. Wiggins of Rocky River, Ohio, and David V. Felts of Decatur, Illinois, also correct me



and pay tribute to both light-versifiers; and James W. Gilman, assistant executive secretary of the Chicago Recreation Commission, who edits the *Recreation News*, clinches the matter with this rhyme:

What? Ted Robinson's "Canopus"?
Are you trying to soft soap us?
See "Motley Measures," B. L. T.,
Published in one-nine-one-three.

* * *

Ruth Eagar of the *Chester Times*, Chester, Pennsylvania, sends the following:

> For Chandler Tibbett, of Oskaloosa, Ia., whose friend is interested in ten good books with which to become educated, I append ten which I think cover the ground pretty thoroughly and do not demand a college background for absorption—only a real interest in learning. I've purposely left out religious books, since this is so entirely a matter of personal taste that everyone will suit himself, anyway. One is designed to tell her first of all about language, how it is used and misused. Two concern economics; one politics; one poetry; one art and music; one philosophy; one designed to tell and to show the kind of people who make up America, and another designed to show how the other peoples of the world feel about Americans; the last one is humor—because of a purely personal conviction that an educated and civilized person is one who can laugh at the world and at himself.
>
> There are other books, and I'll be interested in seeing the other lists which must be pouring in by the bins full. Here is my own:
>
> 1—Durant's "Story of Philosophy
> 2—Shaw's "Everybody's Political What's What"
> 3—Van Doren's "World Anthology of Poetry"
> 4—Yutang's "Between Tears and Laughter"
> 5—Caldwell and White, "You've Seen Their Faces"
> 6—Van Loon's "The Arts"
> 7—George, "Fundamentals of Economics"
> 8—Chase, "The Economy of Abundance"
> 9—Huyakawa's "Language In Action"
> 10—E. B. and K. S. White's "Subtreasury of American Humor"
>
> Oh, and yes. . . . These are meant to provide jumping-off places, of course. Ten books nor ten hundred books do not provide an education; each of these will send her to many others. I envy her that first fine careless rapture that will come with a good many of the discoveries, which a lot of us made under the tutelage of teachers whose especial mission in life was to ruin forever any sensitive delight in artistry. . . .

* * *

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May I submit an entry
Concerning copy-writing gentry;
Those breathless English-language-blighters,
The fashion advertising writers?

First in my private Doomsday Book
I list purveyors of "The - - - - - - Look"
("Windswept," "uncluttered," "debonair,"
"Casual" or "sleek" or "millionaire.")

Next comes the ad that says "It's yummy!"
And that which calls abdomen "tummy."
Or—constant cause of mal de mer—
That euphemism "derriere."

Nor do I lend a willing ear
To those who cry "It's *new!* It's *here!*"
But, of them all, I most distrust
The one who claims "This is a 'MUST'!"

PETA J. FULLER.

* * *

One of the small books of poetry that I find lasts very well was inherited by me from my father, who came into possession of it when he was a second lieutenant in the 5th Artillery and stationed at Fort Hamilton, the year before I was born. It is "Rhymes a la Mode" by A. Lang ("brindled Andrew"). It has a pleasing little frontispiece engraving of an eighteenth-century gentleman at the harpsichord, from a drawing done by

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the great (in my opinion) E. A. Abbey. Lang, like Austin Dobson, excelled in the French forms, though many of his poems have the heather smell, and he was also good at translating from the Greek. His "Ballades" are topflight as adaptations of that French form to English (and Scotch) uses. If Richepin invented the sonnet with lines of three syllables each, Lang adapted it perfectly. And in "The Palace of Bric-A-Brac," he plays delightfully with the metre of Swinburne's "The Garden of Proserpine" anent a shop devoted to rarities. The last verse should continue to please bookmen:

Nay, here 'midst Rhodian roses,
'Midst tissues of Cashmere,
The Soul sublime reposes,
And knows not hope nor fear;
Here all she sees her own is,
And musical her moan is,
O'er Caxtons and Bodonis,
Aldine and Elzevir!

I thought of this when I received from Philip C. Duschnes, 66 East 56 Street, his catalogue of books featuring "Aldine, Bodoni, Elzevier [the original spelling of the name, W.R.B.] Rogers, Other Presses, etc." He invited my attention to item No. 511, which turned out to be "The Necronomicon. By Abdul Alhazred, translated from the Arabic into Latin by Olaus Wormius. Only two copies of the manuscript in Arabic were known, and since the war their fate has not been ascertained. The author, Alhazred, is said to have been hopelessly mad when he wrote this work."

* * *

The Alicat Bookshop of 287 South Broadway, Yonkers 5, N. Y., which uses Tenniel's delightful face of the Cheshire Cat on its stationery, wants me to tell you this:

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Christmas Letter from Mrs. Kingsley

DEAR Double-Crostickers:

May the Christmas season be filled with blessedness and the New Year be as hopeful as we individually have a right to expect in this new-old world!

First, let me thank you for your sympathetic comments on our "lost column," lost deliberately in an effort to give, at your request, a more spacious setting to the weekly DC. This page, then, you may regard as an answer by the generous *SRL* editors to your cumulative protests.

A number of glaring errors have crept into the DC's. Most reprehensible, because unwarrantably careless on my part, was the misspelling in the acrostic from "Apes, Men and Morons" of the name of the author, the distinguished anthropologist Earnest A. Hooton, and the use of *Man* instead of *Men* in the title of the book. My attention was called to the errors by one lone puzzler, Harry L. Levy, Hunter College, N. Y. City, when ordinarily I should have been beheaded. . . . Another error was due to the authority used, W.B.D., who thanked us but were already aware of it when we wrote to them later. I refer to the use of William Allen White's *Emporia* as the home of the "Sage of Potato Hill," when that epithet belonged to Ed Howe, noted editor, Atchison, Kansas. For the detection of that error we are indebted to Dr. and Mrs. A. C. Conover, guests from Kansas City at Middlebury [Vt.] Inn, where I spent the summer. The Conovers verified their suspicion by writing to another Kansas editor who had known both White and Howe. In fact, it was an old-time DCer, Mrs. E. F. Buchner, Baltimore, widow of a Johns Hopkins professor of philosophy, who with true missionary zeal introduced the Conovers to DC's. . . . Another error, earlier, lay in giving you merely the birth date of the American painter and illustrator Wyeth; for I was not aware of his death by auto accident last winter until informed by J. G. Martin, St. Francis de Sales Rectory, Lenni Mills, Pa.

We have recently lost by death two of our famous followers: Ray Stannard Baker, and Ted Robinson, genial columnist of the *Cleveland Plain Dealer*. Both had corresponded with us. Indeed, due to Mr. Baker's generous invitation I almost went to Amherst this past summer to do my DC research. On the other hand, we have learned through their letters of famous additions to our family: Samuel Hopkins Adams, author; Arthur Dennison, industrialist; D. A. Lawson, Chicago, author of those gay poems, "Rimes by M'Tavish." Mr. Lawson used to compare DC notes with the late Professor Hatfield, whose son, by the way, has sent me a reprint of his father's article on "Nineteenth Century Shanties," from the *Journal of American Folklore*, April-June, 1946.

We are indebted to several sources for making our DC's better known: The Columbia University Press in its July 22 copy of *The Pleasures of Publishing* expresses approval of our choice of two of their books for DC's —"The Trollopes" and Merle Curti's "Roots of American Loyalty." The *Burlington* [Vt.] *Free Press* gave us an excellent write-up after an interview with two of its reporters, but its title, "The Originator of Double-Crostics Hunts for Words in Middlebury," was upsetting. If there is any point I labor to get across it is that in DC's, contrary to crosswords, the use of words is just the means to an end—the quotation, and it is, therefore, research in *literature* that takes me to college and other libraries; the *William Feather Magazine*, the William Feather Company, printers and publishers, Cleveland, gave us a chatty section in their June issue, occasioned by a zealous DCer among them; Agnes Rogers, contributor to several current magazines, noted us in her poem "Irresolution" in the July *Harper's;* Elmer Davis paid us a compliment casually in a letter to the *SRL;* Charles M. Lyman, editor of the *Connecticut Bar Journal*, introduced us to their readers in a law DC; Ernest T. Stuart, Jr., new editor of the *Princeton Alumni Weekly*, conveyed in a DC to their alumni a message from President Dodd's speech; and John Newberry furnished the *Garden Club Bulletin* with another horticultural DC. In these three cases the makers of the DC's received special permission from the *SRL* and noted such permission on the DC's.

Among DCers whom it was my privilege to meet were: Rupert Hughes in New York from Los Angeles, putting the finishing touches to a new novel for his publishers; Dr. Raymond Mixsell with his wife and daughter Mary from Pasadena, who showed me a compilation on which he has been working these three years and which when published should be of great help to DCers—a unique scheme of chronicling famous characters by dates; a group of Middlebury puzzlers, Mrs. J. T. Andrews, Mrs. A. J. Holden, Jr., Mrs. Mischa H. Fayer. Incidentally, that Abernethy wing of Middlebury College Library, devoted to American literature, including a marvelous Thoreau collection, and presided over by Viola C. White, the poet, is a gem of a place in which to browse or work.

Do you recall my asking through our column if anyone had been in touch with the heroic wife of Edward Thomas, English poet, since his death in World War I? Our friend Louis Blake Duff, Welland, Canada, took pains to type at length a letter received from an English friend of his, who through interest in another poet, contemporary of Thomas, whom the latter had once befriended, called by appointment on Mrs. Thomas in 1942. In the letter he gives in great detail an account of the visit, but nothing about Mrs. Thomas in the interim, nor does he mention her three children. My query brought also a letter from Robert P. Eckert, Jr., Chief Justice of the Court of Claims, Freeport, Ill., who had written a biography of Thomas in 1937 and who referred me to an English friend for further information. I regret exceedingly that space limits prevent my giving you these most illuminating letters in their entirety.

It is always jolly to hear from our Will Irwin, this time a confession of being stuck for the first time on a DC which he picked up for diversion on his return from an "unrestful" summer, when he should have been helping his wife to settle the house! I reckon that the *unrest* came from the editing with an introduction by him of that charming volume just out, "Letters to Kermit from Theodore Roosevelt."

Here, alas, the bottom of the page meets my eye! I haven't begun to give you all I planned: the "Elizabethan Ode" by Mrs. Clyde Olney, Kentfield, Calif., which begins

> I am a married widow
> And I owe the fact to you
> I lose my husband every week
> To *The Saturday Review.*

and part of a poem written by my clever brother on a recent birthday occasion; or a delightful Milnelike DC evolved by Henry Fowler, Barrington, R. I., to his first grandson when his mother went to the hospital for his coming; or bright letters from puzzlers in Alaska, New Mexico, summer wilds, England, and even Australia; an ode from Frances F. Tyler, Cleveland Heights, on the new roomy set-up; a curiously weird theory advanced by Robert T. Pritchard, Chicago, on the number 46; the discovery that Alan Dunn, cartoonist of *The New Yorker*, first introduced his mother, one of our regulars of that New Haven group, to DC's; the knowledge that the wife of Philip Marden, of the Lowell Courier-Citizen Co., had come "to scoff and remained to pray"; of two scholarly analyses of DCing by Helen G. Hurd, Oberon, N. J., and C. P. Crump, Havertown, Pa.; of why recent DC's have been easy owing to the delay in receipt of my box of books from Middlebury and the necessity for doing them without references; of how I gave you in a recent DC the definition of *sartorial* with tongue in cheek; and so on and on. It is my New Year's hope that a page like this will be offered me from time to time when space permits!

E.S.K.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 663

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. A wild, romping young person; also a termagant.	113 23 167 145 189 35 115 96 133
B. Primeval; ancient.	6 168 158 207 51 185 2
C. A blow with a stick or cudgel.	137 100 68 74 144 11 92 3 109
D. Native to a particular people or country (Biol.).	99 84 25 121 123 181 44
E. Admirable (Slang).	40 80 26 46 58 206 8
F. A grass with long, cylindrical spikes, grown for hay.	190 48 37 104 180 127 65
G. A foolish gentleman in "Measure for Measure."	148 161 83 79 9
H. Florid style of decoration popular in Europe (18th cent.).	56 159 162 70 192 61
I. Absurdly mistaken; demented (3 wds.; Slang).	27 184 201 88 52 170 200 63 119 75 178
J. Trim; tidy; orderly.	183 5 147 98 196 66 20 179 50
K. The great defeat of the Titans by Olympus.	107 10 141 124 24 54 128 67 177 132 38
L. A division of NE Greece whose chief town is Larissa.	182 191 42 156 150 129 103 86
M. Tale of the American Revolution by Kenneth Roberts (1940.).	126 171 21 49 36 194 188 166 114 62 174 17 204
N. Heedful.	142 47 91 41 22 197 205 120 163
O. The cry of birds (Colloq.).	130 175 198 173 187 31
P. A Turk; a stuffed footstool.	77 111 157 97 136 64 94
Q. Not penetrated or comprehended, as a mystery.	7 14 76 45 72 193 30 87 203 60
R. Seasickness (Med.).	101 1 55 172 43 131 108 93 199
S. State of being profitable.	82 151 13 32 116 160 146 90 118 134 140
T. Any viligant guardian against loss, waste, etc.	57 112 4 18 117 102 138 152
U. Cruelly; in a manner without pity.	33 89 39 169 139 16 110 71 165 53
V. Secures the support or aid of.	202 81 69 195 95 12 105
W. British passenger ship sunk in 1912 with great loss of life.	186 164 149 153 59 73 176
X. An intimate companion; chum.	29 143 78 155 135
Y. A practice causing a state resembling sleep.	19 125 28 122 34 106 154 15 85

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

1 R	2 B	3 C		4 T	5 J	6 B	7 Q	8 E	9 G		10 K	11 C		12 V	13 S	14 Q
15 Y	16 U	17 M		18 T	19 Y	20 J	21 M	22 N		23 A	24 K	25 D		26 E	27 I	28 Y
29 X	30 Q	31 O	32 S		33 U	34 Y	35 A	36 M		37 F	38 K		39 U	40 E	41 N	42 L
	43 R		44 D	45 Q	46 E	47 N	48 F	49 M	50 J		51 B	52 I		53 U	54 K	55 R
56 H		57 T	58 E	59 W	60 Q	61 H	62 M		63 I	64 P	65 F		66 J	67 K	68 C	
69 Y	70 H	71 U	72 Q		73 W	74 C	75 I		76 Q	77 P	78 X	79 G	80 E	81 V	82 S	
83 G	84 D		85 Y	86 L		87 Q	88 I	89 U	90 S	91 N	92 C	93 R	94 P		95 V	96 A
97 P	98 J	99 D		100 C	101 R	102 T		103 L	104 F	105 V	106 Y		107 K	108 R	109 C	
110 U	111 P	112 T	113 A	114 M		115 A	116 S		117 T	118 S	119 I	120 N	121 D	122 Y		123 D
124 K	125 Y		126 M	127 F		128 K	129 L	130 O		131 R	132 K	133 A		134 S	135 X	136 P
137 C	138 T	139 U		140 S	141 K	142 N	143 X		144 C	145 A		146 S	147 J	148 G	149 W	150 L
	151 S	152 T	153 W	154 Y	155 X	156 L	157 P		158 B	159 H	160 S	161 G		162 H	163 N	164 W
165 U	166 M	167 A	168 B		169 U	170 I	171 M	172 R		173 O	174 M		175 O	176 W	177 K	178 I
179 J	180 F		181 D	182 L	183 J		184 I	185 B	186 W	187 O		188 M	189 A	190 F	191 L	
192 H	193 Q	194 M	195 V	196 J	197 N	198 O	199 R	200 I		201 I	202 V	203 Q	204 M	205 N	206 E	207 B

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 36 of this issue.

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